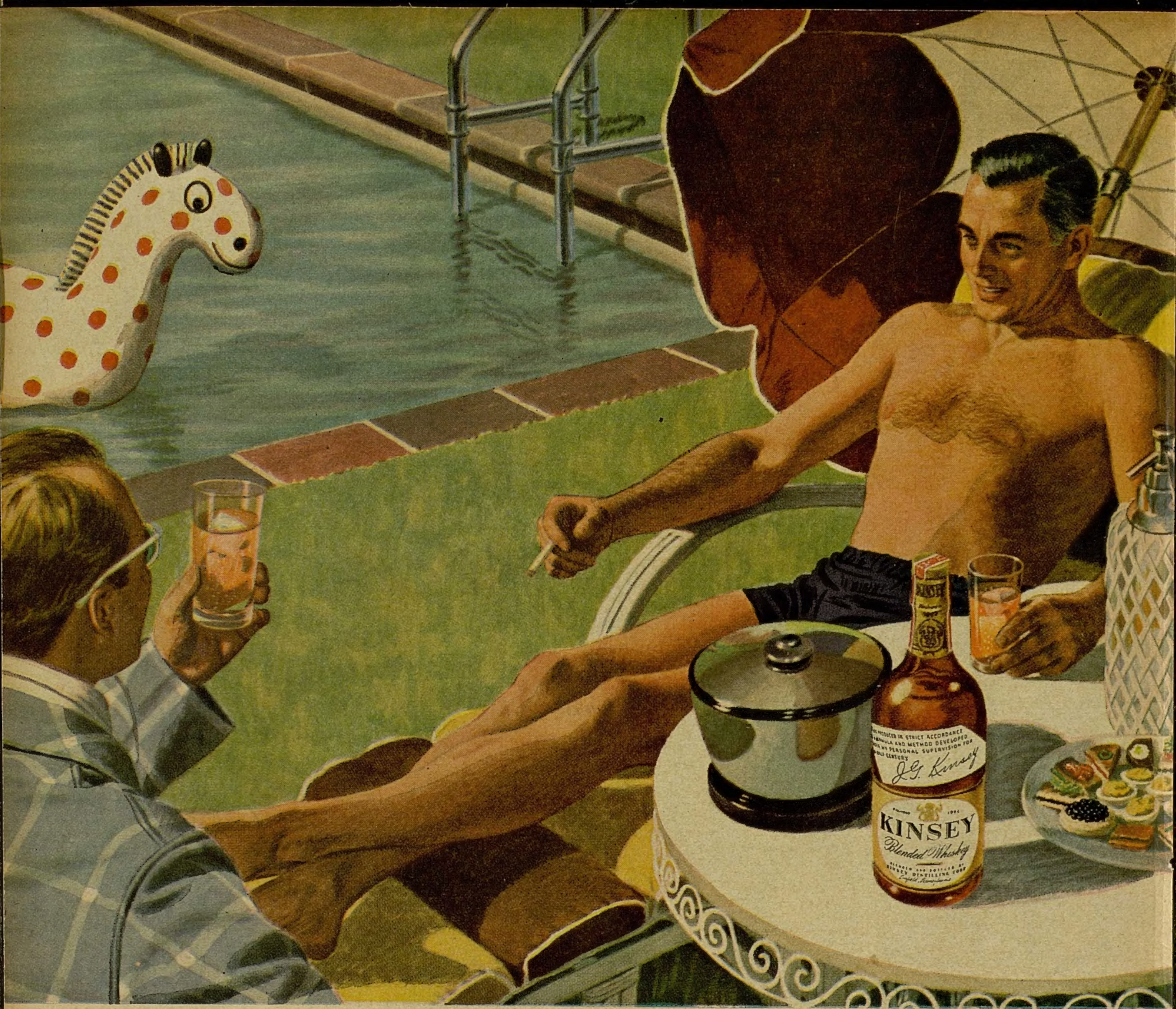
JULY 14, 1945 10c

Liberty

Book: ROBINSON CRUSOE, USN
George Tweed's 30 Months on Jap-held Guam

FROM THE MELTING POT: AN AMERICAN RACE
By Eleanor Roosevelt



Interview with a War Correspondent

JIM: If my editor could see me now, he'd write a sweet caption to *this* scene: FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENT LOAFS WHILE BATTLES RAGE.

BILL: Listen . . . now that you're home, you're entitled to forget the headlines and deadlines for a while.

JIM: That's just it . . . anyone who has *seen* the war can't forget it. I know people here at home have done a lot to help win the war, but if they'd *felt* the war for even a minute, they'd do even more.

BILL: Like what, Jim?

JIM: Well, they'd dig down deep and buy that *extra* War Bond. They'd donate blood to the Red Cross regularly. They'd help keep prices down by buying only what they really need. They'd *hunt* for that mighty important war job. They'd . . . oh, well, I didn't mean to gripe.

BILL: I guess a lot of us are inclined to get a little tired of the war. If we'd *sacrifice* more, we'd appreciate more keenly the pleasures we still have.

JIM: You can say *that* again! I know *I'll* never take enjoyment like this for granted any more—a swim in clean water . . . a few quiet, unhurried moments . . . a fine highball.

BILL: This Kinsey *is* smooth, isn't it? Nice and mellow . . . a grand drink.

JIM: Sure is. You know, I don't think the boys begrudge good living to us at home. But they'd like to feel that everybody is giving that *extra ounce* of effort.

BILL: Well, here's hoping everybody puts in that extra effort . . . so the boys can get home sooner and enjoy the good things they've missed.

JIM: I'll drink to *that!*

KINSEY

the unhurried

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Ships to the Setting Sun

The long voyage, planned so carefully so long ago, begins. A westbound convoy, part of the gigantic deployment of our full armed might against the Japs, sets sail on its 14,000-mile journey from a European port through the Panama canal to a staging area in the Pacific. It carries 15,000 men—an American army division.

Just one division of men—and for every man, seven and one-half tons of material. That means a total of 30 ships: 12 troop transports and 18 cargo vessels. Multiply one convoy by scores, setting sail from Pacific Coast ports of the U. S. as well as from Europe, and you begin to get an idea of the magnitude of the westward movement of men and supplies set in motion after V-E Day.

Transferring our war-making power from Europe to the Pacific is the greatest moving job in history. The 1,000 war-time ships already built by Bethlehem include fighting ships, troop transports, cargo carriers—practically every type of vessel—all playing a major part in the westward shift of America's armed might. Ships converted by Bethlehem, too, are sailing westward, among them hospital ships and vessels equipped as floating shops to repair other ships at advance bases.

As the long convoys face confidently into the setting sun Bethlehem men and women like to think of the many good ships built or converted in Bethlehem yards—cargo carriers, vessels of special types, warships—that are helping to prepare and deliver the smashing climactic blows against Japan.

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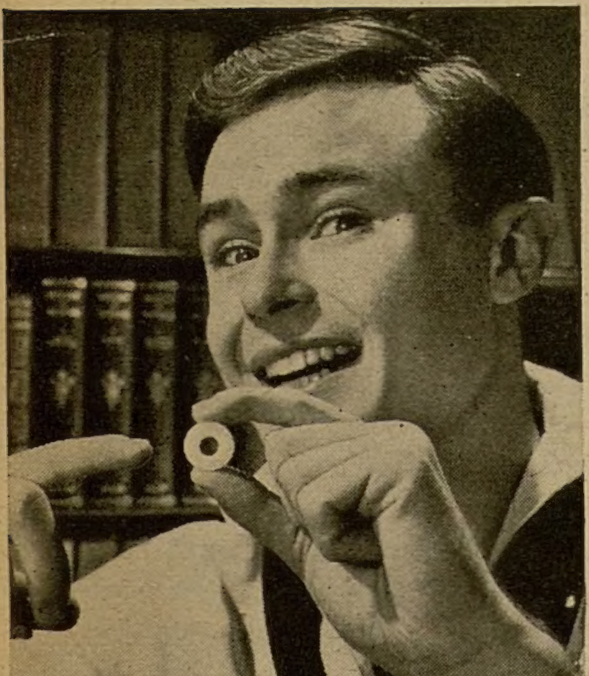
SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS
STUDY ROOM

When her nose
turns up
like this...

And you wish
it turned up
like this...



TRY THIS

MORAL: *Everybody's breath offends sometimes. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking.*

WINT-O-GREEN
LIFE SAVERS

Been missing your favorite flavor? Chances are, the Life Savers you want are going to men in the Armed Services. But keep asking and try other flavors, too. Life Savers are *all* grand!

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Cover: Fighting Lady—a WAVE parachute rigger
Painted by Jon Whitcomb
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Can Love and Religion Mix WITHOUT EXPLODING?

SHE • Does he secretly believe my parents will come first?
• Will he be hurt constantly by what people may say about him—and us?
• Will he quarrel and bicker about imaginary "insults"?

HE • Will she become a social outcast?
• Will she come to hate me because of her sacrifices?
• Will our children blame us for placing them in a "no-man's land," socially?

IF *your* love was in danger of being wrecked by prejudice, intolerance and pride . . . what decision would *you* make? Would you trust your heart—or obey the stern laws of convention and tradition? Would you have the strength to see your loved one hurt deeply, once for all time, or would you dare face the frightening prospect of a marriage smashed on the rocks of bigotry, intolerance, misunderstanding and social ostracism? Does *any* religion or creed or convention have the *right* to impose such barriers? What would *your* answers be to these seemingly hopeless problems?

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

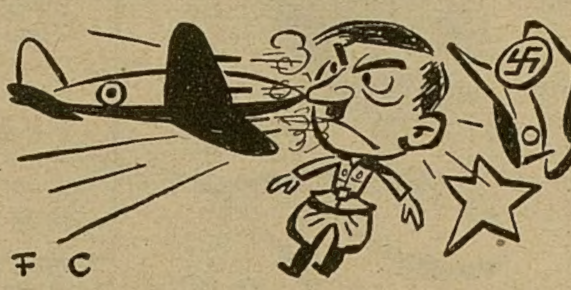
ON BRITANNIA

Camptonville, Calif.—Ensign E. states in May 26 Vox Pop: ". . . if it weren't for us, the British would have been Hitler's slaves long ago."

And where would we be had it not been for the British? It is well known that after Britain the United States was on Hitler's list.

Let us forget Britain or the British and remember only these famous words: "Never did so many owe so much to so few."

Every American should read the booklet published by the British Air Ministry and called The Battle of Britain, and learn the why of that statement. At a time when we were refusing all aid, those R. A. F. kids and old men, with their tiny Spitfires, were up against circumstances so desperate that they were the ones who put the thin edge of the wedge in Hitler's dream of world conquest. Not till long afterward did Russia and the United States drive that wedge home.



When will some of us in the United States ever realize how lucky we have been? A few V bombs might have awakened us.—*Condie Oliphant.*

Ypsilante, Mich.—I would like to add to what Ensign E. says about America Needs a Strong Britain, by William L. Batt (March 24). Mr. Batt implies that it is the might of Britain that has always kept the rapacious hordes of Europe from our throats. And therefore we must see that she remains strong. This may be true, but there is a lot more to world peace than military strength and it is about time someone told Britain about it.

After the last war, Clemenceau told Britain that if she wanted peace she must give up imperialism, but she would not listen. When we entered this war, Roosevelt and Churchill agreed to the Four Freedoms. And then Churchill went back to England and repudiated them.

The English people are as good and as bad as we are. So are the Russians and the French. But Britain must realize that we do not like the imperialistic attitude of her nobility and we aren't going to fight a third time to keep the sun shining on Britannia.—*D. H.*

COVERS BY WATSON

San Francisco, Calif.—As a veteran of World War II, I want to thank you for your May 19 Liberty cover by Emmett Watson.

By this large reproduction of the Honorable Service Button you have done more than any other publication to educate the public as to what it is and what it means, and perhaps will save thousands of veterans the silly questions of perfect strangers.

Keep up the good work, as there will be plenty more of them coming home before long.—*Ex-Sgt. H. Fellinger.*

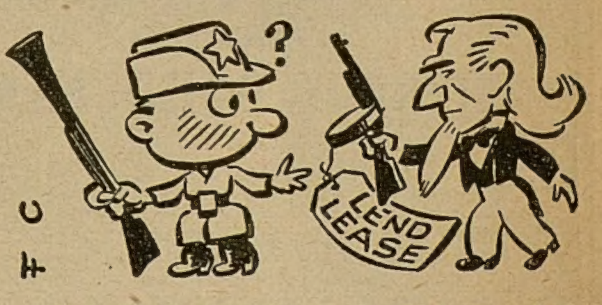
Brooklyn, N. Y.—The cover on your June 2 issue puzzles me, particularly the hole in the helmet. I appreciate that remarkable things happen in wars, but it is my guess that a piece of shrapnel or mortar that would plow that hole would not only take the helmet with it but probably also the top of the G. I.'s head. Certainly it wouldn't be likely to result in a limited flow of blood down the cheek.

I have seen other works of Emmett Watson, and knowing that he can create very well an atmosphere of the soldier who has gone west, I wonder what possessed him to wound the dead soldier in this way and to put a puzzled expression on his face. Even if experience leads most G. I.s to believe that man has a long way to go before achieving the Four Freedoms, I should prefer to believe that in death they are solaced with the peaceful thought that they have done everything they could to attain the goal.—*Thomas E. O'Donnell.*

THE MOTORIZED PUSH

Huron, S. Dak.—Are we supposed to be dumb or just partly so? It's a Different Way of Life, by Alexander Kendrick (May 26), seems to take our stupidity for granted.

Who supplied Russia with modern war implements? The U. S. A.! What mechanized strength did Russia show against Finland? Not much. The Finns took Russian tanks and other mobile equipment in their stride. Give credit to little Finland for showing the U. S. S. R. that she had nothing to fight Hitler with. That is why our own tanks, trucks, jeeps, and other motorized stuff were working for the U. S. S. R.



I give Russia credit for her manpower, which is great, but her mechanical power came mostly from us. For one example, look at her tommy guns and other automatic firearms.

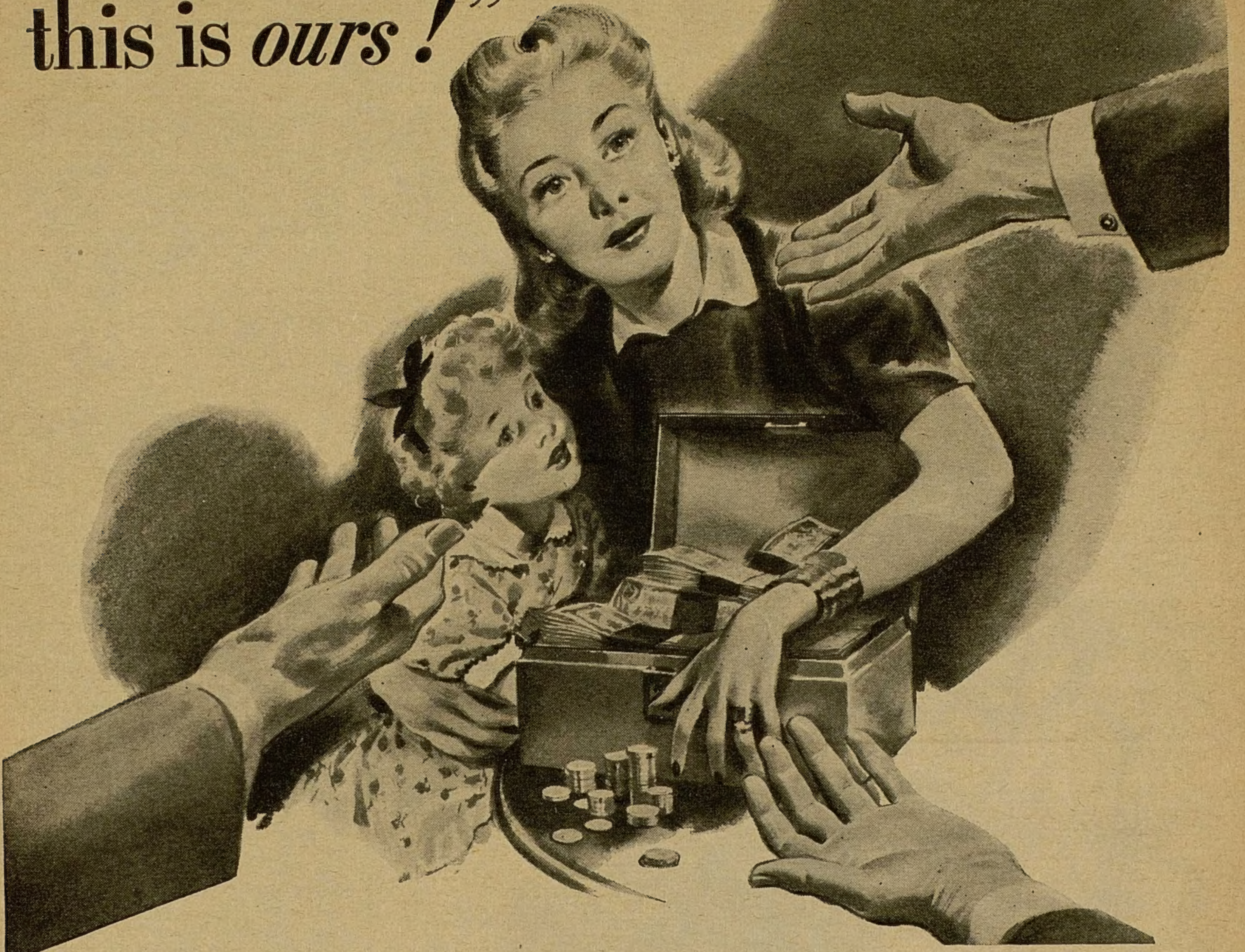
So why not ask Alexander Kendrick to tell what he saw of American arms that gave the U. S. S. R. its push?—*W. J. Keogh.*

A MUST FOR PEACEMAKERS

Los Angeles, Calif.—May I congratulate Liberty on its foresight and liberalism in publishing a book condensation of Mr. Waverley Root's book, The Secret History of the War (May 19)?

(*Continued on page 8*)

"Hands off... this is *ours!*"



Of course it is—it's the estate her husband left for his wife and little girl. And they are going to get it all.

The doctor and the nurse are provided for by a "clean-up" policy. And so are the tax collector and the lawyer and the grocer and others who have bills to present. The main inheritance will not be touched. No wonder the wife looks so confident!

Your wife will receive all you mean her to have if you satisfy other claims through a small additional life insurance policy, earmarked for the purpose. It's easy to arrange and it doesn't cost much. But what a difference it may make *to her!* Your Penn Mutual Underwriter will be glad to go over with you the various items that become payable when a man dies—help you make provision for their payment at a minimum outlay to yourself. A Penn Mutual Underwriter is an expert on all matters of estate planning. With his guidance you can budget your program so that no essential point is overlooked—education for your child, retirement for yourself, above all, complete protection for those who are dearest to you and most dependent upon you.

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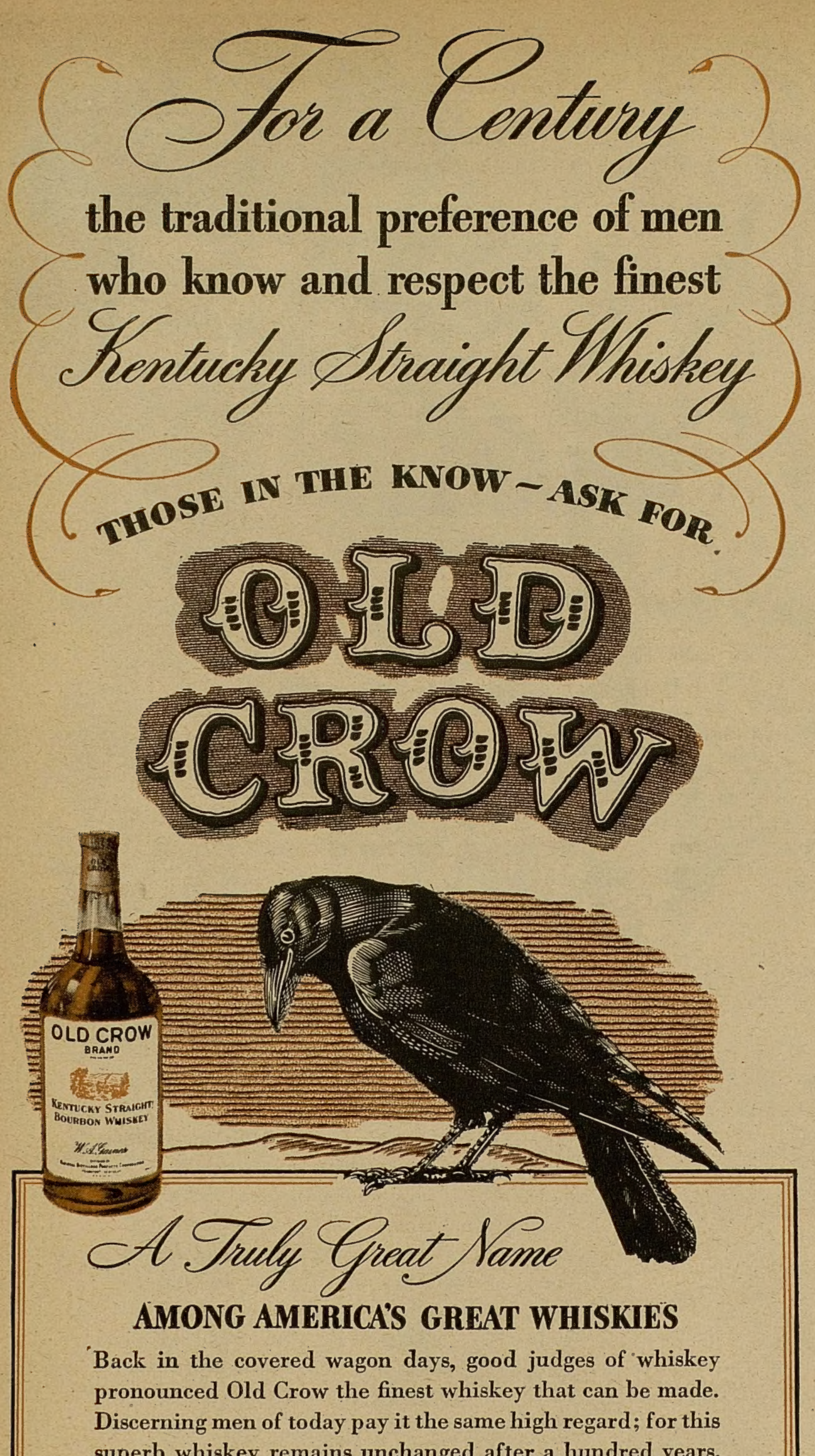

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(*Continued from page 6*)

It is my belief that it would be in the public interest were our senators, congressmen, State Department, and especially our delegates to any world peace conference required to read this story. It might help them to a better understanding of what is expected of them in their efforts to find a way to permanent peace.—*Irving H. Tarshes.*

DISSENTING OPINION

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Shades of Adrian and Emily Post! Just take a gander at the Fashion Academy's choice of the best-dressed women of 1945 whose pictures are shown in The Camera Eye (May 19).

Brother, if some of those women are best dressed, then I'm a Zulu! Carole Landis with that horrible schoolgirl bow in her hair and with earrings, Esme Davis with choker beads and ankle-strap shoes to set off a tailored suit, and Jane Wyatt with that fruity-looking hat on her head—overdressed is the word for all three of them! —*Virginia Sanzo.*

WAR WORKERS LEAGUE

CHICAGO, ILL.—Permit me to answer Lt. S. (May 26 Vox Pop), who has the erroneous impression that the War Workers League of America is campaigning for equal rights with veterans.

On the contrary, this League is a patriotic and fraternal organization, and its principles are based on human interest. We have organized for the purpose of co-ordinating and fusing all elements in our system of economy and to obtain the co-operation of veterans' organizations, farmer groups, industrial groups, and labor organizations. With such co-operation and pooling of energy and resources, we will have an invincible, invulnerable, unbeatable all-American team to meet the critical, desperate, and gigantic task that confronts our nation in the postwar future.

Neither in our charter, bylaws, nor any of our lectures or talks, nor any of our literature have we at any time stated directly or by implication that we demand or desire equal rights with the returning veterans. Many of our members are veterans of World War I, and know and appreciate the sacrifices endured on the battlefield. We want every veteran to enjoy the honor and glory that he and his buddies have won at such great personal and physical sacrifice.

Future happiness and the ability to provide for himself and his family are mutually dear to both the veterans and the war workers.

To the veterans that are disabled we will lend our fullest support and co-operation.

Likewise we will inaugurate a campaign to help the disabled war worker.

We hope through our efforts to be able to obtain the co-operation of all these groups mentioned, and only in this manner will postwar America be able to supply employment to all the people at commensurate remuneration.—*Frank M. Abisch, War Workers League of America.*

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RKO RADIO PICTURES

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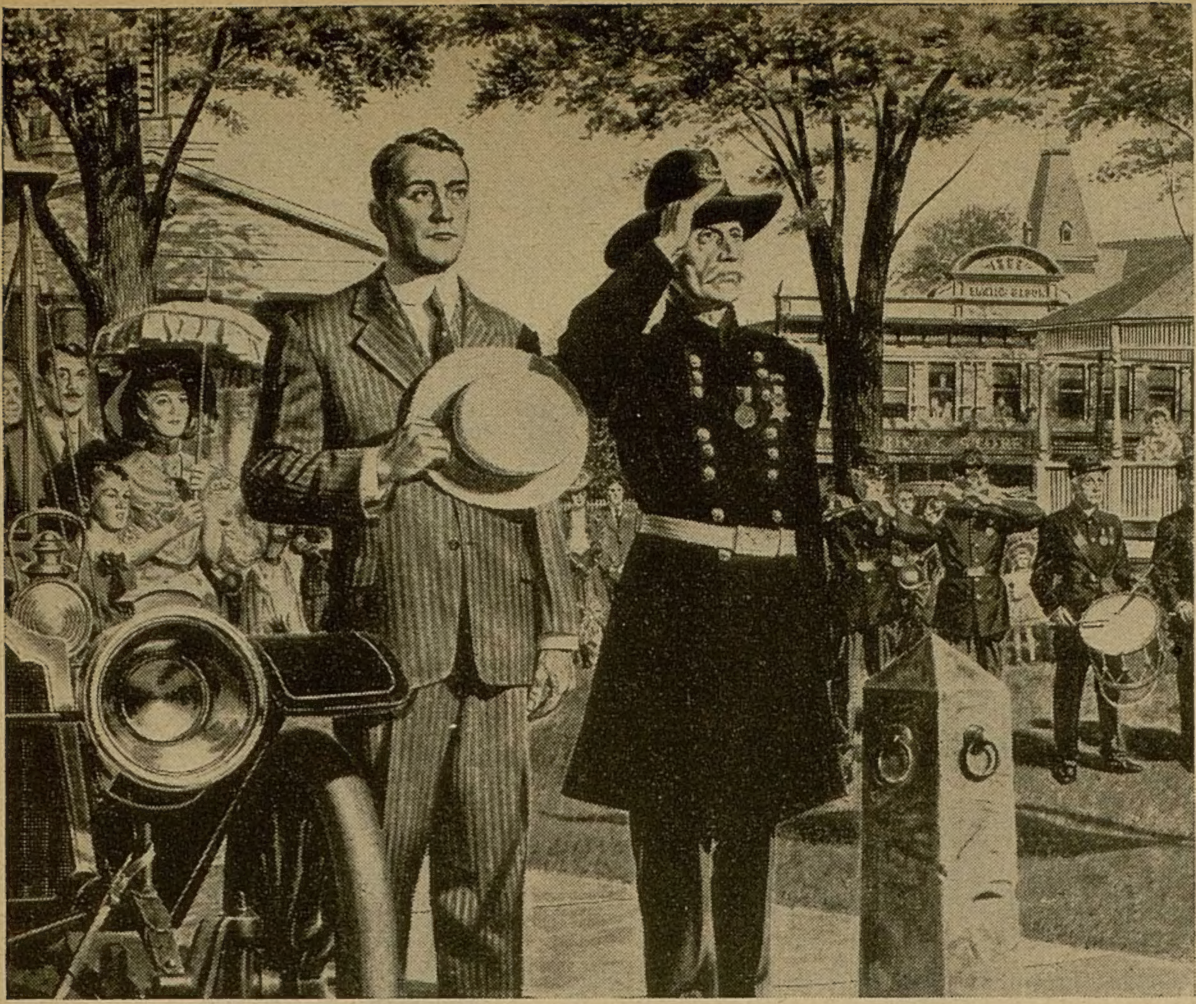

How George M. Cohan came to write "You're A Grand Old Flag"

THE grizzled veteran raised his eyes as the breeze picked up the folds of "Old Glory".

"She's a grand old flag," he murmured.

Standing at his elbow, George M. Cohan heard the old man's words . . . swiftly turned them into one of America's great patriotic songs. Thus the composer-actor-playwright who was born on the Fourth of July will be honored again this year by millions who join in singing *"You're A Grand Old Flag," "Over There"* and others with that unmistakable Cohan spirit.

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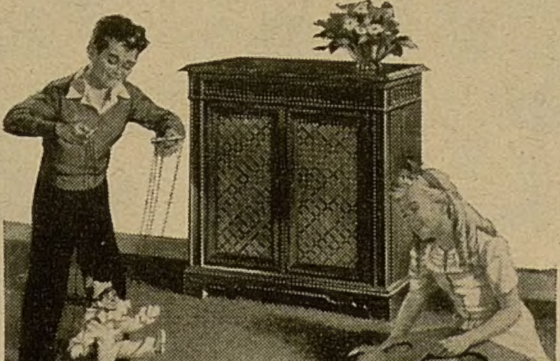

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THE author of HOW WE LOOK TO A JAP, Irving Wallace, was a correspondent in the Far East before Pearl Harbor and has talked with everyone from Jap infantrymen on the Chinese front to the ninety-year-old head of Japan's Black Dragon Society. He scored a world scoop by his interview with Foreign Minister Matsuoka just after the signing of the Axis pact with Hitler. In fact, Wallace saw so much that he was grilled periodically by the "Dangerous Thought police"; then banned from Japan for life after his return to the United States because of a column he wrote at Winchell's request. An author for fifteen years, and incidentally an expert on Latin America too, he's now a sergeant in the Signal Corps, writing orientation films.

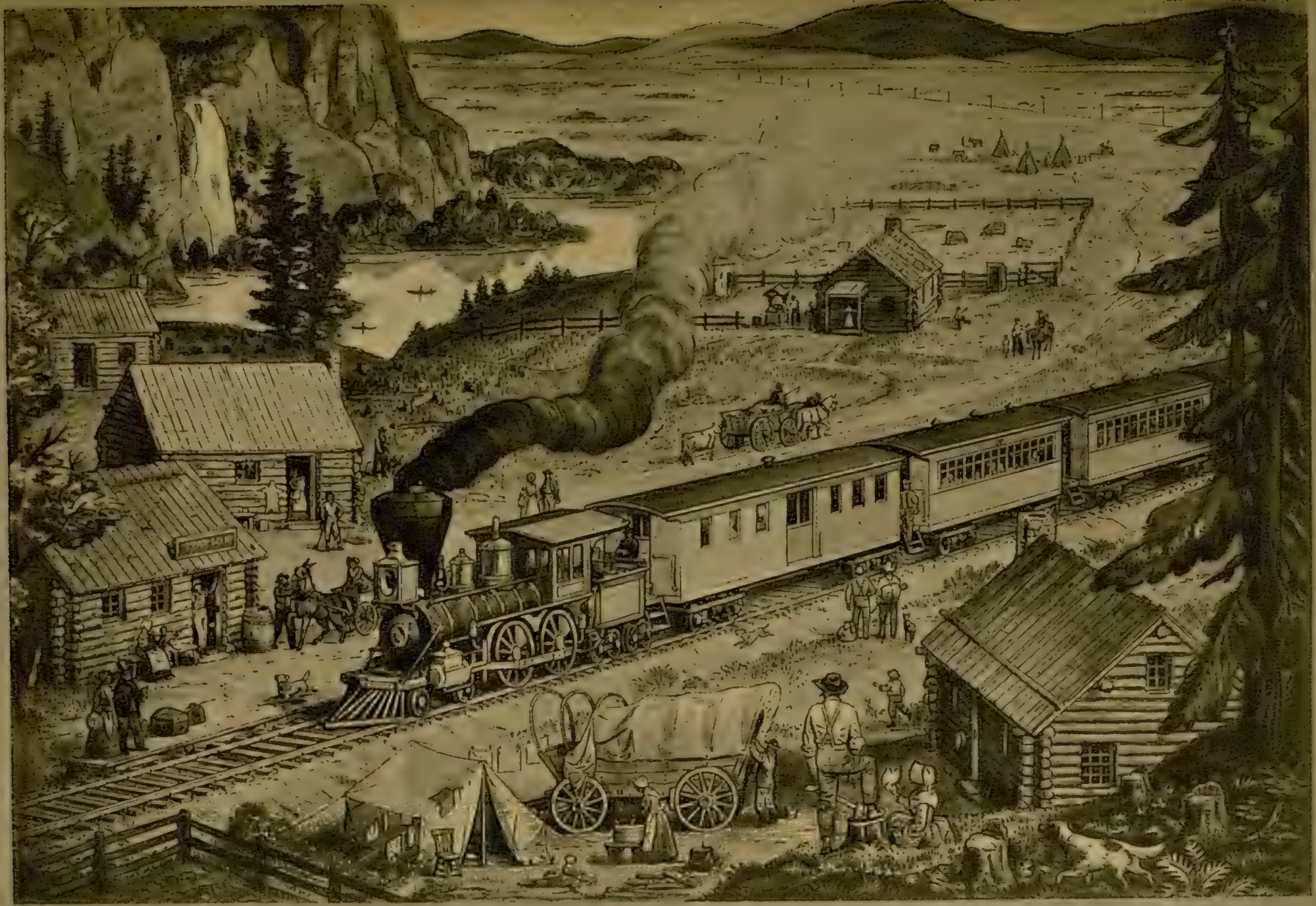
CHAUFFEUR FOR THE WOUNDED

CECIL S. FALK was once drafted into the R. O. T. C., but that's the sort of thing that always happens, she says, when a girl has a boy's name. Her all-consuming war hobby has been the Red Cross Motor Corps, with housewifely chores and gardening relegated to second place. In "WHY DIDN'T SOMEONE TELL ME THESE THINGS?" she tells some of the varied, heart-rending experiences she had driving for the wounded.

NEXT WEEK

Liberty
Book: ORCHIDS TO MURDER The Mystery of the Month
CAN THE PHILIPPINES STAND ALONE?
By Harold L. Ickes

THE Philippines, soon to be independent, have taken an awful pummeling from the Japs. Can they stand alone now? And what does it mean to us if they can't? Hear what Harold L. Ickes has to say about our QUANDARY IN THE PACIFIC. . . . THERE'S ONLY ONE BING, and he operates as if he had a thirty-hour day. Victor Boesen gives you a close-up of Crooner Crosby. . . . WHEN WILL OUR BOYS BE HOME?—if they're held to police Germany, shipped to the Pacific, or due for a discharge? Blake Clark tells you Major General Charles P. Gross's answer. . . . In Liberty's Book Condensation, ORCHIDS TO MURDER, Hulbert Footner leads you through a jungle of clues to a killer's door.



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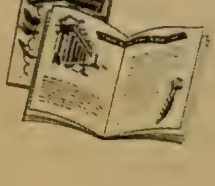

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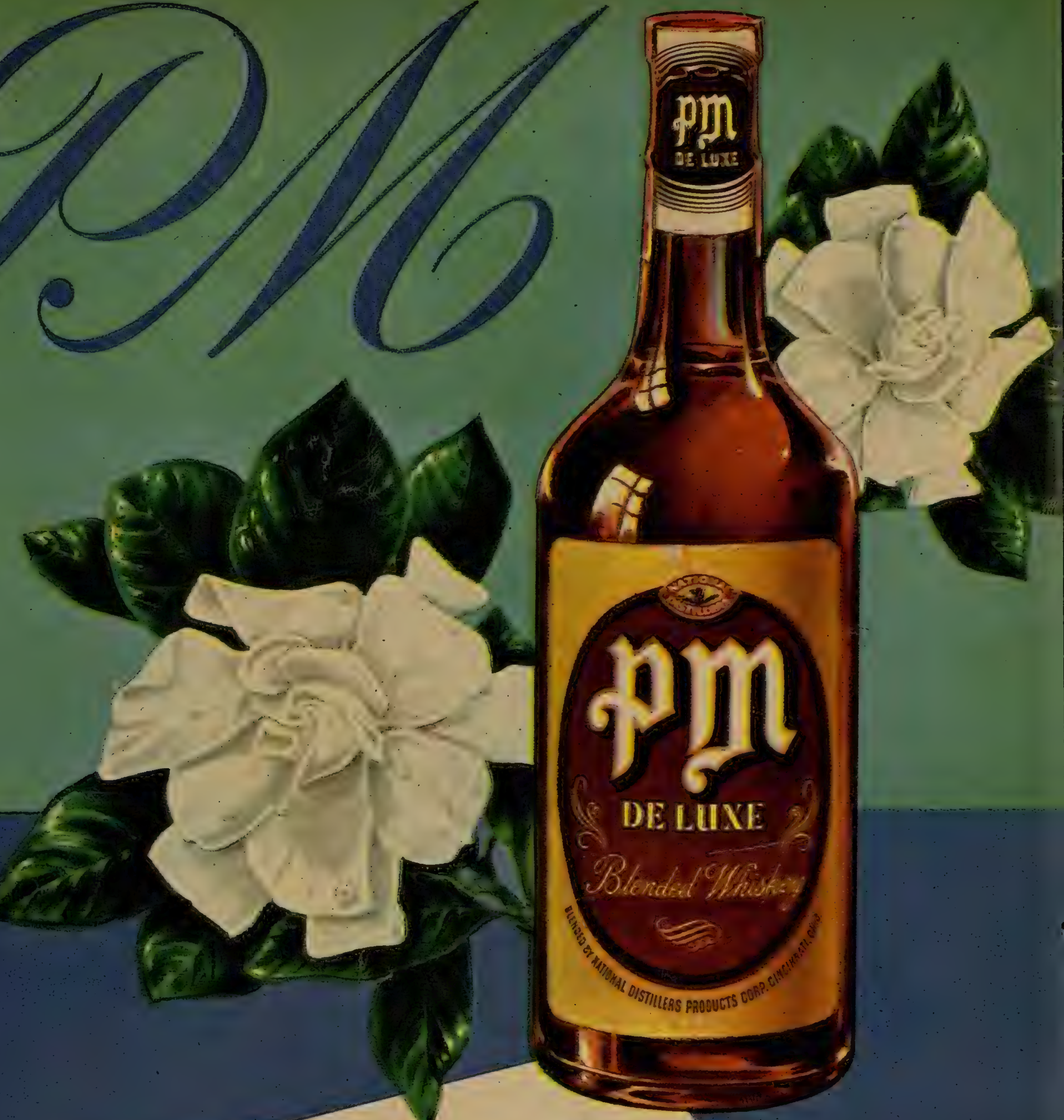
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Some *things* just *naturally* go *together!* A little table, a friendly lamp, the night-blooming perfection of the gardenia . . . And, of course, warm friends to enjoy the Particularly Mellow flavor of PM de Luxe in Manhattan, Old-Fashioned or Highball! *What's to prevent a* Pleasant Moment *from becoming a* Perfect Memory?

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ON THE BEAM

Planes noisier than trucks? Here's an answer in figures . . . No longer can carburetors freeze up, thanks to flight engineer "Barney" Dowd

BY WAYNE PARRISH

OFFICIAL U. S. MARINE AIR CORPS PHOTO

A demonstration, by Sgt. Olczak, of the General Electric aviation wire recorder. Looking on (right) is Marine Major R. W. Coln, who sank a Jap troopship at Rabaul.

ARE airplanes too noisy? Will air parks located adjacent to residential areas be a nuisance?

Now that many communities are considering building small air parks for light planes, this question of noise has had to be given scientific attention. At the request of the National Aeronautic Association, the National Bureau of Standards, a government agency, made a study, and the results are very interesting in showing that the airplane isn't nearly so much of an offender in noise as a streetcar or a truck.

The study was made at several points on the streets in St. Petersburg, Florida, not far from the Albert Whitted Airport, which is only a few blocks from the downtown business district. It was an ideal study selection, for no airport in the country is so close to a built-up residential and business section.

Sound is measured in decibels, and Dr. Guy S. Cook, who supervised the study, found that passing trucks resulted in readings of from 70 to as much as 90 decibels. Sound causes pain when it rises to 130 decibels. General street noise consistently registered about 70 decibels. An automobile that raced its motor while rounding a street corner gave a reading of 80.

Light planes, however, registered between 70 and 80 decibels, and a heavy aircraft that passed overhead after taking off a few blocks away registered between 85 and 100 decibels.

Dr. Cook reached the conclusion that airplanes aren't the only sources of objectionable noises. It is impossible, he said, to state at what levels a noise becomes annoying. It is persistent noise that causes the most irritation, and airplanes produce noise for few and short periods of time —only seconds for low-flying fast types.

It would seem, in any event, that airplanes would make no more objectionable noise in residential areas than trucks or streetcars, and in some instances less.

(*Continued on page 15*)

For quick, slick shaving, here's a scoop,
The toughest whiskers are duck soup
When you use thrifty Thin Gillette—
The best, low-priced blade you can get!

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Protect your skin from irritation caused by misfit blades

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The heat bothers you less when you maintain a pleasant mood...

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"Fresh up"—keep smiling!

You like it... it likes you

When you lift a chilled bottle of 7-Up, your spirits are in for a lift, too. Sip it ever so slowly . . . let it romp over and under your tongue . . . enjoy its fresh and lively flavor to the full. As one glorious, clean-tasting sip follows another, your thirst disappears. You "fresh up." You're in the right mood to forget the heat.

The hotter it gets, the better your reason to "fresh up"—keep smiling. You can get a good supply of 7-Up for your refrigerator at any store displaying those attractive 7-Up signs.

MIRTH-QUAKE

EVERY WEDNESDAY! Nail down your radio for Barney Grant and The "FRESH UP" SHOW

Mutual Network . . . 8:30 p.m. EWT—7:30 CWT—6:30 MWT—8:30 PWT.

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(Continued from page 13)

Added to that is the effort being made by the Civil Aeronautics Administration to reduce the noise from airplane motors. And, too, the jet airplane of the future won't present a major problem at all.

Transport Plane Utilization

A transport airplane sitting on the ground isn't making any money for anybody. That's why, during wartime, when the Army requisitioned half of the transport airplanes in the country, the air lines had to devise means of tightening up their schedules and overhaul periods, and to keep the remaining planes in the air as much as possible.

What has happened is a revolution in the utilization of transport airplanes. Back in 1941 an air-line plane in this country averaged only six and a half hours in the air out of every twenty-four. Today the average is somewhere around eleven hours and eleven minutes. Some air lines have gone over the thirteen-hour mark, which means that the plane is actually in the air more than half of the time.

What the domestic air lines have learned in plane utilization will stand them in good stead after the war, not only for lowering passenger fares but also in competing with foreign air lines. For example, in January of this year the entire fleet of British Overseas Airways averaged two hours and thirty-nine minutes a day in the air. The British line operates under many wartime handicaps and can't fly at night on many segments of its widespread routes, so a strict comparison isn't fair. Yet our military planes on foreign operations often average more than ten hours a day in the air.

It's the operator who can keep his planes in the air—assuming he can fill the seats!—who will make the money after the war.

Dowd's Carburetor Heater

An orchid goes this week to Bernard J. "Barney" Dowd, a flight engineer for Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc., Kansas City, Missouri, for an invention that may solve for all time one of the most troublesome features of winter flying—carburetors freezing up.

Barney fitted up an air duct which traps hot air from the exhaust system of the engine and shoots it through the intercooler system. This heats the air going into the carburetor sufficiently to eliminate the ice.

To determine whether the device really would work in atmospheres with a temperature of as much as 40 below zero, a 16,000-mile flight was made over northwestern Canada under the supervision of Captain Robert N. Buck, now TWO superintendent of flying, who was formerly doing special flight research for the Army Air Forces.

The flight was made in Two Kind Words, a B-17 used for experimental purposes. Barney's device worked.

Incidentally, Barney joined TWA twelve years ago, as soon as he left high school. He's done right well. And he says that three others should get a vote of thanks, too, and those three are Bill Foley, assistant flight engineer, and A. S. Nickerson and Charlie Sanders, who helped fit Two Kind Words with the Dowd carburetor heater.

Two Kind Words, the experimental Flying Fortress, has flown through four hurricanes—intentionally—in the search for the worst weather. Captain Buck, its skipper during these research trips, is one of the country's top transport pilots.

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Raising such a family takes care, and patience and untiring work... the kind of faithful, unceasing work that General Electric Lamp Research has been doing for over 60 years. Research whose constant aim is to make G-E lamps...

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BACK THE ATTACK FOR VICTORY. BUY MORE WAR BONDS

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Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

FROM THE MELTING POT—AN AMERICAN RACE

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

SOME of you may remember my column long ago about the cemetery at Guadalcanal. I have thought about that cemetery many times here at home when I have heard people say, "Perhaps Hitler was not so far wrong in his attitude toward the Jews. They are shysters; they do not take their full part in the war"; or "Gee, when this war is over we will not have any more wops coming into this country." The "wops" referred to may be Italians, Russians, or people from any one of the Balkan countries. "You know the Negroes can't fight; all they can do is drive a truck," is another comment; or, "All the Catholics, the Irish Catholics especially, think they run this country." You may also hear someone say, "The Japanese-Americans are making a good record in Italy, but you can never trust these guys—you can't know what they are thinking about. They have Oriental minds."

Invariably such remarks bring that Guadalcanal cemetery before my eyes. The chapel there was built by the natives and given to the men of the United States. The altar, the cross, and the altar ornaments were carved by the natives. From the rafters hang the symbols they have preserved in their own religion—the fish and the birds which represent life to them. The flag of the United States flies in front of the chapel, and outside, row on row, are the graves of the men who were killed that all the people of the United States might be free.

As I walked along the rows of crosses, I saw adjoining graves of a man of the Jewish faith, a Catholic boy, and a Protestant. On each grave hangs the little tin dish, once part of his mess kit and now decorated by his comrades—the only sign of their affection they could leave. Some of them had scratched doves or candles with their knives, along with a religious verse, but all the dishes bear such tributes as: "A grand guy," "A great pal." The names of his pals are all signed for everyone to see.

Those names show plainly the origin of these U. S. soldiers. They came from Russia, Germany, the Balkan states, France, the Scandinavian countries, Great Britain, from every race in the world. Every religion is represented—a silent testimony to the fact that American boys fought side by side, and lie side by side in death. The place of their origin and their religion make them no less martyrs who kept their country free. All of them deserve equal honor from us, and all of them rise up to chide us when we mouth the utterances that breed disunity in our homeland.

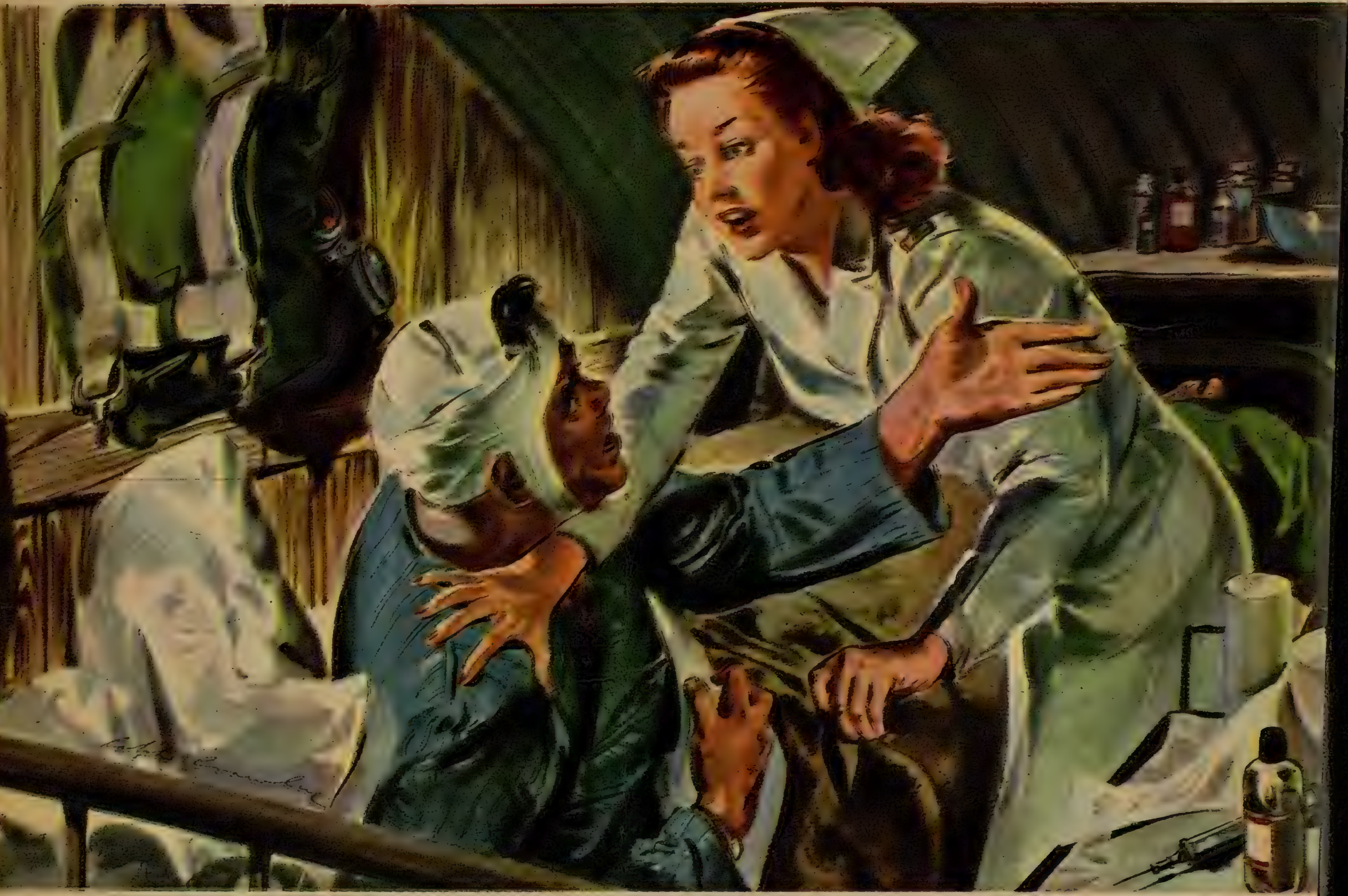
In this country we have meant to be the great melting pot of the world. Wave after wave of immigration came to our shores. All of us, either ourselves or our ancestors, came from foreign lands. The only people who "belong" here are the Indians.

The variety of our backgrounds has been one of our great strengths. We owe our continued vigor over a long period of years to the adventurous blood which has been pumped into our veins. People who stay at home, too dispirited to get out and seek something better than they have known before, do not come to new worlds. For many generations we kept on adding pioneer strength and character that enriched our original stock.

Even the Negro slaves who came here against their will brought us a strong and adventurous spirit. It took not only health but character and a will to live to survive the conditions under which they were brought to this country, and their years of hardship and bondage. To find people of the Negro race emerging from slavery with the ability to adapt and improve themselves quickly is a sign that their ancestors who came originally were strong and vigorous, with latent powers far beyond what we *(Continued on page 89)*

We meant to be the great melting pot of the world, but there are still plenty of barriers which are preventing real unity in the United States. The former First Lady points out what some of them are—and suggests action

Money in the Bank



"Where's my money belt? That's the only reason I brought that plane back. What happened to my money belt?"

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

ON the last day of last year planes from two other bomber groups landed at our base because of the fog at their own fields, and we doubled up with the crews in our Nissen huts. This was during the period when the Eighth Air Force was flying day after day in impossible weather to help stop the Rundstedt push. It was payday and the boys sent jeeps for their money, and, mister, there were some games of chance roaring the New Year in! And that was the start of it. That was the night of nights for Private Ezra Hadlock. From that night on, Ezra was a changed man.

Ezra, you see, was a goof-up. He'd had all the chances and he'd muffed them all. Washed out of O. C. S. Washed out of cadets. Washed out of control tower. And, coming down the scale, he'd washed out of aircraft mechanic school and S-2 and P. R. O. They made him a jeep driver and he wrecked the jeep. So he became dog robber, and he didn't keep the officers' beds right. And finally he was on permanent K. P., which is one of the less desirable spots in the Army, though some good men land it.

Ezra's weakness was draw poker, and he was exceptionally weak in it. He might as well have played his cards face out, because everybody knew what he had at all times. He couldn't bluff.

But a man's weakness has nothing to do with his ability to cope with it, as witness guys who have a weakness for blondes or whisky. So Ezra lost his month's wages each and every payday, which doesn't matter much in the Army, especially overseas, because a man is fed and clothed and housed and he can always borrow a few shillings.

He picked an easy game this New Year's Eve, ten-shilling limit, so he'd last longer, and he'd played about half an hour when he got the hand that changed his life. He was under the gun and he opened the pot for the limit. Naturally, everybody dropped out. Everybody but Clay Miller, that is. Clay stayed and drew one card. He peeked at the corner of it and then said, "O. K. What's your bet?"

Ezra shoved out ten shillings. Clay Miller saw it and raised. Ezra saw and raised. After a couple more raises Clay Miller said, "What say we lift the limit?" Easy games always end up this way.

Every payday, regular as clockwork, Private Ezra Hadlock lost his month's wages at poker. But on New Year's Eve he got the hand that changed his life. A hilarious story with a sober moral: There's No Such Thing as a Sure Thing

Ezra gulped. He'd practically been praying for this, but had been afraid to suggest it. He emptied his pockets, tried counting the money with shaking hands, and finally croaked, "All of it," and shoved it across the table.

Clay Miller counted it carefully, without excitement. He was a sergeant in the motor pool, tall and lean and dark. "That all you got?"

"I—I can g-get more."

"How much?"

Ezra was clutching his cards to his chest. He gave them a cautious peek. He was a rather short fellow, on the tubby side, with a round face that now carried an expression of awed incredulity.

"How far are you willing to go?" Clay Miller asked smoothly.

"A-all the way," Ezra gulped. "It will t-take some time, but maybe we could seal the h-hands—"

"Hey, Art," Clay Miller said, and Private First Class J. Arthur Cranshaw III came over to the table. Private J. Arthur Cranshaw III was the son of J. Arthur Cranshaw II of the Cranshaw Bank chain of California, and a great buddy of Sergeant Clay Miller.

"Look, Art," Clay Miller said, cupping his hands over his cards and exhibiting the barest fraction of their corners.

"H'mm," Private J. Arthur Cranshaw III remarked. "You know I don't gamble."

"This is an investment," said Miller.

"H'mm," Private J. Arthur Cranshaw III said. "So it is. How about ten per cent?"

"O. K."

"How much backing do you need?"

"How about a blank check, to meet whatever Ezra digs up?"

"H'mm," Private J. Arthur Cranshaw III said. He signed a check and Clay Miller put it in the pot.

"For whatever you want to meet," Clay Miller told Ezra.

"You'll have to let somebody hold the hands for you," Private J. Arthur Cranshaw III said. "The first sergeant, or maybe an officer."

"Not on your life!" Ezra cried. "You know what a secret's like in the Army. I wouldn't let Hap Arnold hold this hand sealed up in a double envelope!"

"Well, you can't hold your own cards. What's to keep you from making up your own hand in private?"

"I'm not letting nobody see this here hand until the showdown," Ezra declared.

THEY talked it over, and finally decided that both players should sign the backs of the cards of both hands.

"But that's not official," Private J. Arthur Cranshaw III pointed out after it was done. "You two are G. I.s and there's money involved. A G. I. can't be responsible for funds. It's got to be an officer."

Captain H. B. Weatherton, squadron commander, was somewhat surprised to be called out of the Officers' Club on New Year's Eve to be given custody of twenty-two pounds twelve shillings and eightpence, and asked to affix his signature to the backs of ten playing cards. But he complied with true holiday spirit.

FROM that time on, Ezra Hadlock's passion was money. First he canvassed his friends for loans, but his credit was strictly limited to the size of his next pay check.

"Give us a gander and maybe we'll come on in with you," they said.

"Look," he said. "I got a blank check to meet. The Cranshaw Bank of California is behind that check. And you want a peek for a measly couple of pounds!"

He kept the cards in a money belt strapped about his waist beneath his underwear. When he took a shower he held the belt gripped firmly in one hand outside the spray.

One night he borrowed the use of a typewriter in the Public Relations office and next morning he gave out powdered eggs with one hand in the chow line and slips of paper with the other. The slips announced that Private Ezra Hadlock of Hut 17 would do laundry at a bargain rate; for five shillings he'd press your uniform until you could peel apples on the creases; for a shilling he'd shine your shoes; if you needed anyone to stand guard or take your place as C. Q., he was ready for a consideration; for ten shillings he'd clean a whole Nissen hut ready for inspection, no pass, no pay. And his business card ended with a sly suggestion that if you were in trouble and he could take the rap for you, he'd be glad to do so for a consideration.

Ezra was after money in a big way. And he got business and made money. But he kept thinking of that blank check. Work as he would night and day, he realized the pitifully slow accumulation of his pile compared to the resources of the Cranshaw Bank of California. One day he had an inspiration. Erza put on his O. D.s, got a pass, and went to town.

Mr. B. J. S. Salem-Smythe of the Thetford Branch of the Midlands Bank, Ltd., evinced no surprise at all when an American soldier asked to see him privately and then requested the loan of fifty thousand pounds.

"Er—fifty thousand pounds, you say?" Mr. B. J. S. Salem-Smythe repeated.

"Yes, sir. I really should get more, but that will do."

Mr. B. J. S. Salem-Smythe wrote the figure on a pad with a steel pen. "Sir, may I suggest that there are always unforeseen contingencies in any business transaction. Better to have a bit too much than too little."

Ezra considered. "Fifty thousand will do, sir. I don't want to be a hog."

"I see." Mr. B. J. S. Salem-Smythe tapped his pince-nez gently against the tip of his rather bony nose. "And now, sir, may I see your security?"

"Absolutely not, sir," Ezra said firmly.

"Eh?" Mr. B. J. S. Salem-Smythe said. "What was that, sir?"

"You'll have to take my word for it, sir," Ezra declared. "I'll only need the money overnight, and I'll give you ten per cent interest. You don't get a chance like that every day."

"No indeed," admitted Mr. B. J. S. Salem-Smythe. "But I am sure, sir, that you appreciate our position. The negotiation of such an advance involves careful checking of credentials and security."

Ezra's face screwed into an expression of deep calculation as he pondered. Finally he said, "Sir, the matter is confidential."

"I beg your pardon," the banker said a bit stiffly. "Sir, you may have implicit confidence in the discretion of the Midlands Bank. Not even the Crown has access to our private accounts."

"O. K." Ezra Hadlock unbuttoned the neck of his shirt and pulled out the dog tags hung around his neck. "Here are my credentials, sir, backed by the Army of the United States." He unbuttoned the bottom of his shirt, tugged up his underwear, fumbled, and produced five playing cards. "And here, sir, is my security."

Mr. B. J. S. Salem-Smythe for the nonce lost a bit of his British reserve. His eyebrows went up and his pince-nez glasses dropped from his nose. He put them on again and peered at the cards.

"Eh?" he said.

"Draw poker, sir, and no wild cards," Ezra said with satisfaction and smug triumph. "A check will do, and you'll have your money back in the morning."

"Blast me," breathed Mr. B. J. S. Salem-Smythe. "Sir, am I to understand you expect the Midlands Bank to advance fifty thousand pounds on a hand of cards?"

"You'll never find a better investment in your life, sir."

"In all my experience as a banker for forty-two years, starting as a messenger—" began Mr. B. J. S. Salem-Smythe. And then he regarded Ezra in the manner of one surveying a unique specimen. "What, sir, is this game of drawing poker?"

"What is draw poker, sir?" Ezra echoed, astounded in turn.

"Is it like whist?"

FOR a moment Ezra was on the verge of canceling negotiations. Anyone who didn't know draw poker obviously wasn't worth doing business with. But he'd gone too far now, and the banker had seen the cards.

"Well, sir, you play it like this," he explained. "You're dealt your hand and then somebody opens on jacks or better and then you either stay or drop. If you stay, you can discard and draw. Then you can bet or drop. And the best hand wins, unless it's a bluff. You see? It's very simple."

"I am afraid, sir," the banker said, "that a matter of so technical a nature requires the appraisal of an expert."

"No, sir; we're not ringing any outsiders in on this deal. I'll explain more. Two pairs beat one pair, threes beat two pairs, then comes straight, flush, full house, four of a kind, and straight flush. Now, you see I got here—"

"If you please," the banker said. He tapped his pince-nez gently on his bony nose as he pondered. Perhaps the very impossibility of the situation intrigued him.

"Our Mr. Burtonwood was a sergeant in the last war," he said. "Perhaps he has had some experience with the game. You may trust his discretion."

Mr. Burtonwood proved to be a large red-faced man with a red mustache. "Mr. Burtonwood," Mr. Salem-Smythe said, "are you by any chance acquainted with the game of drawing poker?"

Mr. Burtonwood's red face became redder. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said stiffly. "My private life is open to investigation at all times. Except for an occasional game of darts—"

"So sorry, Mr. Burtonwood; I was not accusing you of gaming." And Mr. B. J. S. Salem-Smythe sketched the details of Ezra's business proposition. "I thought that perhaps in the last war—"

"To be sure—to be sure," Mr. Burton-

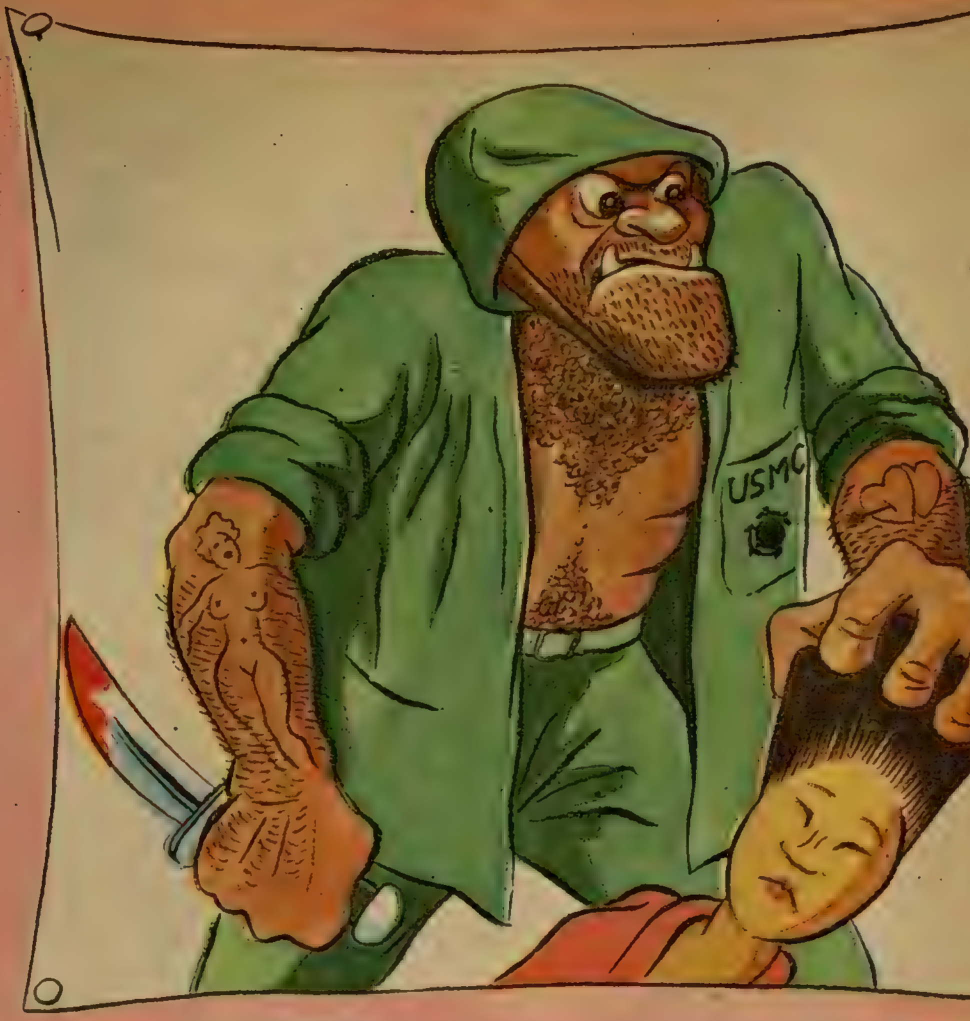
(*Continued on page 61*)

Americans are softies, they won't fight when the going gets tough. Also, they're subhuman barbarians who want to conquer the world. Hard to believe? Well, don't discount the power of propaganda. That's

How We Look to a Jap

BY IRVING WALLACE

CARTOONS BY BILL O'BRIAN



According to Jap teachings, our soldiers are savages.

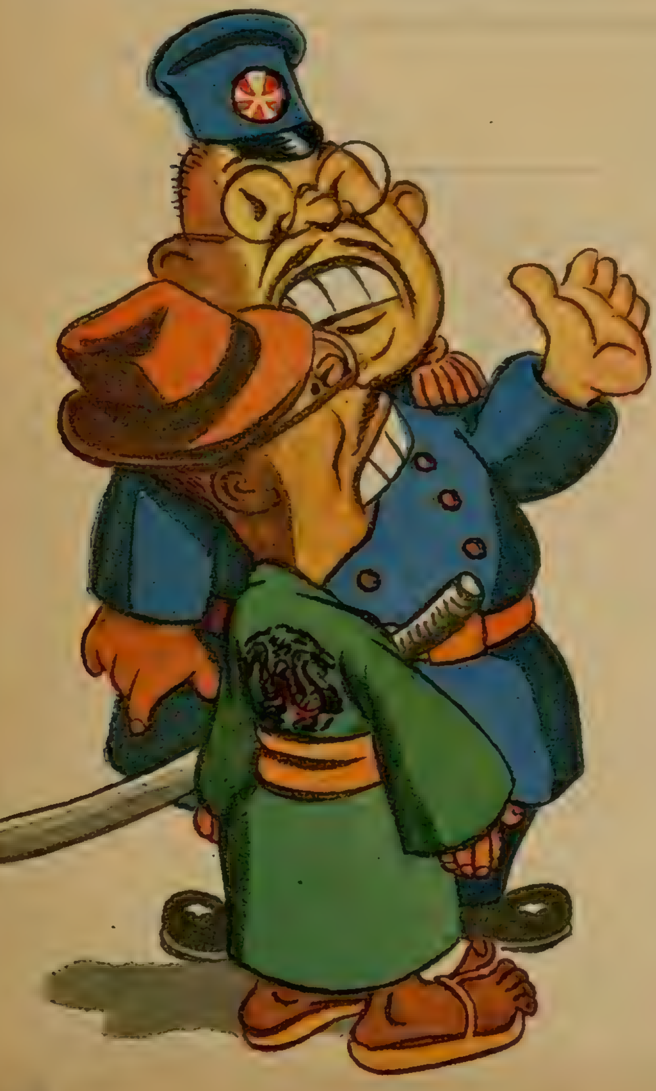
AMERICAN soldiers are cruel, stupid, and cowardly.

American civilians are lazy, spiritless jellyfish.

You don't believe it?

Well, the Japanese do.

Mr. Nakamura, the average Japanese, thinks he knows you, and all other Americans, very well. He has never been to America, nor had a chance to learn about America from uncensored books and movies. But for years before the war, his teachers, books, and movies described you to him. And now his radio, newspapers, and government speakers confirm the picture daily.



He knows all about the B-29s, the carrier-plane raids, Iwo Jima, and the rest. But he is blindly firm. He sits in his cardboard home in Tokyo, surrounded by bomb-gutted buildings, and he reads you are near. But he's not scared. He is satisfied that he knows you—and he doesn't think you'll make it.

He fancies himself an authority on the American soldier. Among other things, he hears a million contradictions—that the American soldier is richly/poorly equipped, a ferocious/cowardly animal.

But out of this maze of contradiction, Mr. Nakamura's concept is this: The Yankee fighting man, despite his moral depravity and physical softness, is backed by a storehouse of ordnance riches which have enabled him to push within sight of Fujiyama. Now the Yankee will try to land on the sacred soil of Nippon, a soil which has never felt the beat of invading armies. Despite his material superiority, he will not succeed. He will meet too costly resistance. He will try and try and—finally—settle for a negotiated peace.

Mr. Nakamura and all his breed will resist until the American soldier gets tired and gives up. Mr. Nakamura will summon this fanatical resistance because he has been told, and has come firmly to believe, that all Americans are cruel, heartless, subhuman barbarians—and that means you.

Never thought of yourself that way?

Well, he would rather die than surrender to you and your kind. His mind is a tangle of half-baked ideas cooked up by his overseers. Foremost of these ideas is that the American—especially the American soldier—is a cross between a Juke and Mr. Hyde, a drooling werewolf, a monster disguised as a man.

Here are some actual items Mr. Nakamura reads and hears about you every day. Read them and hate yourself, beast.

From Singapore—the Japs call it Shonan—a Japanese commentator reports:

"The Yankees in the Philippines are shooting Filipino civilians at sight, and a recent instance of American savagery came to light when their soldiers employed flame throwers against all women and children housed in a Filipino church."

A typical Tokyo news story, picked up from the Shanghai Noon Extra, declares:

"The bombing of both German and Japanese hospital ships by American planes has become a routine affair and no amount of protest is availing. The shooting of German war prisoners and the mutilation of fallen Japanese warriors are also part and parcel of the American conduct of the war. America's self-styled crusaders are reveling in an orgy of blood equaled only by the atrocities committed by their Bolshevist brothers.

"In areas occupied by the Americans . . . Americans have imported their own brand of lawlessness. In Rome, it is worth a man's life to go out at night, because of roaming bands of Americans soldiers bent on murder, robbery, and pillaging. In Paris, conditions may be gauged by the recent mass trial of 182 American officers and men for criminal activity.

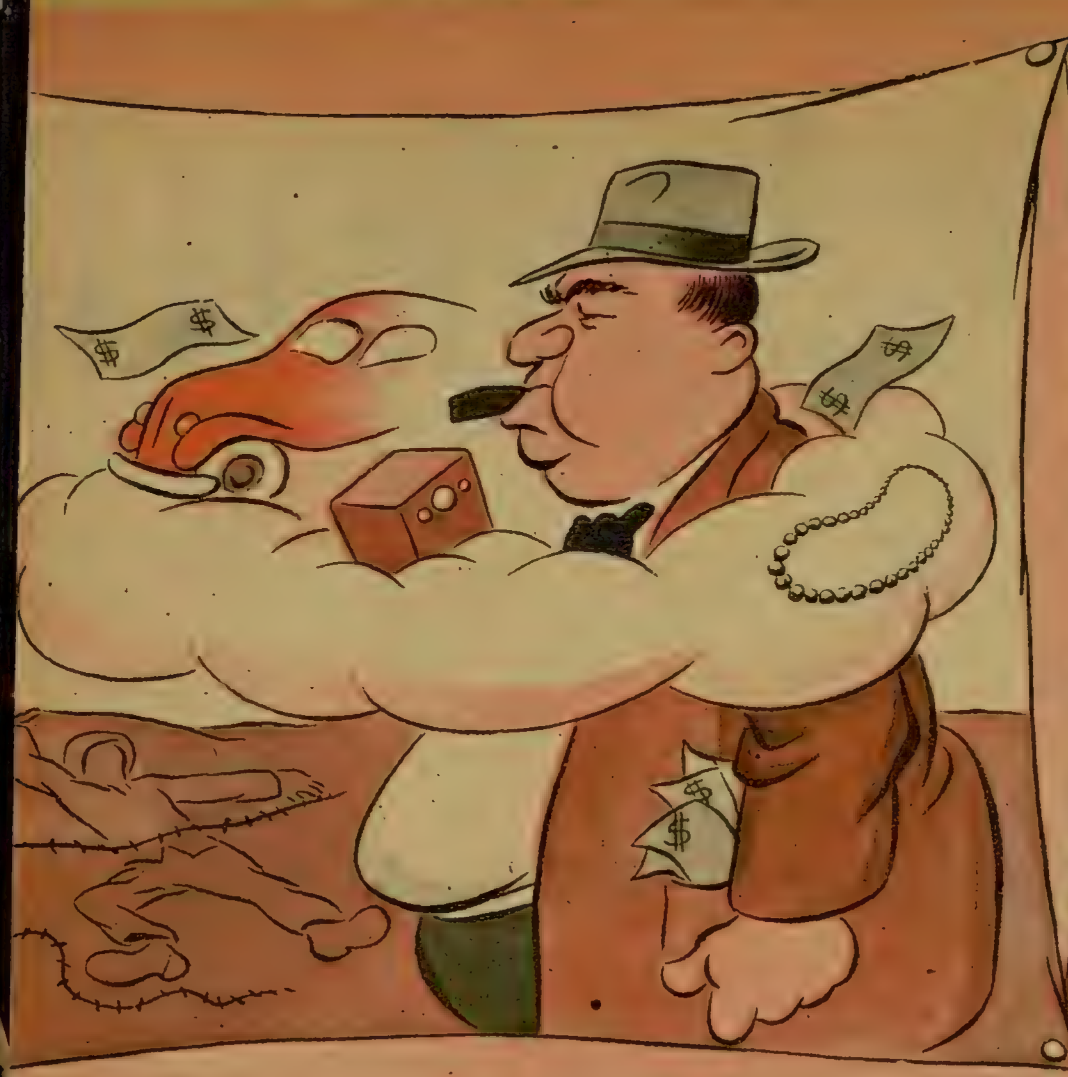
"That is the type of civilization America would like to impose on the world. Sodden with their own materialistic prosperity, the Americans think they are fit to rule the world. Actually, they are not fit to rule themselves."

After every Pacific battle, Mr. Nakamura receives a résumé of ghoulish American insults to Japanese dead. A typical atrocity—date-lined March 8, the Philippines—comes from Domei, the official Japanese news agency:

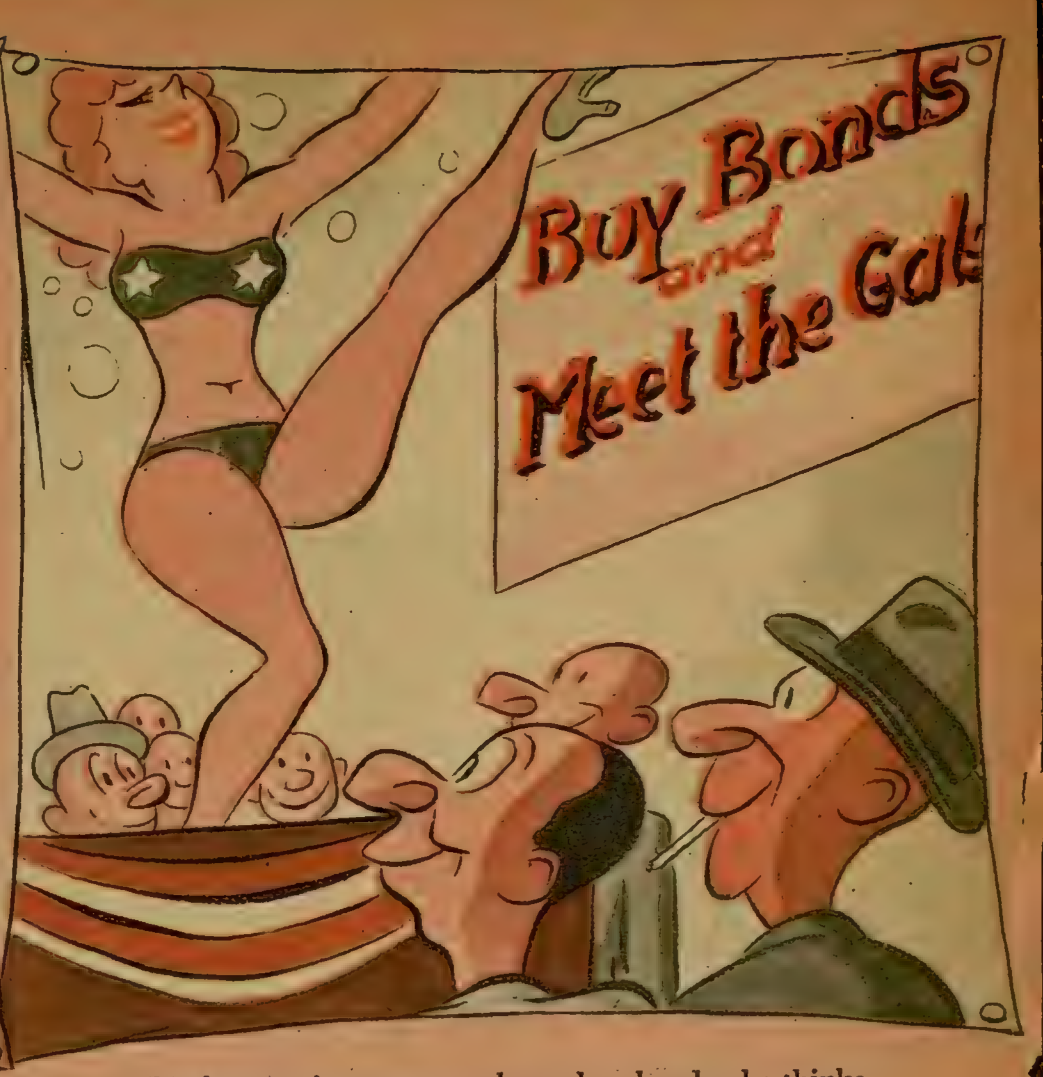
"Whenever, much to our regret, we cannot dispose of our war dead properly, the American invariably perpetrates ignominious acts on our dead. How bestial is the enemy's nature when contrasted with that of our men, who place flowers on the graves of the fallen enemy!"

Even intelligent Japanese leaders assault Mr. Nakamura's susceptibilities with this nonsense.

General Kuniaki Koiso, speaking to his people after B-29s raided Tokyo, accuses



To the Jap, we're too soft to pay the price of victory.



It takes a strip tease to make us buy bonds—he thinks.

America of indiscriminate bombing. He then adds:

"Although I do not try to complain against such an atrocious enemy, they even enjoy exposing the bones of our heroes on the top of desks. Their cruel and brutal nature even lets them make paper knives from the bones of Japanese soldiers. The only way to make these cruel and outrageous fellows repent of what they have done is to win the war."

From Germany, until V-E Day, Mr. Nakamura received further evidence of American cruelty. A Japanese commentator passed along Nazi reports of American soldiers raping their way across Deutschland. Continued the German report: "Gulfs separate us from these soldiers who bomb hospital ships and who strafe with machine guns transports of wounded soldiers."

AMERICANS don't commit studied atrocities, but that doesn't imply that they are so many fun-loving Rover Boys. The G. I.s fight rough and tough and for keeps, to survive. It's not patty-cakes in the Pacific. Sometimes, of course, an unstrung or unthinking individual will blunder. Several men, finding bleached Jap skulls, mailed them home as souvenirs. But President Roosevelt himself condemned this practice and it stopped. Sometimes, though rarely, the Japanese tell their people the truth about American soldiers. Speaking at the Ichihara Training Center, the chief of the Navy press section insists that the American fights "furiously." The speaker adds: "The Americans do not give our forces even a moment of rest. Their fighting spirit is excellent." But more frequently the American is pictured as a coward who hides behind expensive armament.

While Jap propagandists insist American equipment is of the best—to prove Americans are cowards—they are not averse to describing it also as the worst—to prove Americans anything but formidable. An Asahi correspondent, studying the wreckage of a B-29 near Akuzuma, in the Gumma prefecture, writes:

"The pistols which the Americans carried were of old types, indicating they probably had been obtained from second-hand dealers. Their khaki-colored uniforms were made of crude staple fiber. Their boots were of untanned leather and the soles were of reprocessed rubber. Their personal belongings were indicative of the fact that the enemy is now suffering a dire shortage in materials."

Mr. Nakamura also learns that the American pilot is stupid, that every American flier carries a handbook bearing in Japanese the wording, "Take bearer to American Headquarters in Tokyo." Continues the news story: "Apparently Yankee pilots are so naïve and ignorant that they actually believe there is an American Headquarters somewhere in Tokyo." Of course Mr. Nakamura cannot appreciate the prophetic possibilities of this propaganda.

His mental image of the American soldier includes also the picture of a gin-soaked, Charleston-loving, sex-crazed, frivolous boy—right out of novels dated 1926. Correspondent Tokuni, filing copy from Kweilin, China, confirms this. He says the U. S. fliers and ground crewmen in Kweilin numbered about a thousand. "Every night," he reports, "they go joy riding and carousing with women and, to top it all, go wild in shops and stores and commit excesses in the extreme."

Further proof is paraded about Tokyo. A B-29, brought down by ramming, is displayed to pupils in schools. Says a Tokyo commentator:

"As if to expose the low nature of the enemy, a picture of a nude blonde brazenly embellished the fuselage. A photograph of the nude . . . appears in all its disgraceful unsightliness in this morning's edition."

This nude is final evidence, to Mr. Nakamura, of American frivolity.

The American is soft. That is his capsule summation. His better-educated spokesmen can elaborate. Some nine years ago, speaking off the record at a Navy stag party in Washington, D. C., Admiral Kichisaburo Nomura, later Ambassador to the United States, explained:

"America can never successfully fight Japan. You people are too happy. You have radios, automobiles, big beefsteaks, chicken, luxurious mattresses. Why should your men want to sleep in hammocks on warships, or hide in trenches, when life is so pretty at home?

"Japan is different. The Japanese has an uncertain handful of rice to eat. In the Army or Navy his rice is sure. The hammock on the warship is better than the thin straw mat at home."

YEARS before Mr. Nakamura began collecting opinions on the American soldier, he was getting himself a liberal education and some specific ideas about you from Hollywood.

He was always a movie fan. Japanese statistics admit that, before World War II, he attended about forty-five motion pictures a year, most of them American-made.

Mostly he liked the Americans he saw in movies. He went many times to see Deanna Durbin musicals, and he worshiped the Japanese-style dramas of Bette Davis. Through Hollywood stars, he developed an affection for American people. Indeed, shortly before Pearl Harbor, a famous geisha girl in Tokyo told the writer that she was secretly in love with Gary Cooper!

But while liberal elements were encouraging American movies, the militaristic leaders of Japan were fighting bitterly to counteract them. From the start, the jingoists had the upper hand, for they had the schools.

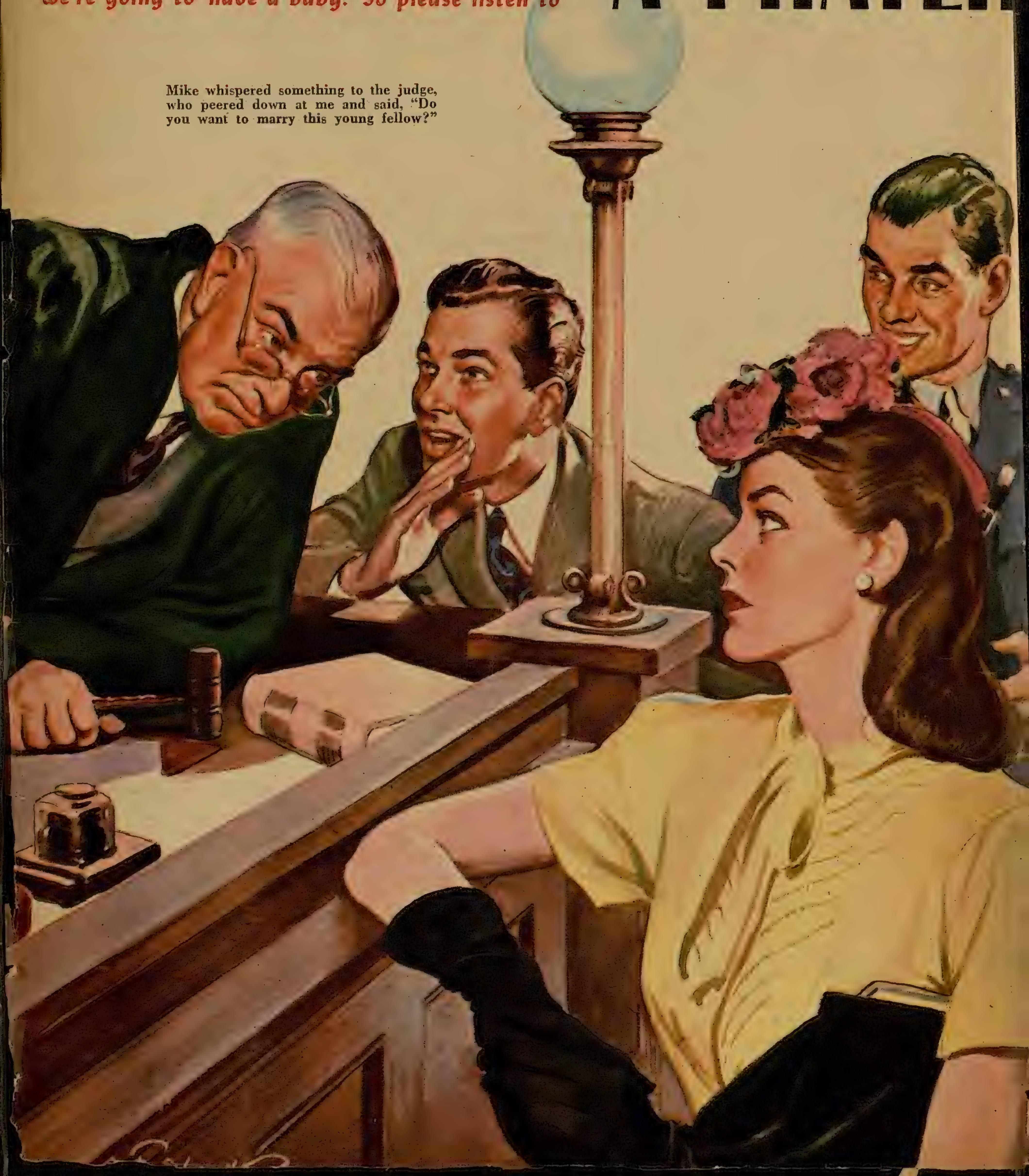
Almost all Japanese are literate, and almost all go to school, where they get their first and strongest impression of the average American and the despised United States.

Japanese instructors, especially in grammar school, mangle Darwin's theory of evolution. They point out that all Americans believe in Darwin and therefore Americans came from apes. Consequently,

(*Continued on page 87*)

Dear Lord, my husband is an idiot, a wastrel, and a philanderer, but I love him more than anything in the world—and we're going to have a baby. So please listen to

A PRAYER



Mike whispered something to the judge, who peered down at me and said, "Do you want to marry this young fellow?"

FOR MIKE

BY PETER STIRLING CARDOZO

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

WHEN I say I was married I mean it in the legal, blood-testing, solemnly swearing sort of way. But to the girl who used to play with dolls, and wore a pink organdy to her first dance, my wedding was a far cry from Emily Post.

Dear Lord, my husband is an idiot, a charlatan, a Simon Legree, a wastrel, a philanderer, a fool, but . . .

I had known Mike for two years and I should have been prepared for anything, but I was just a girl from Charleston to whom the word "marriage" meant everything from church bells and magnolia blossoms to a honeymoon in Bermuda.

Mike picked me up one day in Central Park. He still claims *I* picked *him* up because I spoke first. I was taking fashion pictures in the park, using the pond with the children and their toy sailboats as a background. I was excited because this was my first job since I had come to New York to hang out a shingle that read: "Barbara Storm — Free-Lance Photographer." I worked carefully, posing the models, and then suddenly I turned around and saw someone looking through the finder on my camera.

"Hey! Get away from there." It was my best camera and I didn't want it knocked over.

"It looks fine," he called. "Nice composition."

I strode up to him and said, "Thank you very much. Now, if you'll just move away, I'll try to get on with my work."

He said, "You know, on second thought, I think the girl on the right should bend her knee just a little more."

I said, "Well, I don't. I like it just the way it is."

The models started to laugh. By that time I was ready to fight the Civil War all over again.

"Look. Here's a nickel. Will you go away and buy yourself an ice-cream cone?"

He took the nickel and I went to work. I saw him come back, though, with an ice-cream cone. When I looked over at him he pointed to the ice cream and smacked his lips. I turned away quickly.

When I started to pack up the camera and tripod, he came back.

"Thanks for the ice cream." He smiled.

"Look. Don't you have anything else to do?" I asked.

He said, "Well, I know a nice little bar about five minutes from here and I'd be glad to pay you back for the ice cream."

I said, "Thanks, but I'm very busy."

An hour later we were still sitting in the little bar and I had told him all about the little girl from Charleston who worked on the local paper, dreamed about a career, and finally saved up enough money to storm the pearly gates of New York. That night we had dinner in a little French restaurant and afterward we went to a prize fight. Then he took me home, and I thought he was going to kiss me good night, but he didn't. He just said, "Good night, Charleston. I'll come around tomorrow night."

That was Mike.

Dear Lord, that very first night I found out that you can't ever tell what Mike is going to do.

For two years Mike took me to prize fights and baseball games. We went to sad movies, and when the tears trickled down my cheeks, Mike would laugh at me. When I went off on a story to photograph pin-up girls in Florida, Mike would call me long distance. He'd talk about the weather and what he had for lunch and then, when I wanted him to say "I miss you" or "I love you," he'd say, "Well, Charleston, I'm running out of nickels." I would hang up and tell myself that I was a fool for loving someone like Mike.

He wasn't the sort of man you would turn around to look at twice. In a way he was sort of Jimmy Stewart-ish. He was tall and thin; his eyes were nice, but the rest of his face was just face. Mike was twenty-nine.

The list of jobs that Mike could lay claim to read like an advertisement for one of those mail-order correspondence courses: Stevedore on a tanker to Europe, schoolteacher, copywriter, researcher, bartender, lifeguard, piano player, orchestra leader, movie critic. Now he was writing that radio serial that had millions of children in the country huddled around the radio from five to five fifteen every afternoon. For the past forty weeks I had to turn on my radio and listen for the bugle . . . the roll on the drums . . . and the deep voice that said, "The ad-ven-tures of Billy Byron—the Wizard Boy." Jap spies, rocket ships, gangsters, and stampeding elephants. And at the end of the program the announcer said, "Listen in tomorrow, same time, same station."

That's what I'd been doing with Mike for two years: same time—same station. But the world was Mike's oyster. Not in a mean way. He just liked people and, down deep, I think he felt that if he settled down to just one person he wouldn't be able to go on with his modern Gulliver's Travels. When Mike told me to meet him for dinner at seven it was only a ten-to-one shot that he'd show up by eight.

Everybody liked Mike. He could do card tricks, amuse children, imitate anyone from Ronald Colman to Charlie McCarthy. . . . Even my mother liked him.

But in my small world he was a stinker!

ONE Friday Mike called me. He said, "How about dinner?"

"On one condition, Wizard Boy!" I laughed. "No blondes, no poor old men with beards. . . . Wait a minute," I said. "Where are you now?'

"The zoo," he said simply.

"All right," I said. "Dinner at seven, but don't try to bring one of the monkeys with you."

Mike was late for dinner. In fact he was two Martinis late. But when he came in he looked sheepish and said, "I'm late."

That wasn't like Mike.

When Mike was late he came in and tried to tell you that he'd been talking to a man in a three-cornered hat, or else he'd try to show you a new card trick, but he *never* admitted that he was late.

I said, "Mike, do you feel all right?"

He nodded his head, and then he said, "I've got a present for you." Mike always had a present for everybody. He carried jelly beans for children, sugar for the horses in the park, and once in a while he had something for me.

He fished around in his pockets and finally pulled out a small box tied up with green string.

"Mike Dawson, if this is another one of your tricks, I'll—I'll walk out on you. I mean it."

The waiter stood over us waiting to take our order. He said, "What you like to eat tonight, Meester Mike?"

Mike kept fooling with the string. He didn't look up. "What do you want to eat, Charleston? Let's have chicken. Broiled chicken. Lima beans. French-fried potatoes." And then in the same voice he said, "Charleston, do you want to get married tonight?"

"Sorry," I said. "I've got a date tonight. Make it some other time."

Then he opened the little box. It was a ring. For a moment my heart seesawed.

Dear Lord, you can't ever tell how Mike is going to do things!

I knew Mike wouldn't have liked it if I'd gone sentimental on him. I wanted to put my arms around him and maybe cry a little bit and say, "Oh, you big overgrown fool, I want to marry you more than anything else in the world!"

But I didn't. I said, "This is so sudden, Mr. Dawson. I've only known you for two years."

Mike said, "I'll grow on you!"

That's what had happened. Mike had become Habit with a capital H, but it was a nice habit.

"Will you marry me?" His voice was soft.

I waited for a moment and then I said, "Yes, Mike."

THE waiter brought our dinner and Mike forgot that he should have kissed me. In between bites of food he said, "I've got a great idea. We'll get in the car and drive to New Hampshire." He swallowed. "Tonight." Another mouthful. "Good old Dartmouth. The college chapel. Great little old college—"

Mike always talked about Dartmouth. I had heard about Winter Carnivals and ski jumping and the famous Cornell football game. One night we went to a dance and Mike met a classmate of his and I didn't see Mike again until the last dance.

"—and we'll get old Tubby Foster to be a witness. Did I ever tell you about Tubby's horseback ride?"

I said, "Yes, Mike. You've told me all about Tubby."

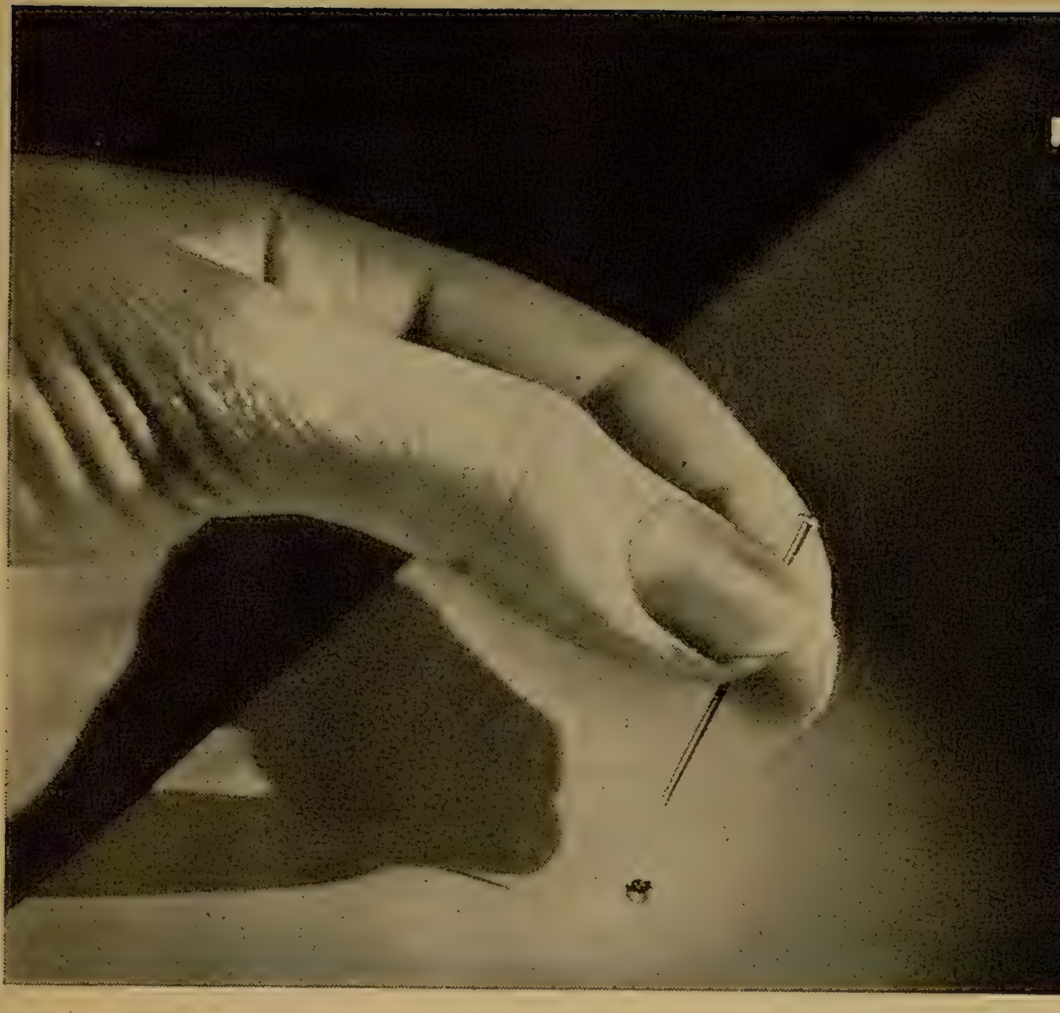
Dear Lord, wherever we went Mike would tell the same stories and I would have to listen to them over and over again. But now I would like to hear him tell one, even the one about Tubby!

Then he stopped talking for a minute, and I said, "Mike, I want a big wedding! With bridesmaids, flowers, ushers. When I get married I want to spend hours getting dressed and feel nervous and hear an organ playing the wedding march."

Mike snorted, "Old hat. If you're in love, you're in love. That's that. You get married. What do you need all of the Christmas-tree decorations for?"

I was really mad now. I loved Mike. I loved him more than I would ever tell him. But this was too much. I tried to make a joke of it, because that's the way we did everything. Smart talk. Brittle conversation. But now I wanted to be serious. I wanted to slow down the merry-go-round. I wanted to be old-fashioned. I wanted

(Continued on page 67)



TREMENDOUS TRIFLE

A product that runs 7,300 to the ounce, which has to be perfect, and can't be handled played a major part in putting the Nazis out of action and keeping us in. The story of a vital part of the war

BY PAUL W. KEARNEY

ONE of the outstanding industrial achievements of this war is the manufacture of a product so tiny that you could carry 7,000 of them in a teaspoon.

In our first five months' production we turned out 11,000 of them—and the entire output weighed only one and a half ounces.

Yet in many respects the successful production of this trifle rivals our capture of the German dye-and-chemical industry in the last war. For, until 1940, Germany was its sole source.

The truth is, you could inhale a couple of them and not know it. Yet without them these devastating Super-Forts—or the Helldivers and Hellcats that have been pulverizing Tokyo—would still be in the gocart category of the planes of 1918.

But let's begin at the beginning. Everybody knows that a fine watch has jewels. Jewels are a form of bearings which make for long-lived accuracy. But the gimbals and gyros of airplane instruments could not be supported on sapphires because (1) there are not enough sapphires; (2) those jewels shatter under the enormous shocks of flying.

The ingenious German solution was a tiny ball bearing, its component parts fabricated by painstaking German craftsmen and assembled with scrupulous care by Swiss watchmakers. And when a Swiss-born American citizen—who had become an executive in an American bearing plant—visited his homeland in 1938, the only factory in Switzerland to which he was denied admittance *was the instrument bearing plant controlled by the Nazis!*

We didn't think too much about that until, in the early days of the Polish debacle, imports of German instrument bearings began to dwindle and finally stopped altogether. Sperry and other instrument makers began making nervous inquiries throughout the antifriction-bearing industry, but nobody here had ever attempted any such hair-line precision work. Then suddenly the clouds of war loomed over the American horizon and these nervous inquiries shrilled to frantic appeals. In response, Yankee ingenuity went to work on a problem it had never dreamed of tackling. And in ten months from scratch we had a new industry: a typical Swiss precision product was being batted out in a little Connecticut factory at the rate of 1,250,000 a month!

The smallest of these bearings—when *all its eight parts* are assembled—measures 2.7 mm.—a trifle over one tenth of an inch. Other instrument bearings are as large as your little fingernail. And in their manufacture, contamination is just as horrible a bugaboo as in a hospital operating room.

These bearing parts are never touched with the bare hands—only with tweezers or kid gloves—because the acid moisture from the skin would quickly pit the polished surface and bring a dreaded rust spot. All workers and visitors must wear special lint-free rayon smocks and caps; they enter the work area only through a Coney Island-like "wind tunnel" which forcefully blows all loose dust and lint off their garments, after which they walk over long adhesive mats which pick any remaining dust off their shoes.

In the work area itself the air is rigidly controlled as regards temperature, humidity, and pressure. Only glass-topped, dust-repellent work tables are used. A unique device charges any dust particles in the air so that they are attracted to metal plates and withdrawn from the room. A special rayon wiping cloth is used. Bearings are moved from point to point in trays of a special rust-preventive alloy and between sheets of cellophane. No paper is exposed in the area. Even the huge American flag which decorates one wall is covered with cellophane so that no lint will blow off it. Special pencils with a very hard lead and no erasers are used for all clerical work; the graphite from ordinary soft pencils might contaminate the air.

Some of these bearings are so small they are lubricated with hypodermic syringes, or even with atomizers. Some leave the plant packed in quart jars of light oil; others are carefully sealed in plastic tubes and passed out to the shipping department through a double window, only one side of which can be opened at a time.

All inspections are under magnifying glasses; many under microscopes; some under stethoscopes. In tests, some of these bearings must spin freely under the light touch of a camel's-hair brush; others are revolved by a puff of air no stronger than a baby's sigh.

Six bearings like these go into a directional gyro compass; eight in a flight-level indicator; sixty-one in a Norden bombsight; over 1,400 in the intricate gun-control system of a B-29.

The British learned about bearings the hard way, when one of their largest bearing plants was wiped out in Coventry and others were destroyed in the London blitz. A great cry for American bearings went up, and overnight our manufacturers found themselves called upon to ship millions of bearings, mostly by plane, to destinations from Murmansk to Australia.

When our own armament program began to get under full steam, the squeeze became terrific. Hard-pressed co-ördinators began to discover that the bearings needed by an aircraft plant had to be on hand six months before the job assembly began.

The altered viewpoint became apparent soon after the first Nazi push into Belgium. From a St. Louis ordnance plant came a rush order for 400,000 special balls to be used in a bomb fuse—and to be delivered in ten days. The raw material had to come from two mills; the metal molded in special casts, then shipped to the bearing plant for precise grinding and lapping. In view of the hectic materials situation, the job looked utterly impossible.

So the ordnance plant promptly detailed an expediter to come east and sit on the order. He began to burn up the wires to Washington and the raw materials began to appear. Special trucks were commandeered to deliver the stuff to the respective plants. The Army assigned its own trucks to pick up each day's finished production at the ball plant, driving 134 miles to an Army freight depot, where it was loaded into a special plane and flown to St. Louis. And the Army was worried enough about that order to detail a lieutenant, instead of a noncom, to drive that truck to the airport nightly.

On the tenth day the last of those 400,000 balls were going into the bombs in St. Louis!

Even today it is still common for bearing manufacturers to send a squad of their own men to help hard-pressed railway men load a rush order of bearings on some express train during its fleeting two- or three-minute stop. For when bearings are needed, they are sorely needed and nothing can stand in their way. They are also needed in great volume. In 1945 the aircraft industry alone will use 100,000,000 complete bearings, plus about 70,000,000 balls and rollers.

Thus it is easy to see why American bearing production has increased 1,700 per cent since 1939 as against 1,400 per cent for railway equipment, or 1,000 per cent for all metal products. Now one plant is turning out in sixty days the volume it took a year to produce before Pearl Harbor. And whereas 92 per cent of its prewar business was in fourteen sizes, today it is handling 18,000 different sizes and specifications.

The range in bearings runs from the pin-head peewees up to giants standing four feet high and weighing 9,000 pounds. Eight of these big fellows, costing $10,000 apiece, go into each of the high-speed rolling mills that squeeze out sheet steel and aluminum. Some of the bearings used in railroad locomotives weigh 400 pounds —which is a far cry from the ones you were familiar with in your childhood roller skates or bicycle. Yet their function is precisely the same: to reduce the drag of friction.

Most of this development dates from the time the horseless carriage really became horseless. For while ball and roller bearings were used a century ago in wheelbarrows, grindstones, etc., most machines ran at such low speeds that grease and plain bearings could handle the friction problem as they had for the Roman chariots.

TODAY every tool of war and peace—every tool used to make those tools—depends on antifriction bearings. There are fifty of them in a turret lathe. Modern machine tools, some turning up to 75,000 revolutions per minute, couldn't function without these friction antidotes. As for the machines these tools produce—well, when a new rayon plant was built recently, no fewer than 300,000 ball bearings went into its machinery.

You'll find them in the oarlocks of a varsity shell as well as in your domestic vacuum cleaner; in three-mile-long oil-well drill pipes which turn at 250 rpms. on a single bearing. You'll find 196 of them in a medium tank, more than 4,000 in a B-17 bomber. Yet only the other day, in contrast, I saw an order filled for three bearings for the wheel chair of a war veteran's invalid wife—at thirty-five cents apiece!

Probably the most dramatic application of anti-friction bearings, as far as the public is concerned, is in railroading. When the first locomotive with antifriction bearings was built a few years ago—a huge 4-8-4 job—three pretty girl models pulled it down the track with a rope for the benefit of newsreel men. And when a Western road later fitted out its first complete train with such bearings, they ran that flier over a 900-mile trip with a full glass of water on a drawing-room table—and never spilled a drop.

Travelers who have ridden the Zephyrs, the Silver Meteors, the Superchiefs, the Rockets, and other famous streamliners know something about this smoothness. More important, railroad men agree that it is purely because of the increasing use of antifriction bearings that the railroads today are handling four times the traffic of World War I with only two thirds of the equipment!

Small wonder, then, that production has skyrocketed. Yet the point is that you don't skyrocket production by just waving a wand. Making ball and roller bearings is a highly complicated job, involving special machinery, techniques unique in American industry, even specially made steel costing more than twice the price of good grade structural steel.

The precision of a modern ball or roller bearing makes the works of a clock seem as crude as a lawn mower. Bearings weighing hundreds of pounds have their component parts accurate to 1/10,000th of an inch—*i. e.*, about one thirtieth the thickness of human hair. For such accuracy it has been necessary to develop superaccurate measuring instruments and gauges. A notable one measures down to one millionth of an inch. Another scale is so sensitive it will weigh the lead you use in signing your name with a pencil.

The limit to which bearings can be held is described by engineers as one millionth part of a circle or one second in an arc. To visualize that, think of two straight lines two miles long, touching each other at one end and one inch apart at the other. That angle is one second in an arc!

No other mass-production industry in America works to such close tolerances. Yet the end products of this infinite care are not fragile instruments like Swiss watches; they are rugged things carrying loads up to 500,000 pounds. One of the standard tests made on even small balls, for example, is to subject them to ninety tons' pressure in a hydraulic press. That force drives a bearing ball into an ordinary steel block as if the block were butter and without marring the ball in the slightest.

With bearings hidden away in prosaic grease so long, it took a war to remind us of their importance. Indeed, one of the first morale films the Army Motion Picture Division produced for showing in our war plants told the story of bearings. It explained, among other things, why we sacrificed ninety-six bombers in smashing Schweinfurt—and why the Nazis were willing to expend 240 precious fighter planes in their futile effort to foil that attack. It showed how the assembly lines of six propeller manufacturers, nine aircraft-engine factories, and fifty-four aviation-instrument concerns were stopped dead by the destruction of one bearing plant. It dramatized the fact that *everywhere a wheel or a shaft turns, bearings are essential.*

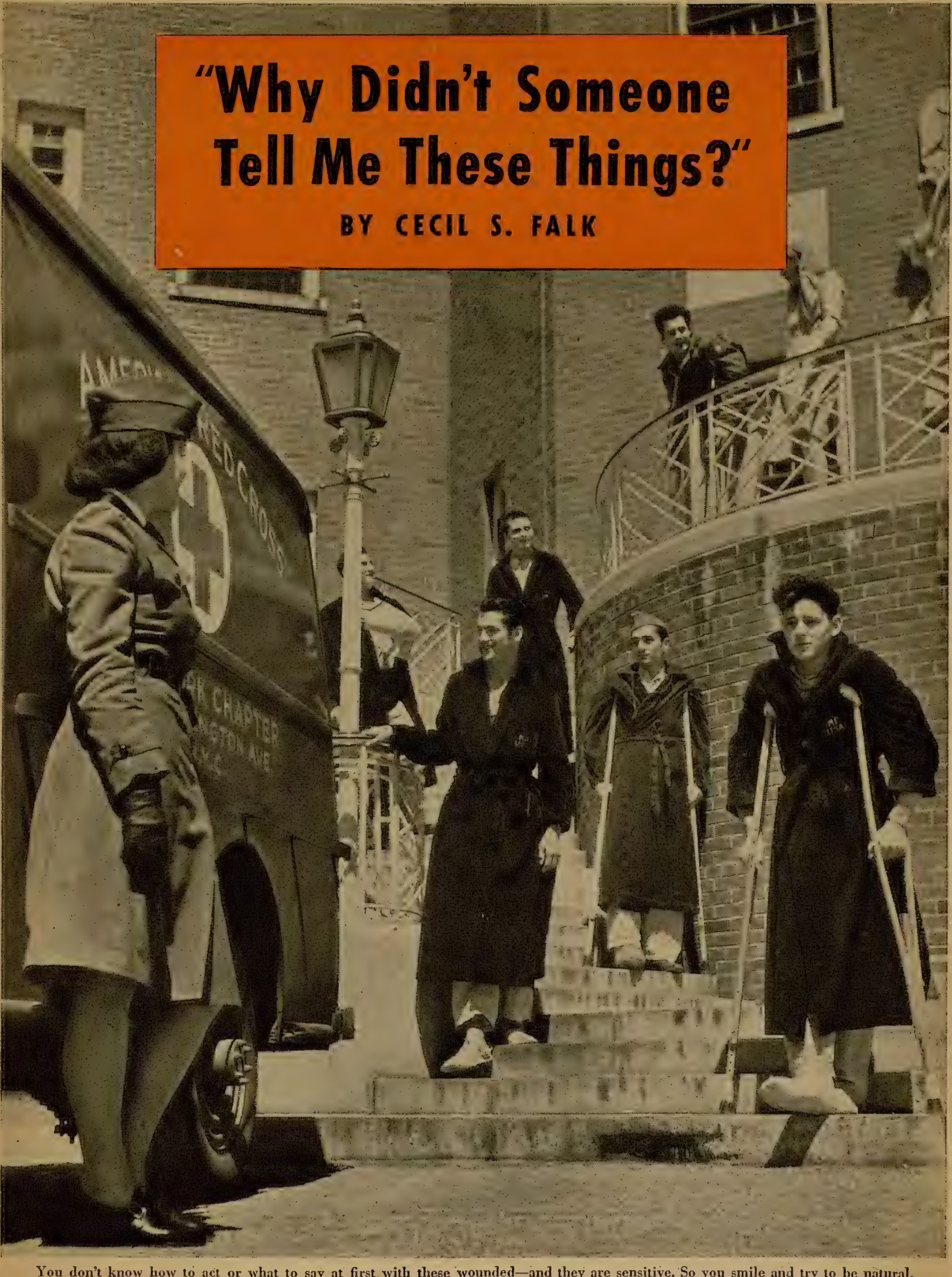
THAT film was aptly titled The Tale of the Tremendous Trifle. And today, as we listen to reports of our bombers making a milk run out of the flight to Tokyo, we can see what a truly tremendous trifle the antifriction bearing is in keeping our planes up—and knocking their planes down!

THE END

This roller bearing—the largest made—four feet wide and weighing three tons is used under each of a battleship's big guns to cushion the shock of firing.

"Why Didn't Someone Tell Me These Things?"

BY CECIL S. FALK



You don't know how to act or what to say at first with these wounded—and they are sensitive. So you smile and try to be natural.

The wounded are coming home now and you will be meeting more and more of them. Ordinary common sense and tact will avoid embarrassments

YOU stop your car at the gates of a military hospital. The guard comes out to take your name. You can't help wondering how you ever got into this situation. You're not trained in rehabilitation work, but here you are, assigned to drive some wounded servicemen to a party. You know nothing about the boys or the extent of their injuries. You're just an American Red Cross Motor Corps volunteer, and these patients need an automobile and a driver to take them where they want to go.

Then you park the car and hesitantly enter the Red Cross recreation room where you'll pick up your passengers. You ponder what you'll say to them; and whether your stomach will behave, and you can stand the sight of what you may be forced to look upon; and whether it will be as bad as you have imagined—which is very bad indeed! But you thank heaven for your Motor Corps experience at a local civilian hospital and the emergency ambulance rides you had to make, and you hope they'll see you through this task.

Then an attractive Red Cross hospital worker greets you, and so do a half dozen hellos from the boys. They are piling into the car without further introduction. While getting them checked out, you have no time to worry about the legs or arms that are missing, or the scars and facial disfigurements you see.

You start off. The first few minutes you are in traffic, and you don't have to say anything—just drive. What a relief you feel! You didn't faint, or make any noticeable boners. You have a chance to take a breath and congratulate yourself on acting naturally—if you did—and you hope you did!

Because the first thing you learn about this type of job is the necessity for a smiling poker face. Sooner or later you are bound to run into a case that will hit you like a blow to the solar plexus. You may have steeled your mouth to control itself, but the eyes are not so easy to handle.

These wounded servicemen are extremely sensitive to your reactions. In many instances they don't realize the extent of their injuries until they see the horror reflected in the faces about them. You can't hurriedly look away or give any evidence of the emotion that some of these injured young men arouse. And you can't stare! You must appear to see them exactly as you see everyone else.

One day at a ball game, people watched closely as the boys came in and took their seats. The game was uninteresting, and when one patient—a young marine—removed his wooden leg and set it on the seat ahead, the group of servicemen became a side show. One of the newly wounded was very much disturbed by the constant and thoughtless gaping of the fans, but the older veterans kidded him out of it. "Want to pass my hat?" laughed one. Another suggested, "Let's charge two bits a look!"

As for the young marine, he had not made a deliberate bid for either attention or sympathy. He was reacting normally. The leg attachment hurt, so he removed it. When he needed the leg to walk out of the stadium, he strapped it on again. Wounds don't heal overnight, and many patients have trouble getting used to the weight and the clumsiness of an artificial limb.

As you ride along, you ask the men their names. Sometimes they give you their whole name, but more often it is simply Tom, Dick, or Harry. It does not matter whether you're a young unmarried volunteer or one of the grayer dignified matrons; they call you by your first name, too.

After the introductions are straightened out, you ask them where they come from. That automatically opens other topics of conversation, but occasionally you have a group of men that are particularly hard to draw out. You keep trying new subjects, as you would play a pinball machine, until you hit the jack pot and the words tumble out.

Often the most difficult cases are those who have been seriously hurt without having seen a battle. There was one soldier who had been sent to party after party but would not enter into any of the social goings-on—just watched the fun covertly. It was months before we discovered he had lost his hearing in an accident the third day he was in training camp.

One evening last month one of the Motor Corps girls coaxed this boy into playing Up-Jenkins, a hilarious sort of game in which coins or cards are passed from hand to hand around the table. This soldier had nearly everyone close to tears by laughing—really laughing aloud—for the first time since the accident.

That brings to mind an important taboo. You do not ask questions about their service or how they were hurt unless the patients themselves begin to speak of their experiences. Most of them do not mention it. They are anxious to let the memories of war fade away into the past like a bad dream.

It would be the worst possible breach of tact to pursue such a theme with these servicemen.

Conversely, there are those who cannot erase some grim episode from their minds and must talk about it repeatedly. You cannot ignore what they are saying. You tend to feel like a mother hen, clucking at her brood of chicks; you sympathize, but you cannot show pity for these patients. To do so would make them feel less than the men they have become.

What bothers you most is their youth. There are boys like Bill who, among other wounds, lost several fingers on Guam and is living for the day when he can get back there and find them. At nineteen, he manages everything in stride. Burns and broken bones are a minor irritation. He was raised in an orphanage and early in life learned how to take it.

Dan is another youngster—a soldier—with one hand missing. He would look at his stub with hurt and bafflement, and sometimes with such earnestness that you knew he was willing the hand to return

(*Continued on page 78*)

PHOTOS BY IKE VERN—PIX

You only do what is necessary for them, but perform it as you would any courtesy.

TARZAN and the Man Who Made Him

Broke at 35, Tarzan's creator ran a typewriter and an encyclopedia into $10,000,000. Now almost 70 — and a war correspondent — he still uses the same tools

BY LLOYD SHEARER

AT sixty-nine, Edgar Rice Burroughs is a classic example of the heights to which failure can rise in this country. As a matter of fact, the U. S. Navy now totes Tarzan's creator all over the Pacific, ostensibly as a war correspondent for the United Press, but actually to boost the morale of its own charges. "I'm a pepper-upper," Burroughs says of his job.

For example, on Saipan not long ago he heard two servicemen griping at the way the war had gummed up their civilian careers. "I'll be eligible for an old-age pension by the time I get out of here," cracked one soldier. "I've been in uniform four years myself," said another. "Can you imagine a guy starting out in civilian life when he's past thirty?"

Burroughs smiled warmly. "May I tell you fellows something?" he asked softly.

The boys nodded. Even though most of them think he's a little screwy for spending his old age covering a war, they admire and respect him. When he feels like talking, they listen.

"Until I was thirty-five, I was a failure in everything I tried," he began. "As a kid, I was thrown out of school, flunked the examinations for West Point, and was discharged from the Regular Army with a weak heart. I failed in everything. When I got married I was making fifteen dollars a week in my father's storage-battery business. When my second child was born, I had no job and no money. I had to pawn my wife's jewelry and my own watch to buy food."

"And now?" asked one of the boys.

"Well, now," said Burroughs modestly, "I've made a few bucks. If I could do that starting at thirty-five, so can you."

Burroughs' reference to a "few bucks" is, of course, the wildest understatement. In the past thirty years his fifty-seven novels and their by-products have grossed more than $10,000,000. In 1923, after a decade of writing Tarzan stories, he was getting such big royalties and had so many side lines from his literary production that he set himself up as Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc. That enabled him to publish his own works and handle profitably all his serial, radio, movie, and foreign rights.

Today the more than 30,000,000 copies of his novels in 58 languages and dialects make him the most widely read author on earth. Tidy sales of other items include some 21 Tarzan motion pictures, 364 radio programs, more than 60,000,000 ice-cream cups, 100,000,000 loaves of Tarzan bread, countless numbers of Tarzan school bags, pencils, paint books, penknives, jungle costumes, toys, and sweaters. In addition there are the famous Tarzan comic strips, carried by 212 newspapers with a circulation of more than 15,000,000. All told, royalties alone in good years amount to more than double the President's salary. Nor is that all. Two U. S. postoffices have been named for Tarzan—Tarzana, California, and Tarzan, Texas; and Webster's New International Dictionary offers Tarzan as "The hero of a series of stories by Edgar Rice Burroughs. He is a white man, of prodigious strength and chivalrous instincts, reared by African apes."

In short, in one form or another, Tarzan is known to more people on earth than any other fictional character. Offhand, one would expect his creator to be well known to the public. But actually it's probable that Kathleen Winsor, the author of a single book, Forever Amber, is better known than Burroughs, perhaps because he has never had a novel banned in Boston. Also, Burroughs is inordinately modest. He has never gone in for literary teas, press agents, or the other high-pressure accouterments of the modern author. A bit above average height, a good-natured robust old man with friendly blue eyes and an almost bald head, he looks like a country storekeeper and makes no pretense at writing great literature. He admits blandly that his stories have plenty of grammatical and even factual boners. The critics may even rate Tarzan "as imbecile a piece of fiction as ever appealed to morons," but he points out that his works sell, amuse, and entertain, and that's all they were ever intended to do.

Unlike most successful writers, he isn't one to give commencement lectures or preach sermons on how merit and hard work will pay off in success. "I am convinced," he says, "that what are commonly known as the breaks, good or bad, have fully as much to do with one's triumph or failure as ability."

This, of course, tends to explode the cherished Horatio Alger legend, but his own early life, he feels, proves that industry, effort, and ambition are often fruitless. At the age of thirty-five he had absolutely nothing to show for fifteen years of hard work. He was hungry and penniless. In stark desperation, he sat down and wrote one story, The Princess of Mars—and he was on his way. "All you need," he says, "is to take advantage of one good break, and you're in."

Burroughs' "good break" came back in 1911, when he was placing advertisements in pulp magazines for a concoction that purported to cure alcoholism. Sometimes he would even read some of the stories in the magazines. "They were so bad," he says, "that I decided I could write stories just as rotten. I knew, and still know, nothing about the technique of story writing. I had never met an editor or an author or a publisher. I had no idea how to submit a story or what to expect in payment."

This innocence was borne out when he

wrote half a novel and submitted it to Thomas Newell Metcalf, editor of All-Story Magazine. Metcalf liked the first half of the story and wrote Burroughs that if the second proved as good, he might use it. That letter was Burroughs' "good break." "Without this encouragement," he says, "I should never have finished the story and my writing career would have been at an end, since I had no urge to write nor any particular love of writing. I was writing because I had a wife and two babies, a combination which does not work well without money. I finished the second half of the story; it was published under the title, Princess of Mars, and I got $400 for the manuscript. The check was the first big event in my life." He was thirty-six at the time.

Despite his first success, he couldn't afford to give up a new job peddling pencil sharpeners. He was still holding down this eminent position when he thought up his famous Tarzan of the Apes. "I wrote it," he recalls, "in longhand on the backs of old letterheads and odd pieces of paper. It was inspired by the legend of Romulus and Remus. I didn't think Tarzan was a very good story, or would sell. But Bob Davis, the Munsey editor, saw its possibilities for magazine publication, and I got a check—this time, I think, for $700. Then I wrote The Gods of Mars, which I sold immediately to All-Story, but they rejected The Return of Tarzan which I finished a few months later, and I sold that to Street & Smith for $1,000. That was in February, 1913. Our third child was born that same month, and I then decided to devote myself entirely to writing."

ODDLY enough, when Burroughs first tried to get his Tarzan stories published in book form after they had appeared in magazines, publishers told him such books would never sell. The editors insisted that the public would never grow to like a young man, however virtuous and strong, who had been raised by such uncouth creatures as apes. Tarzan of the Apes finally appeared as a book because J. H. Tennant, editor of the New York Evening World, serialized the story in his paper, and other dailies soon followed suit. "This was another lucky break for me," says Burroughs. "It made the story widely known and resulted in a demand for the story in book form. A. C. McClurg & Company, who had rejected it, finally asked to be allowed to publish it." From there on the Tarzan craze swept through the country like a prairie fire. Schoolboys began screaming Tarzan cries. They tied ropes to tree limbs in their back yards and swung wildly from oak to oak. "Tarzan" became synonymous with "husky," "strong," and "healthy." Athletes all over the country were nicknamed Tarzan. He had captured the public fancy and Burroughs was "in."

He staunchly believes that any literate person can write. "Just think of a story that would interest you and put it down on paper exactly as you'd tell it," is the advice he gives to the hopeful thousands who ask him. He is also convinced, despite the experts, that prospective writers don't have to know their subjects particularly well. For example, all twenty-three of his Tarzan novels are set in Africa, and yet the closest Burroughs has been to the Dark Continent is Guam. For local African color he consults the Encyclopædia Britannica, the National Geographic Magazine, and a few geography books.

Better still, he considers it an excellent practice to write on subjects no one knows anything about. In his Tarzan series he created a new race of apes. In his Martian series he writes about John Carter, war lord of Mars, and in his Inner World series he concentrates on Pellucidar, a world within a world.

Despite the world-wide circulation of Tarzan books and comics, the ape-reared strong man has reached his biggest audience through motion pictures. Since 1918, twenty-one Tarzan films have been made. They have been seen by an estimated half billion people, and practically all have made scads of money. On a percentage arrangement, Burroughs averages from $100,000 to $250,000 a picture, even though his novels are no longer used as story material. He also has the final veto power on any scene not in line with Tarzan's fine upstanding character.

Since the film series started, there have been nine movie Tarzans. Elmo Lincoln, a handsome brute of a man, created the role in 1918 and was succeeded by such All-American football players and Olympic champions as James Pierce, Frank Merrill, Herman Brix, Buster Crabbe, Glenn Morris, and Johnny Weissmuller, the present incumbent. Burroughs' daughter, Joan, fell in love with and married James Pierce, the 1927 Tarzan. Lou Gehrig was turned down for the role in 1938 because his thighs were too substantial. The most popular Tarzan has been Johnny Weissmuller, who remains financially solvent on one Tarzan picture a year.

The role of Jane, Tarzan's mate, originated by Enid Markey, has been filled also by Karla Schram, Louise Lorraine, Edna Murphy, Natalie Kingston, Maureen O'Sullivan, Eleanor Holm, and now Brenda Joyce.

VETERAN movie critics who have seen all the Tarzan movies rate Weissmuller and O'Sullivan as the best Tarzan screen combination and say that the best Tarzan pictures were turned out by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer back in the days of Irving Thalberg.

Thalberg insisted on lavish productions, grandiose spectacles. His first two films, Tarzan the Ape-Man and Tarzan and His Mate, cost more than $1,000,000 each, and his third, Tarzan Escapes, approached $2,000,000. When Thalberg died, however, M-G-M decided to economize on the Tarzan pictures. They were always shot on location, which entailed severe losses from bad weather. It was difficult to find and

(*Continued on page 76*)

Elmo Lincoln, first movie Tarzan, conquers the forces of evil.

Film fans like Weissmuller and O'Sullivan best among Tarzan teams.

THE RAZOR

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

The tender story of a day in a boy's life, when he faced the choice of staying a child or of growing into a man — and how a birthday present helped him choose

BY OWEN CAMERON

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES COLE

LON'S mother was inclined to be indignant. "It's absurd! That's no birthday gift for a boy Lon's age. He's still a child, *no* matter what he thinks. Or what you think, for that matter."

Mr. Larkin chuckled. "Don't you think he hasn't already tried mine? My uncle gave me a razor when I was fourteen. Great day! I look on him as one of the world's wise men. You'll see what I mean. Here he comes. Listen to him fizz."

Mrs. Larkin turned to watch anxiously as her son bounded down the steps two at a time. Lon admired the skis, "Genuine Hickory," his friend Alec's gift. He critically examined the pen-and-pencil set from Aunt Ida and grunted at the heavy volumes of Gibbon's Rome from queer Uncle Harvey. He exclaimed joyfully over the wrist watch his mother had given him, and kissed her for it. When he opened the plain leather case and saw the razor, he gulped and said only, "Gee, dad! Thanks."

But in that instant his bubbling, noisy curiosity was replaced by dignity, an exaggerated copy of his father's most serious manner. He unconsciously pitched his voice several tones lower, and furtively rubbed his chin. Mrs. Larkin noticed, as breakfast progressed from grapefruit to waffles, Lon's attempts to examine the razor while trying to appear as though such a gift was no more than he had expected. Her husband winked at her and she said meditatively, "I believe men are the queerest people I've ever met."

"How's that, mom?" Lon asked absently, his attention glued on the razor.

After breakfast the presents were neatly arranged in the living room, there to stay until after Lon's birthday party. Lon set the razor on top, the case open, in the place of honor. When young Alec called, he did his best to ignore the razor. Mrs. Larkin maliciously directed his attention to it, and his rude remarks showed her that he, too, thought it the best of all gifts.

It was not until much later in the day, while Lon was dressing for his party, that he realized he had said nothing to his father about the sugar in old Meeker's gasoline tank. Just for a lark he and his pals had put some sugar in the tank. "Can't hurt it much," he'd said. "Just give old Meeker something to fuss about." He had planned to make confession that morning, but so much had happened, there had been no time. And it was his birthday—it seemed a shame to spoil everyone's pleasure. He threatened his hair with the comb and said to his image for the hundredth time, "What made you do a silly thing like that? Why can't you *think* once in a while?"

This would be a good time to tell his father, who would not spoil the party. Tomorrow his anger would have thinned a little. And then there was the check from Uncle Joe. Lon could go to Meeker himself and pay the damages with his own money, and it would be man-to-man, like a business deal. But who would ever have thought a little sugar would do that to an automobile, no matter what the kids said?

His reasoning encouraged him, and he determined to confess then and there, to get it over. He would feel better afterward; he knew that from experience. His father was puttering in the yard, and Lon went downstairs and outside, nervous but light of heart. As he came around the side wall of the garage, he stopped short. Old man Meeker was talking to his father. Lon drew back and listened.

Meeker was talking about his automobile all right. "There's a repair bill, Larkin, and he's going to settle for it. And if I wasn't a kindhearted man, I'd take and put that boy of yours where he couldn't—"

"Now, just a minute," his father said firmly. "I'm sorry your car was damaged, but if Lon was responsible, he would have told me about it. Besides, he's well beyond the age of playing such childish tricks. A couple of years ago, but not now. You're mistaken, Meeker."

Meeker shook his fist in the air. "Look here, Larkin! I don't like to make trouble, but he's going to pay!"

"Did you see Lon do it, or what makes you so certain he is guilty?"

"I just the same as saw him."

"Did you see him?" Lon's father insisted, a trace of anger in his tone.

"Maybe I didn't exactly *see* him, but there's no doubt in my mind—"

"I was hoping you would say yes," his father said. "I happen to know you have already accused the Wilson children and young Alec Smith. You're just guessing."

Meeker said hotly, "I'm satisfied your boy is the culprit. What's more, I'll get damages out of you."

"Lon pays his own bills," his father said coldly. "But that's beside the point. Lon would not do a trick like that. He's not an irresponsible kid. Do your guessing among the ten- and twelve-year-olds."

"Then you intend to cover up his mischief?" Meeker asked venomously.

"You know better. And I advise you to stop calling names, or I'll put you off my property. To satisfy you, I'll look into it. I'll ask Lon tonight, though I can tell you beforehand—"

"You'll ask!" exploded Meeker. He glared down at Lon's father, jaws working with anger, and then strode away.

Lon withdrew quietly and returned to the house, avoiding the kitchen, and went into the living room. That had been a narrow squeak, he told himself. If he had confessed ten minutes earlier, before old Meeker arrived, his father would have had to swallow every insult. And he himself would have had to eat dirt and say yessir every time Meeker called him a hard name.

He could not confess now without letting his father down; nor would he need to. His father would never put the question, or if he did, it would be a casual inquiry, containing its own denial, and Lon would shake his head and not have to lie, really. A feeling of guilt stayed with him, however, and he argued fiercely with his conscience—Didn't you hear him say I was too old for such tricks? Now if I admitted putting the sugar in the gas, dad would think I was still a kid, and then if I wanted to do something, he might say I was too much of a kid. The whole thing will be forgotten in a week. Tomorrow Meeker will be accusing some other kid—someone else.

If he confessed now, his father would have to apologize to old Meeker. He virtuously determined to spare his father that necessity, and put the whole matter away from him. He crossed the room to his presents, looking proudly at the razor in its case, like some golden emblem. He said aloud, as though to the razor, "And there won't be any more kid tricks, either."

HE picked up the razor and fitted it for action, admiring the thin irresistible blade, thinking, He might even be sorry he gave me this.

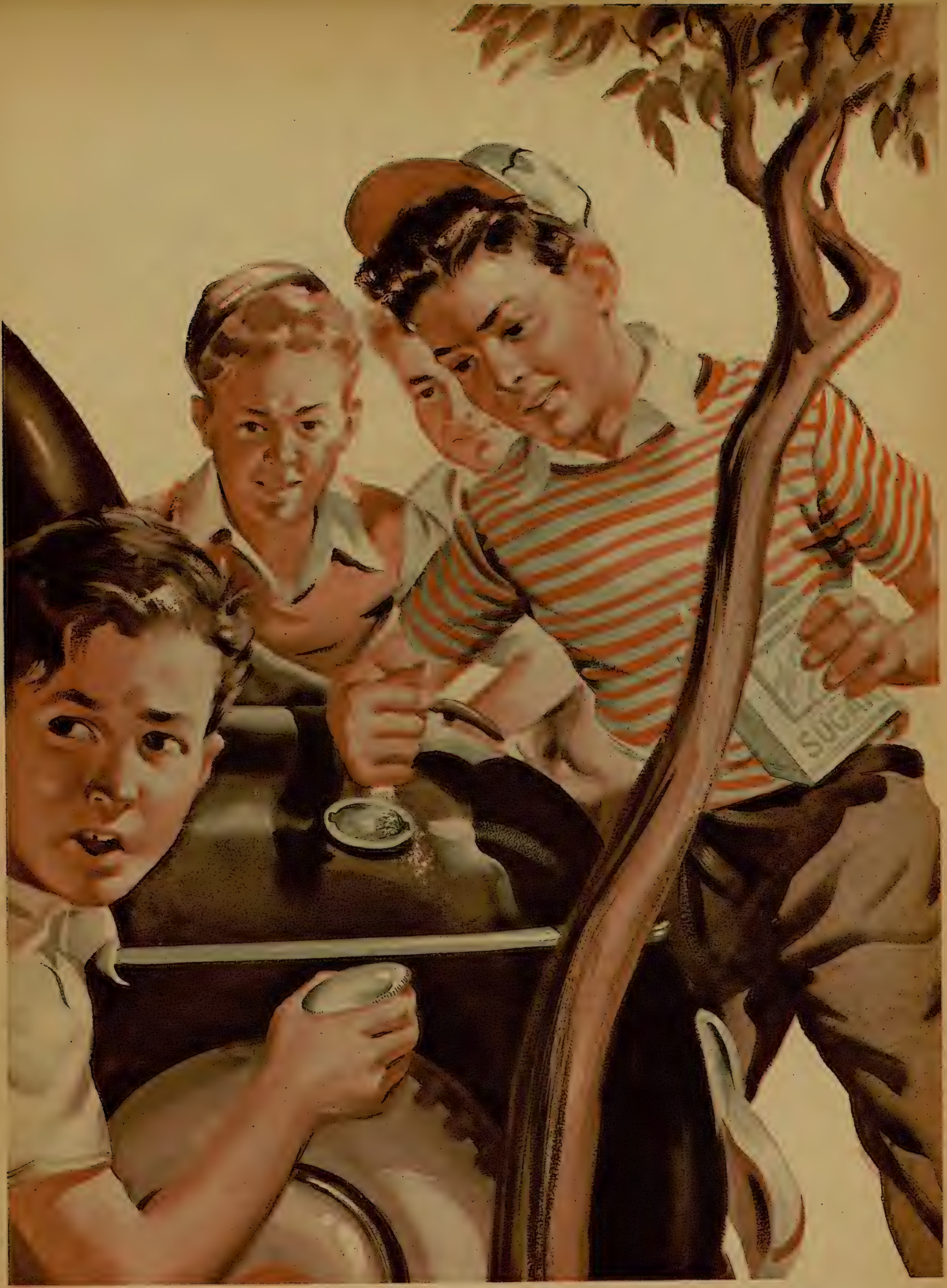
He handled the razor lovingly—symbol of manhood, severing childish things—determined to be worthy of it, to be a man from today onward. And suddenly the sharp steel cut contemptuously through all his soft arguments. He looked at it helplessly and tried again—But it isn't as though I *did* things like that. I just had the sugar, and . . .

It was no good. There was no compromise in the razor. His shoulders sagged, and he put the razor in his pocket and slowly went outdoors again, to where his father knelt, gently thumbing pansies into the moist soil.

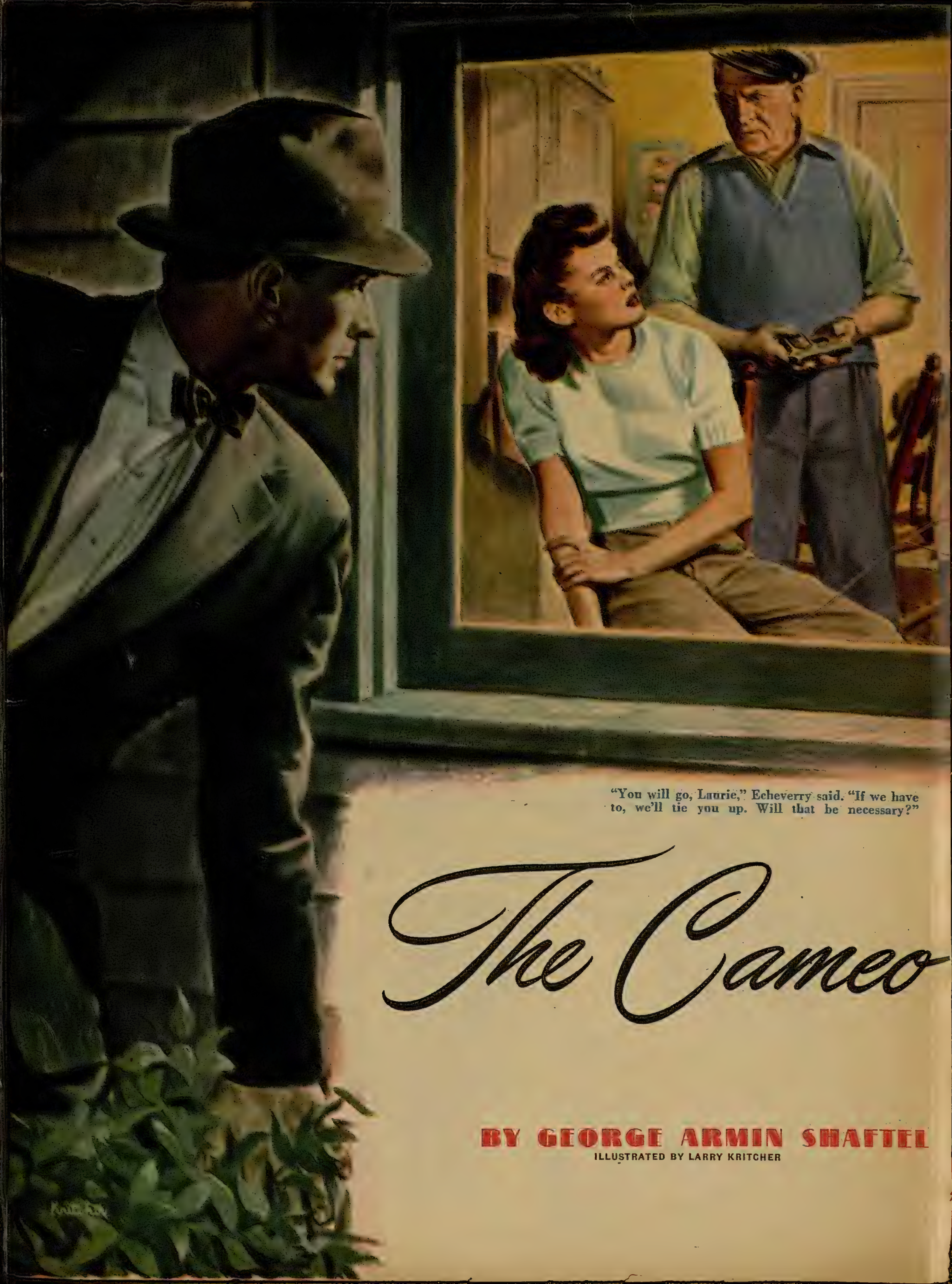
His courage failed at the last moment and he said, "It's sure warm today," thrusting his hands into his pockets to help his nonchalant pose. He felt the razor. His fingers curled tightly around it and he said, "I want to tell you something, dad."

"Yes?" His father looked up, smiling, seeing with pride and sadness the maturity already forming behind the boyish features; thinking, He's growing up fast. Every day he seems to be more a man and less a boy. "Yes? What was it Lon?"

THE END



For a lark he and his pals had put sugar in the tank. "Can't hurt it much," he'd said. "Just give old Meeker something to fuss about."



"You will go, Laurie," Echeverry said. "If we have to, we'll tie you up. Will that be necessary?"

The Cameo

BY GEORGE ARMIN SHAFTEL

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

Mermaid

Laurie was a brave girl, but she found out, almost too late, that she was no match for the sinister gang masquerading as innocent fishermen. A tense story of murder and mystery among the abalone divers off our west coast

RESUME OF PART ONE

JOHN GARRETT, formerly of Navy Intelligence, was assigned by the F. B. I. to investigate the activities of Reuel Echeverry, operating an abalone fishing business off the California coast, and got a job as diver. Garrett's fellow workers were Nick Cantu, Pete Garcia, Sikora—also secretly a government agent—and a girl diver, Laurette Hallam. She had met Echeverry through buying shell from him for her art of cameo carving. The divers, equipped with rubber face masks and life lines, brought up many abalones. Cantu showed them a handful of pearls which he said he had found in the shells. When newspaper articles appeared giving publicity to the pearl discoveries, Echeverry became enraged and accused Garrett of talking. He explained that the cove where they were diving had been leased some years before for a pearl-culture experiment by a man named Colby, who had died before he could harvest the crop. Sikora told Garrett secretly that Laurette was Colby's daughter, that Echeverry knew this, and the girl was in danger. Later that day Sikora was found drowned, his life line detached. Garrett was grimly positive it was murder.

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

"OH, Laurie! Wait a minute. I want to talk to you."

Laurie had started down the street to her parked car. As Echeverry called, she turned and came back to the dock.

They had done no more diving at Santa Eulalie after finding Sikora's body, but had immediately started back to Newport. John and Garcia had taken the dead man to the local mortuary.

"What is it, Mr. Echeverry?"

"Come in, honey, and sit down a minute." They walked into Echeverry's house. "Laurie, this is a bit difficult. I—I wish you'd been more candid with me to begin with."

Echeverry seemed honestly embarrassed.

"What about, Mr. Echeverry?"

"You must have realized I'd find out the truth. You're Arthur Hallam Colby's daughter."

"If I'd told you at first," she said steadily, "you wouldn't have hired me. And I was anxious to find out if dad's experiment in pearl culture was really a success."

"You're right. I wouldn't have hired you," Echeverry admitted. "And it is a success, Laurie. That's what I want to talk to you about."

"Yes?"

"You understand that, legally, you have no claim on me?"

"Legally," she echoed, stressing it, "I haven't."

"Though morally you, maybe, have some rights. You might even find a shyster lawyer who'd sue me for a share of the pearls. Now, I like you, Laurie—and I don't like lawsuits. Here's what I'll do. I'll pay you ten per cent of the money I make off these pearls, with a cash payment of five hundred dollars. How would you like that?"

Laurie frowned and did not answer.

"Look. I'll give you a thousand cash in advance," he said.

"I want to think about it."

"Sure! Sleep on it. I'll phone my lawyer in the morning and have him draw up a contract. We'll tie this up all neat and snug."

Laurie left then. Garcia came in.

"How about the girl, boss?" Garcia asked.

"Tomorrow night will do."

"I still think we should've tied this up tonight."

"We don't leave till we close some deals and make some arrangements," Echeverry said. "Meanwhile, damn you, leave the thinking to me!"

Echeverry shaved, carefully brushed his neat gray hair, and put on a double-breasted suit of gray flannel.

"Garcia, you'll drive me into town," he said.

Pete Garcia obeyed like a man lashed by fear.

JOHN met Laurie, as they had arranged, at Gaston's restaurant in Los Angeles. He ordered the dinner, then smiled across the table at her.

"I could sit here for weeks and just feast my eyes on you."

She was too troubled to more than smile at that. Their dinner came. But a few mouthfuls were all Laurie could take.

"John! I've got to go to the police about Echeverry!"

"Why?" he asked soberly.

"He's a crook. And I don't believe Sikora really drowned!"

"I don't either. But why do you say Echeverry's a crook? Because the abalone pearls he's getting are rightfully yours?"

"But Echeverry isn't getting pearls."

"Say that again!"

"He's not getting pearls from the abalones we bring up."

JOHN stared at her.

"Look, Laurie. Didn't your father start a pearl-culture project on Santa Eulalie Reef?"

"He did. Seven years ago—just as Echeverry says. Brother and I did all the diving. We brought up young abalones, and dad taught us how to open them and how to insert a tiny piece of fresh-water mussel between kidney and stomach. Then brother and I replaced the abalones in the cove. We used the whole cove as a nursery, and a natural one. Abalones creep around very slowly and they don't get very far. We did build an underwater fence across the mouth of the cove, but dad doubted if it was necessary. We lost hardly any abalones."

"Was your pearl farm a success?" John asked.

"It was! After two years we went back to Santa Eulalie and started bringing up our abalones. Dad was anxious. At best, he didn't expect to do as well as Mikimoto. Five per cent of his oysters developed fine large pearls."

"That's plenty! Did your dad get five per cent?"

"Oh, no! Not even one per cent. But, John, *we did get culture pearls!* Small ones, only two years old, but pearls!"

"Did you bring *all* your abalones up?"

"Yes, John! You see? Reuel Echeverry claims he's getting a rich harvest of culture pearls, and the newspapers have run stories on it. But Echeverry is *not* getting pearls. Echeverry is pulling a phony and I can prove it."

"How?"

"John, my father didn't start a commercial pearl farm in that cove. All we did was run an experiment. My brother Hugh and I recovered practically every single abalone we'd treated to make pearls. We got a sure check on that, because we numbered every one, and made a continuous movie film of the whole project! We didn't leave a single abalone in the cove with a culture pearl in it!"

"You sure make it emphatic. But why did your dad have you bring them *all* up?"

"I've told you. Dad was running an experiment. And when he finished it, successfully, he went on to other things."

"Then just *where* is Mr. Echeverry finding his pearls?"

"That's what I've been worrying about!"

"Laurie, are abalone pearls as good as pearls from oysters?"

"Even better. And far more rare!"

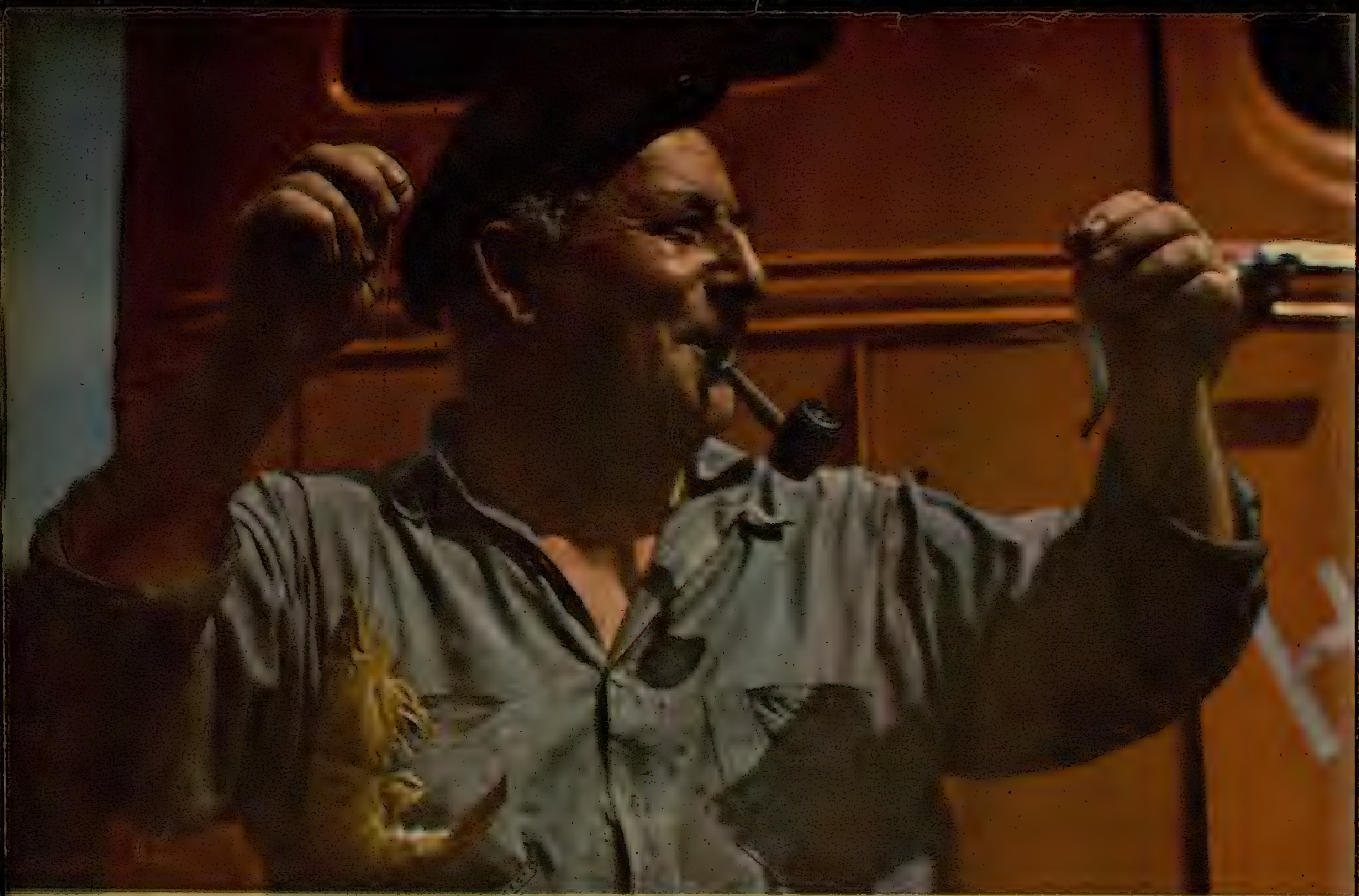
"But how come they never show you abalone pearls in the stores?"

"Because the fine ones are all grabbed off by jewel experts, and have been for generations. The most gorgeous ones are in the family collections of millionaires and European royalty and Indian rajahs. Why, John, there've been experts who rated abalone pearls above diamonds and rubies!"

John's gray eyes were narrowed in thought. "Look, Laurie. If our esteemed Mr. Echeverry is pulling something crooked, and he knew that you could prove it—"

"He wouldn't be above sticking a knife into my ribs."

(*Continued on page 56*)



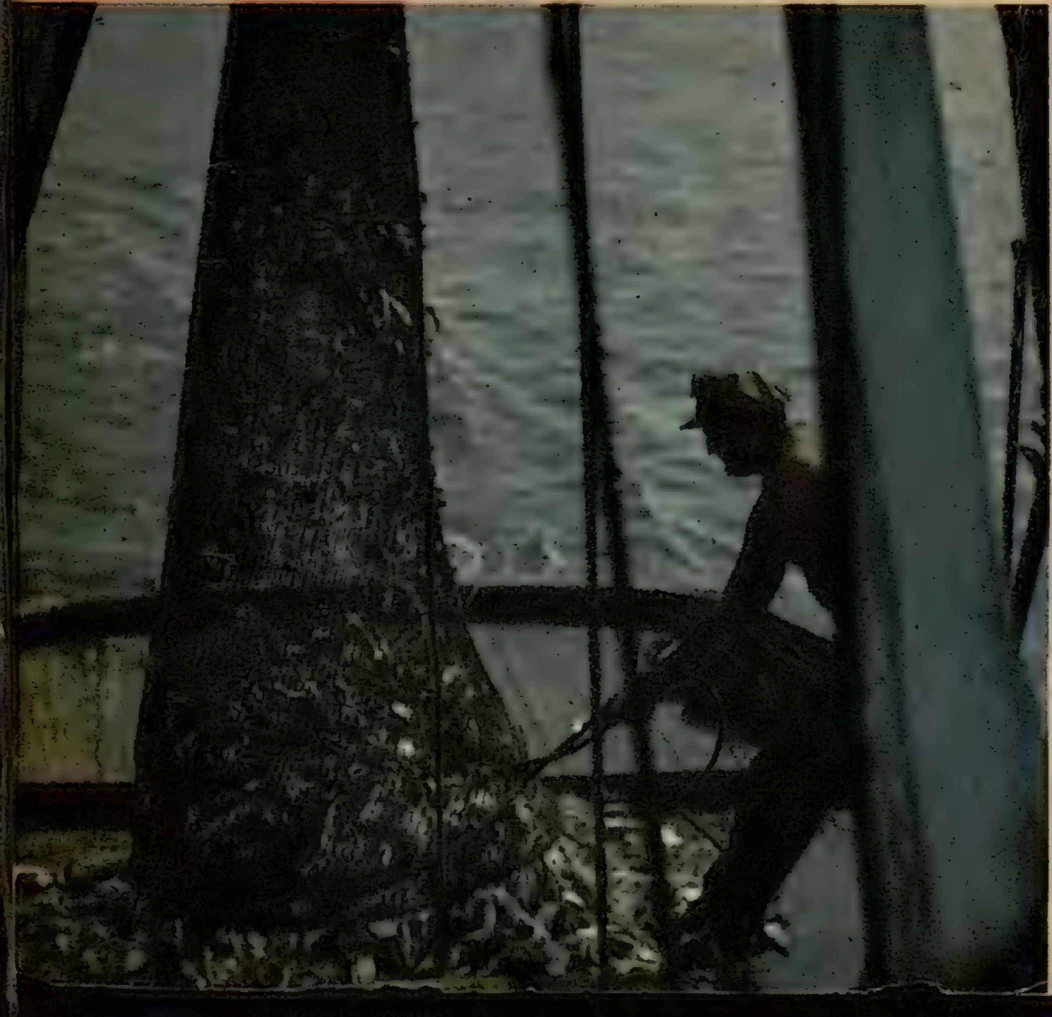
Backbone of a new million-dollar fishing industry is the jumbo shrimp—here compared with its minute cousin by a Morgan City fisherman.

Shrimp Aren't Always Little

BY CAROLYN RAMSEY

KODACHROMES FROM F. P. G.

20.000.000-odd pounds of jumbos are taken yearly in the warm Gulf.



And they are so valuable that all other fish are thrown away.

Down in the Gulf the jumbos run big as bananas—a toothsome and unrationed new crop which is booming a sleepy fishing town and making the epithet "little shrimp" passe

FLYING the proud red flag that marked her the high boat of the fleet, the Mystery came up the Atchafalaya slowly, ponderously, her black-tarred net hung from her rigging, her fat white sides low in the water, and her hold bulging with a 120-barrel cargo of jumbo shrimp out of the Gulf of Mexico.

Sirens started screaming and Morgan City, Louisiana, the shrimp capital of the world, came alive. Other boats followed the Mystery up the big river, their crews shouting to one another as they came, laughing, making bets on the size of their catches. Coming in (but never, never in outside waters), they told the secrets of their catch:

"Shrimp are running off Ship Shoal Light."

"They're runnin' off Trinity Shoal."

"We found 'em in Southwest Pass."

"At Grand Isle, at Raccoon Point, at Wine Island Pass . . ."

At the shrimp docks, sirens wailed louder still, and women "pickers" up and down the river road hurriedly tucked their babies into cribs, left hasty directions with their oldest daughters, and rushed toward the waiting factories to work "deheading" and "deveining" shrimp. Behind docks and factories, big fifteen-ton refrigerator trucks and trailers waited, their sides bearing names of fish houses all over the country. In them the hundred-pound boxes of fresh Gulf shrimp would be rushed on ice to New York, Chicago, Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and some to Canada and on ships for Hawaii.

Excitement surged through Morgan City and Berwick, its sister city across the wide rough Atchafalaya River. It spread to Greenwood, three miles up Bayou Boeuf, and to Patterson, eight miles up Bayou Teche.

IN the four communities that make up the Morgan City area, merchants dusted their shelves and brightened their windows, bartenders made ready for big business, night-club operators phoned their suppliers for more beer—lots more. Icehouses skidded out carloads of ice to be ground for the boats returning to the shrimping grounds. Gas and oil stations along the water front buzzed as they refueled the big boats. Carpenters at "the Greek's" shipyard paused to listen to the whistles, then hurried back to their jobs to turn out new boats fast. The shrimp were running and these were boom times for all.

On days like these, old-timers of Morgan City still rub their eyes and shake their heads in wonderment. They hardly recognize their home town. They remember it as it was seven years ago, a leisurely village where crab fishermen and catfishermen brought modest catches to the docks in skiffs and putt-putts.

A few Louisiana luggers—twenty-six-foot to thirty-foot boats—fished inshore for a small shrimp used by cannery plants. The state had long been a leader in shrimp canning and the production of "platform-dried shrimp." These industries depended on a three- to five-inch shrimp caught during summer and fall in the bays and lagoons bordering the Gulf. But only a few fishermen chugged out from Morgan City to share in this industry, and the town had no canning plants. As a fishing port, Morgan City seemed doomed.

That was in June of 1937.

In the following month came an event that was to jar Morgan City out of its lethargy and leave its mark on the national industry. A school of giant shrimp—"jumbos," as the trade calls them—was discovered in the Gulf some forty miles off the Louisiana coast.

For years, U. S. Fish and Wild Life Service biologists had been dragging the floor of the Gulf for a large shrimp they felt should be there. In 1937, trawl nets of their research boat, the Pelican, picked up the big nine- to twelve-inch shrimp in seven fathoms of water between Trinity Shoal and Ship Shoal. About the same time a Florida shrimp dealer sent two boats out to explore Louisiana waters because shrimp seemed to be migrating from Florida, and discovered the same school. Thus Louisiana's jumbo-shrimp industry was born.

Today, eight short years later, Morgan City roars with the spirit of a pioneer boom town. Fisheries people all over America are calling it the industry's fastest-growing town. With war making greater demands on all sea-foods producers, Morgan City's jumbo industry has become one of the most amazing phenomena in the history of U. S. fisheries.

Here is the picture today:

Fifteen dealers now operate shrimp factories in the Morgan City area, with buildings and plant equipment worth $300,000. About 175 boats, new in design and much bigger than the shrimp industry ever used before, operate out of here. They cost about $2,575,000. The industry employs some 2,000 people as fishermen, factory employees, and truck drivers, although war has cut the fleet from 600 to around 450 men. Sixty modern refrigerator trucks are worth $600,000. Three ice plants, devoted almost exclusively to the shrimp industry, represent a $150,000 investment, and quick-freeze equipment worth another $150,000 is being added.

And the industry is *still* growing with speed that has experienced fishery people wondering where it will end.

Dr. Nelson Gowanloch, biologist with the Louisiana Conservation Department, says that Morgan City's jumbo-shrimp industry is a big *world fishery*, not merely a big U. S. industry.

The shrimp industry, nearly all Southern, has leaped from a relatively minor position to fifth place in volume and fourth place in dollar value in the national fish picture. About one seventh of the 150,000,000 pounds of shrimp produced annually is jumbo shrimp. And two thirds of the jumbo shrimp caught in the United States come from Morgan City. Texas, Florida, and the Atlantic coast yield the other third.

Morgan City's pioneers, still young men, are mainly raw-shrimp dealers from Florida who brought a few boats to Louisiana when the giant school was discovered, and ended by bringing their whole fleet, building more and bigger boats and installing new factory equipment.

At first the two states were bitter rivals. Louisiana attempted to bar nonresident dealers, fearing that they would take their profits back to Florida to spend. "Residence" laws were passed, but their teeth were dull and several big suits collapsed in the courts. Then the Florida packers proved their good faith by moving their factories and families to Morgan City. Also, the wiser Louisianians decided to call off the fight and get into the money themselves by building their own big shrimp boats and opening their own factories.

Processing of shrimp is simple. In the packing houses, women workers pick off the "heads" because they contain the shrimp. The other 30 per cent are sold as moved the shrimp is ready for shipping fresh, in ice. At least 70 per cent of the jumbos are marketed as fresh headless shrimp. The other 30 per cent is sold as cooked and peeled shrimp, or quick-frozen raw shrimp in five-pound cartons; a very few are canned for export. Jumbo shrimp is a premium-priced product, sold to wealthy consumers or to hotels and fine restaurants.

In the first years of the industry the new jumbo shrimp went on consignment to Eastern markets. But the fishermen's union and local dealers have succeeded in bringing the jumbo-shrimp market to Morgan City. Fish buyers now congregate there from many major cities and even from Hawaii.

FISHING for shrimp demands a specialized skill. Boats leave Morgan City and travel eighteen miles to Eugene Light at the river's mouth. If the try net shows no shrimp off Eugene Light, they may run east for six or eight hours to fish off Ship Shoal, then on to the Mississippi River mouth. If the shrimp still elude them, the captain turns his boat and cuts a zigzagging course across the Gulf toward Texas, working in and out in waters from three to twenty fathoms deep. Sometimes he fishes sixty to eighty miles offshore, or occasionally, as at Cameron and Pecan islands, he fishes within a quarter of a mile of the shore line.

When shrimp begin to show up in the try net, which is a fifteen-foot miniature of the ninety-foot trawl net, the captain drops his buoy to mark the spot and swings his boat in position to make a drag through the school of shrimp. Two crewmen throw the net overboard and pay out towlines until it touches bottom.

The big trawl net, of ingenious design, revolutionized the industry and is primarily responsible for big-time shrimp fishing. Fishermen credit Captain Jones Smith of Fernandina, Florida, as the inventor, but he says he only adapted on a Gargantuan scale the principles of a try net which Wild Life Service biologists were using. At any rate, the man knew shrimp and he designed a net that has caught them with spectacular success.

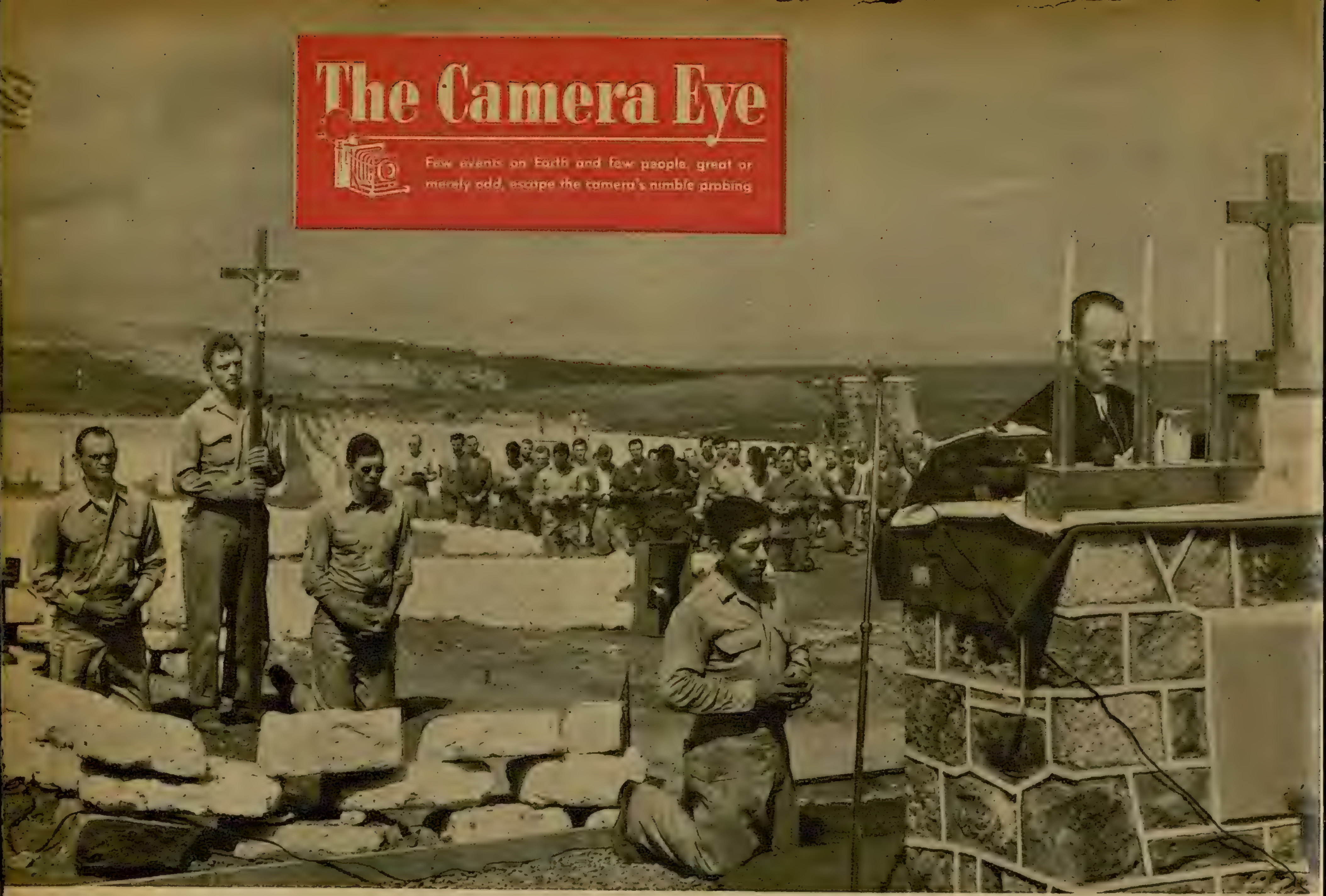
Trawl boards, called "doors" or "otter boards" because of the way they glide through the water, are three-by-seven-foot boards on each side of the net, and are designed to drag it downward and pull it outward as it goes down. When the net reaches bottom it is ninety feet long but has a mouth only six feet high. This mouth is kept open by the progress of the boat—about three miles an hour. If the fishermen guess the location correctly, the big net will scoop thousands of pounds of silvery squirming shrimp into its mouth as it drags along the ocean floor.

The "drag" lasts from forty minutes to three hours, with the second crewman or "rig man" testing regularly with the try net to estimate the amount of the catch. At the end of the drag, a powerful winch hauls in the net and dumps the shrimp on deck. From here on, fishermen must

(*Continued on page 85*)

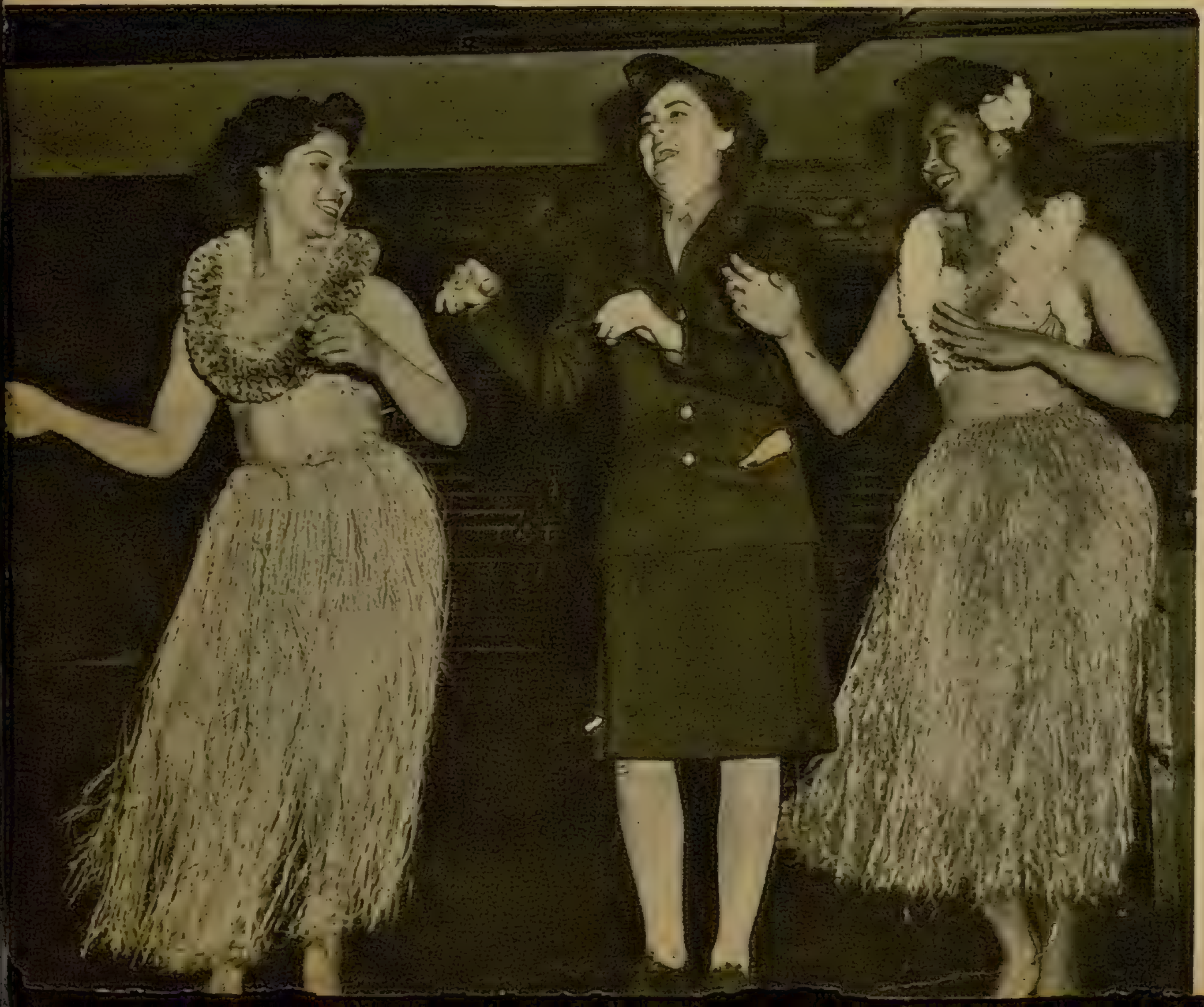
The Camera Eye

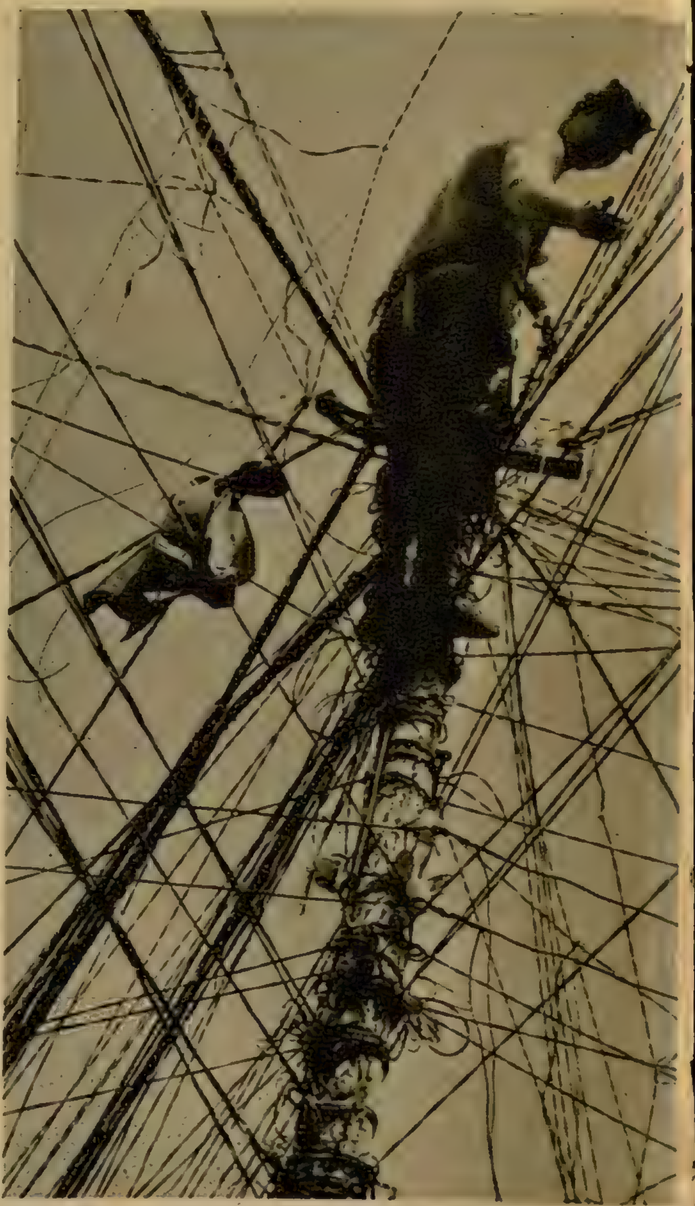
Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



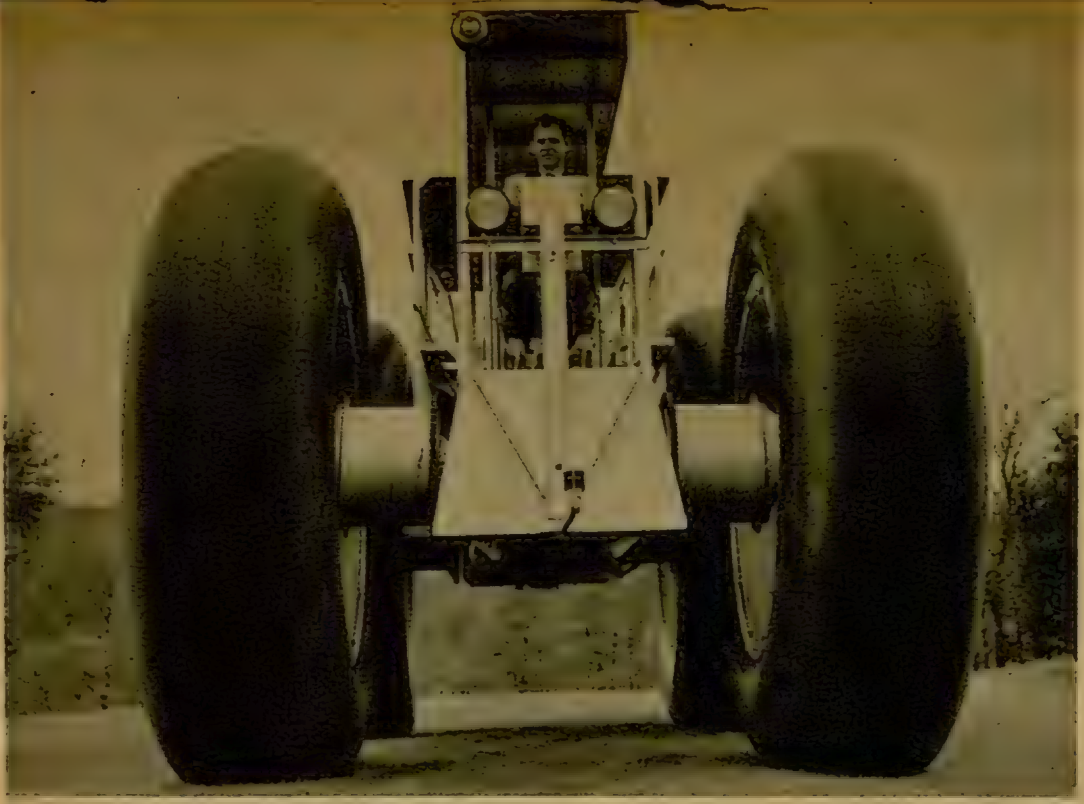
REQUIEM—On Iwo Jima men of a 7th Fighter Command unit attend services for comrades who fell in a night Banzai attack. Shell cases support altar candles.

THREE WACS, TWO WITH WAVES—It seems that every Hawaiian dance tells a story, but it's narrated with the hands, not the hips. The technique has Pvt. Leta Marrs tongue-tied, but the Hawaiian WACs are eloquent enough. After all, it's their language.

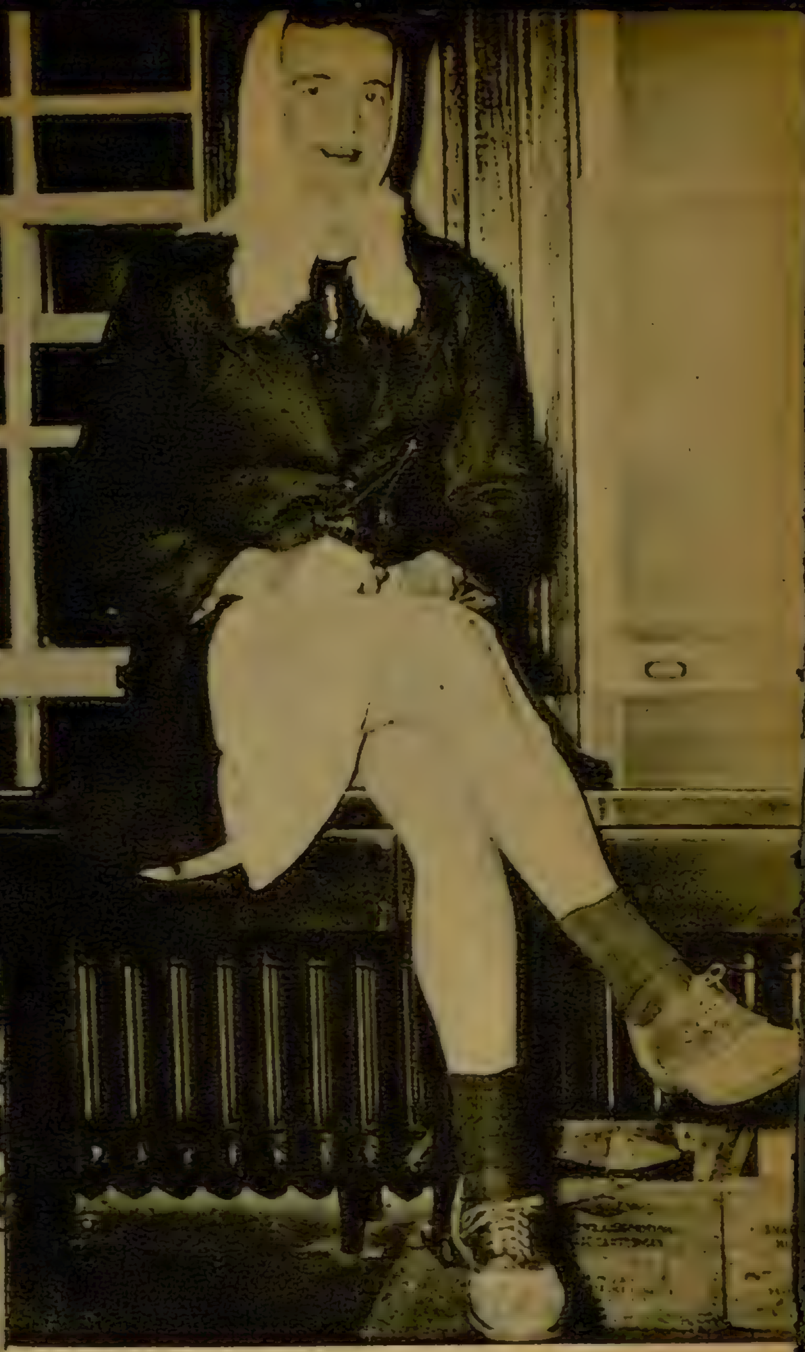


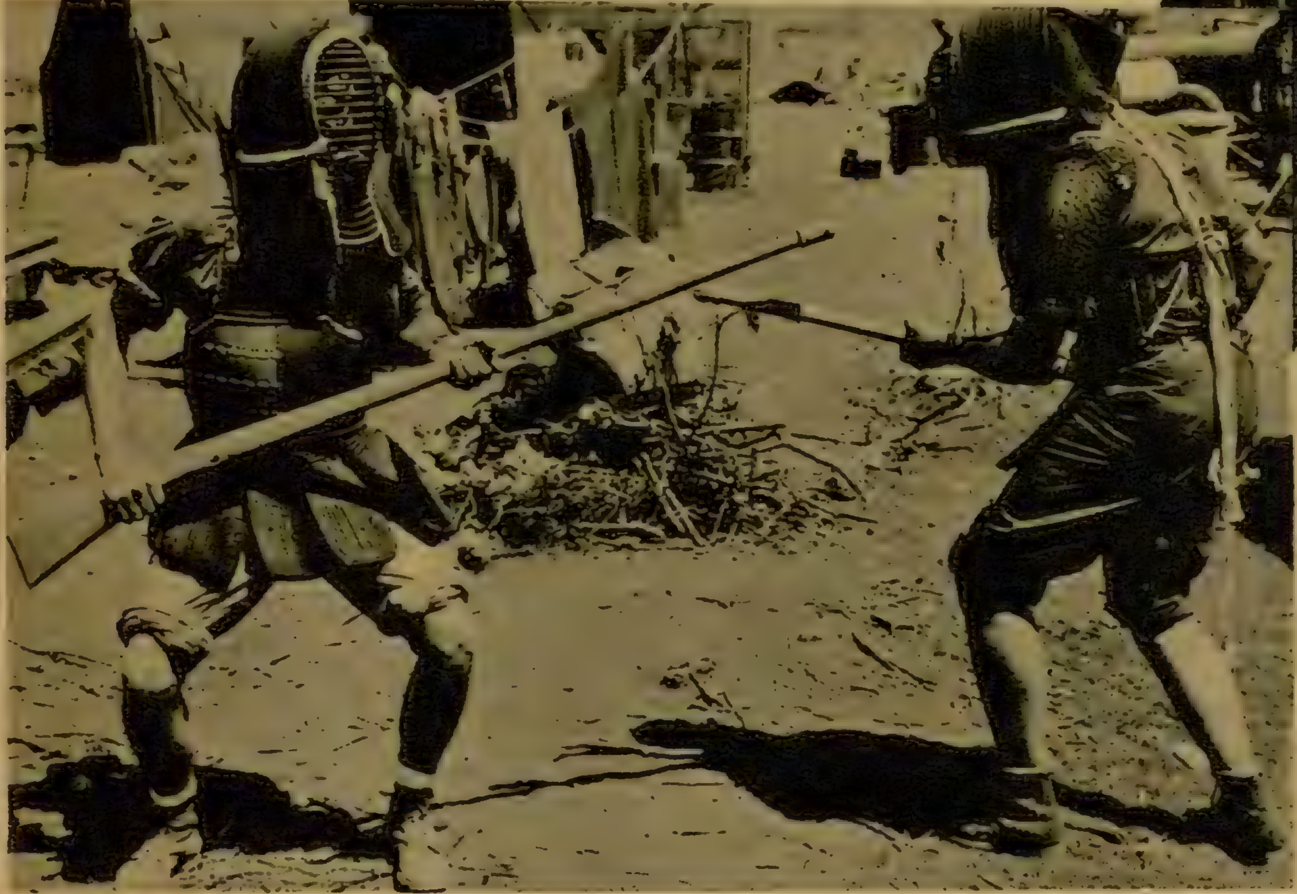


HE KNOWS HOW A SPIDER FEELS—This Okinawa communications situation looks all fouled up, but it's O. K. to Lineman Pfc. Mel Phelan. The lines have entangled plenty of Japs.



GOT A TIRE PUMP, BUD?—This nightmare for filling-station men will ▲ enable explorers to hunt for oil in marshy areas. It'll even negotiate streams and lakes, thanks to ten-foot tires and wheels fashioned of airtight aluminum drums. It's a versatile new tool designed by Goodyear engineers.

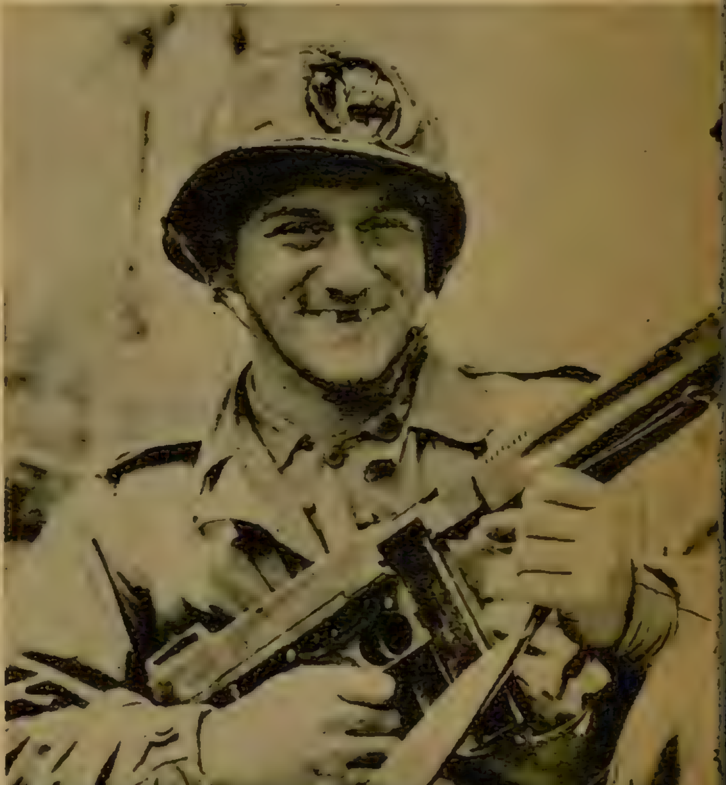


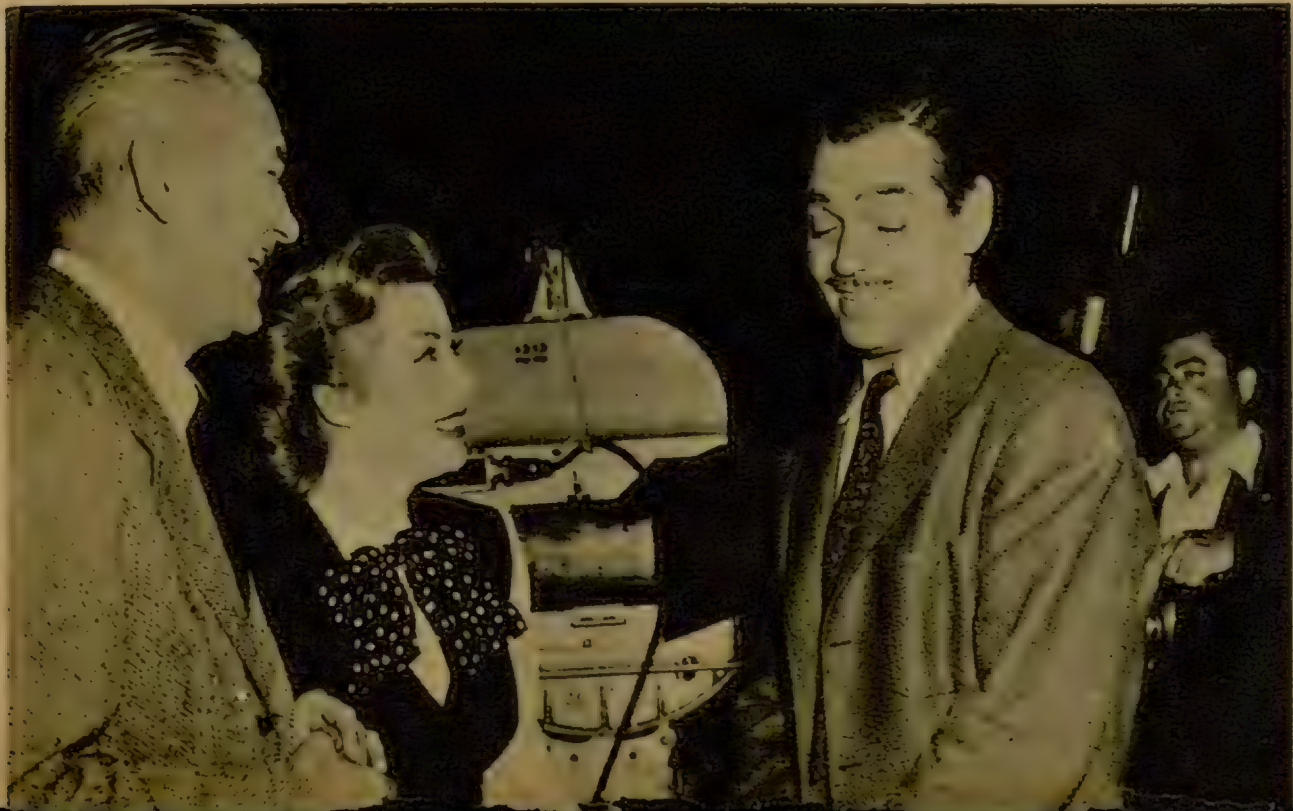


WHAT DO YOU DO TO SCORE?—Having found manual and regalia ▲ for the Jap game of kendo, Seabees on Iwo Jima take a crack at it.

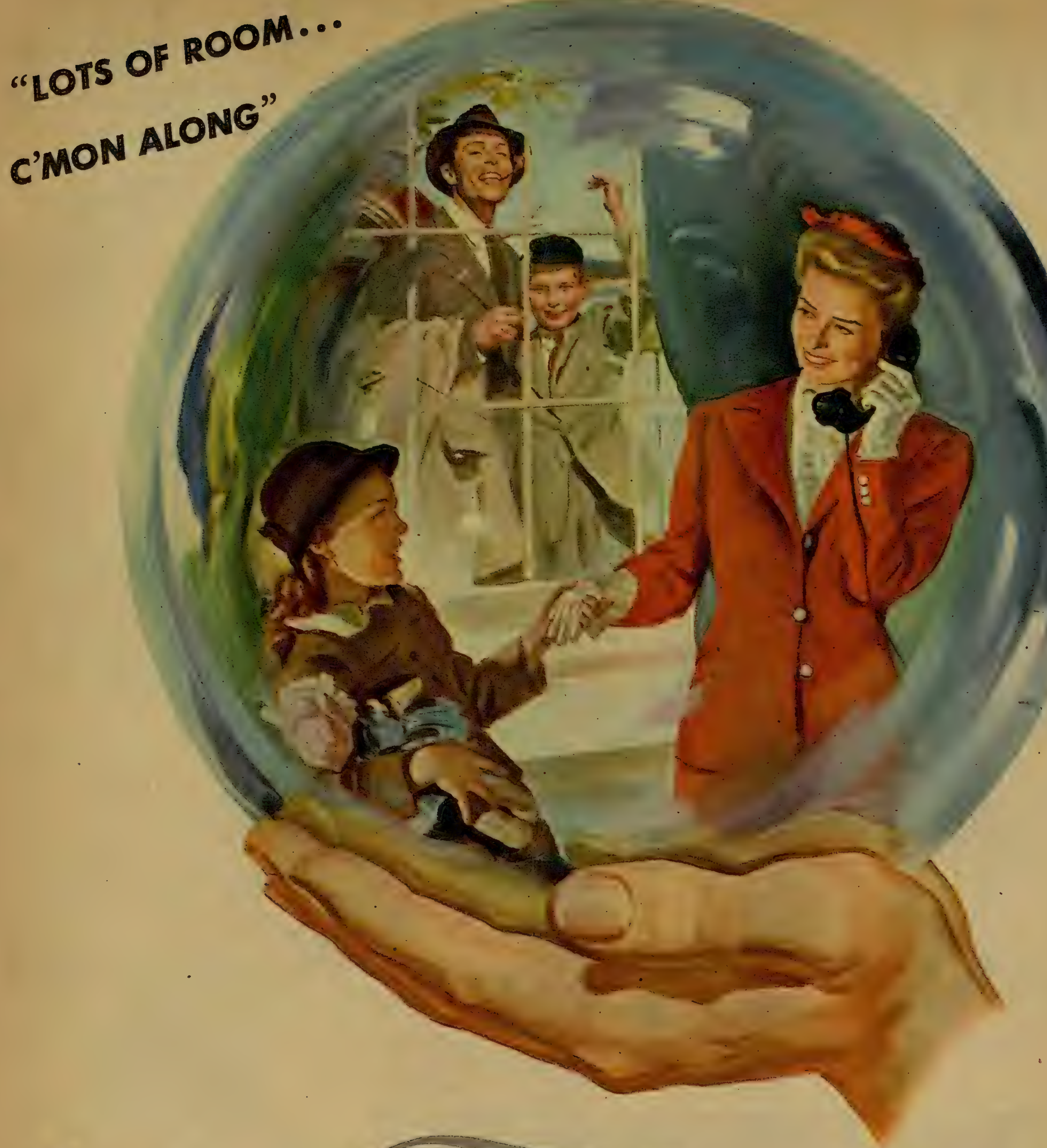
WATCH OUT FOR THOSE SHOULDERS—Eugene ▲ Davis, Nutley, N. J., cop, became a bobby-socker to nab "wolves" who were bothering girls. He sweeps 'em off their feet—with a right hook.

GOOD-LUCK GRIN—Marine Pvt. Carl E. Yeager, fighting in the front lines at Okinawa, wears a good-luck horseshoe on his helmet. It wasn't working so well when he lost those front teeth. ▼





IT LOOKS LIKE FLATTERY—A coy Clark Gable is ribbed by director Victor Fleming and actress Greer Garson, with whom he's making his initial film since retiring from the Army Air Forces. ◀



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ROBINSON CRUSOE, USN

The Adventures of GEORGE R. TWEED *on Jap-held Guam,*

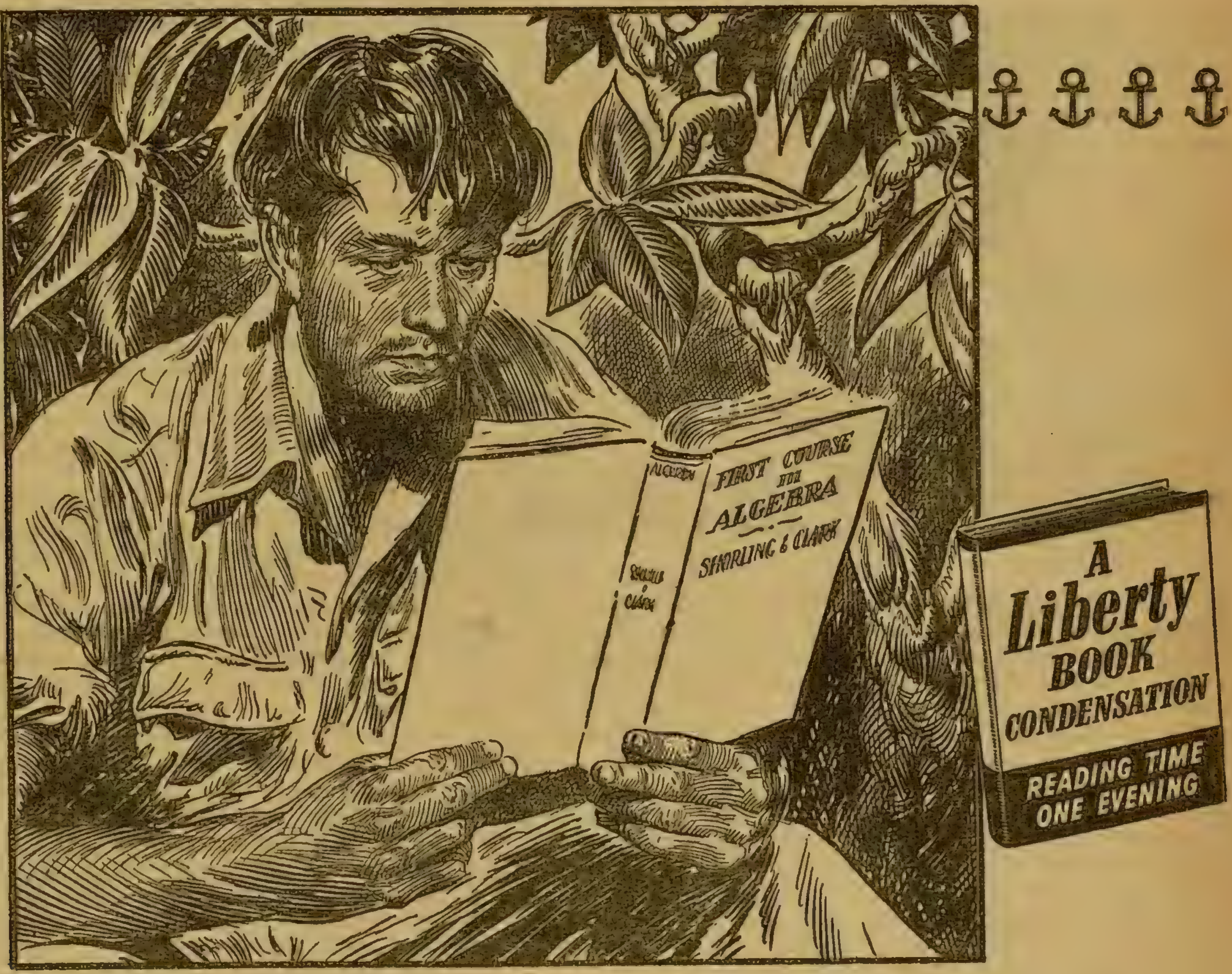
as told to **BLAKE CLARK**

This is the authentic story of the battle between a lone American gob and a formidable array of Japanese military power—a battle that was won by the gob, after two and a half years of skirmishes that called for split-second thinking. It's a story that will find a permanent place wherever American traditions of courage and resourcefulness are cherished.

ILLUSTRATED

BY

FRANK GODWIN



"DAMN leathernecks!" I swore, as rifle and machine-gun fire penetrated my sleep. "You would come out here practicing and wake people up in the middle of the night!"

Then I heard the field guns. That woke me up. We Americans had no field guns on Guam.

"That's not marines! That's Jap fire!"

I scrambled up, knowing exactly what I wanted to do. At the Navy Communication Office where I worked as radioman we had discussed plans for action long before the first bomb fell on December 8, 1941.

We knew that unfortified Guam could not hold out for long. There were two choices, long argued about in bull sessions. We could take to the bush and hide out in the jungle where there was a good chance of not being discovered, or we could surrender and become prisoners of the Japs.

It was not a hard decision for me to make. I wasn't going to be prodded in the rear with a bayonet by a Jap soldier.

As I pulled on my khaki shirt and trousers, Al Tyson rushed in. Al was one of my best friends on Guam. He had made up his mind to go to the bush with me.

"Let's get out of here," he called.

"We can't go without permission from headquarters," I yelled back at him.

"You can't cross the street to get an O. K. now," he said. "The Japs have a machine gun set up in front of the church. The commander said it was all right for us to take to the bush."

"Well, he didn't tell me that. I'll have to go over there," I said, and ducked out.

My house was on a side street. It led into the main avenue, San Ramón. As I ran across, the Jap machine gunner started firing. I was about one hundred yards away from him, and he missed me. Once on the other

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side, I dived into a hedge, then over a fence, and made my way to the palace of the governor. Inside I met Commander Giles, his aide.

"You can stay with us and surrender, or fend for yourself in the bush," he told me.

"Thank you, sir. That's all I wanted to know. I'll take the bush."

I dodged across the street again before the machine gunner could get a line on me, and found Al waiting.

I rushed into the bedroom and yanked a pillow off the bed. Into the case I shoved two suits of underwear, a Navy-issue blanket, and a flashlight. I threw the gear into an apple box filled with canned goods.

I ran into the street, flung the groceries in the back of the car, and jumped in behind the wheel. I realized that as soon as I turned into San Ramón, where the machine gun was set up, we had to climb a very steep hill. Before we reached San Ramón, I put her in low gear and jammed the throttle to the floor boards. We roared around the corner and shot up the hill wide open. The machine gunner concentrated on us. Bullets splattered all around us, hitting the street, the gravel, and the rocks.

We drove about ten miles, nearly to the town of Yoña, and I wheeled right on a dirt road. After going half a mile, we swerved left into an open field that led to a small hill. Bouncing over boulders and skidding on loose dirt, we made the crest. There below us was nothing but tangled underbrush. A perfect hiding place for the car! I shifted to second and gunned her as hard as I could. Jerking forward, she shot into the growth and practically buried herself in the matted bushes.

We emptied the apple box and divided the canned goods, throwing half into the pillowcase for Al to carry. The rest we tossed into the blanket, tied the corners together, and I slung it over my shoulder.

Plunging into the thicket, we got our first real taste of the bush of Guam. Its foundation is a devilish shrub that goes by the disarming name of *lemonchina,* China lemon. "China swordsman" would have been more accurate. Chest-high and thickly matted together, it is covered with sharp thorns half an inch long.

We had gone only a short distance when the spiny thorns ripped open the pillowcase and the food spilled out on the ground. In nervous haste we loaded it all into the blanket and fought our way to a comparatively open space planted with coconut trees.

We looked across the clearing and saw a solid wall of *lemonchina* lining the edge of a deep canyon.

"We ought to find a swell place to hide in there," I told Al. But once we were in the thicket, a hide-out was harder to locate than we had bargained for. There were plenty of places deep enough in the bush for safety, but none were on level ground. By the time we found a well-secluded flat site, it was early evening.

As we sank down on the ground in relief, I suddenly realized that we had forgotten the most important thing —water.

Suddenly we heard a noise and anxiously peered through the bush.

I parted the *lemonchinas* and saw an old man approaching. We didn't want anyone to know where we were, but our thirst was growing each minute and would get serious pretty soon. We hastily decided to stop him and ask for water. That first day in the bush we were not so cautious.

"Hello, friend!"

Confronted by two sailors unexpectedly coming out of the middle of the bush, the old man was startled at first. He was such an old-timer that he spoke no English, and our Chamorro was pretty elementary, but I could say *"janom"*—water.

Instantly he was all sympathy. He motioned us to come with him.

We followed a dim trail to his house, two rooms made of rough boards, covered with a tin roof. Women and children of all ages poured out of the house. A pretty pug-nosed girl spoke up and told us that this was the Ogo family. She introduced Francisco, the old gentleman; his wife, then his daughter and his granddaughter.

With the girl acting as interpreter, we explained that the Japs had taken Guam and our lives were in danger. Francisco, who was a patriotic native, offered us shelter in his home even though it made him our accomplice.

We had hardly stretched out before we heard a deafening roar of motors on the highway. With the speed of lightning we reached a window and warily peered out. Not fifty feet away, Jap Army trucks loaded with armed soldiers were passing by! At any minute one might turn into the yard. We were off to the jungle again. Francisco grabbed up mats and pillows and led us to the edge of the bush near his house. We crawled through a narrow opening and, working as quickly and quietly as we could, cleaned off a space inside. Francisco brought cool green coconut fronds and spread them on the ground. He put the woven mats on them and left, wishing us *Buenas noches* for our first night in the bush.

AT SUN-UP Francisco came to move us to a safer spot. We settled a quarter of a mile away—in a clump of bushes about one hundred feet off a small trail.

But after two days I began to feel unsafe. We were only a short distance in the bushes bordering on an open field through which people sometimes passed to and from work. I didn't believe that any natives would report us, but I was afraid they might gossip until word reached the Japs.

I went down into the canyon and up the hill on the other side, looking for a suitable place to settle. I found a good one—a clump of *lemonchina* on level ground under a big tree. So we moved. We couldn't get in touch with Francisco without approaching his house, which we didn't want to do. This meant that we had to make inroads on our supply of canned goods. We had about thirty cans, mostly corn, peas, pork and beans, and some corned beef. We agreed to ration ourselves to one can a day each. It was a strict regimen and damned hard to keep. By the third day we were about to break it when something more serious claimed our attention. We ran out of water.

"We'll have to contact Francisco again," Al said.

We took turns sitting at the bottom of the hill, watching the trail which led to his cow pasture. It was not until two days later, when our throats were parched, that Al saw him and brought him in.

At seeing us again, the old man grinned with pleasure, showing his discolored teeth.

Francisco nodded vigorously when we said *"janom."* He went off and came back carrying food as well as water.

On Francisco's next visit he brought a neighbor, a tanned countryman of forty named Juan Cruz, who explained that he wanted to help. I thought I'd better test him with a few questions.

"Don't you think the Japs might be here to stay?"

He laughed, showing strong white teeth. "Just look at Jap man, then look at American man," he observed. "American will win."

After that, Francisco brought us food one morning, Juan brought it the next.

As the days passed, Al and I got dirtier and dirtier.

We had not had a bath in nearly five weeks, and we smelled to high heaven.

Finally one afternoon it rained. Al jumped up and started pulling off his clothes. "I'm going to have a rainwater shower!" he shouted. We had half a dozen bars of soap with us. Al grabbed up one of these bars, stepped out into the shower, and began soaping himself vigorously. Before he had finished, the rain stopped as suddenly as it had begun, the sun came out, and he was caught with a heavy lather all over his body. We sat around for hours picking off gluey soap flakes from his itchy body.

When Juan brought us our next meal, he said, "Mr. Tweed, you're a radioman. Do you know Jesús Quitugua?"

"Sus Quitugua? Sure, we know him well." Sus had worked at the Communication Office. He was about twenty-six, good-natured and likable. He was also a born gossip and always had the latest news about everything going on on the island.

"I can bring him here tomorrow, if you'd like to see him," said Juan.

"Swell! Sus'll have all the dope."

We were eagerly waiting when we heard the two coming through the bushes to our shelter.

"Tweed! The Japs want you bad!" Sus exclaimed when greetings were over. He went on to tell us about the trouble the Japs were having setting up radio communication with Japan. "They don't savvy how to fix the smashed transmitters and generators. They found a list in headquarters and saw your name, 'George R. Tweed, radio matériel man.' Right away they go to the church where the prisoners are locked up. They shout out, 'George R. Tweed.' No answer. They ask, 'Where's Tweed?' Nobody can tell 'em. So they know you're hiding out."

Four other Americans had escaped, too, Sus said. He didn't know their names, but two were chiefs. There had been more, but they had given themselves up and were now in prison.

"The Japs are hunting for you all over the island, district by district," Sus warned. "They mean business—you'd better watch out."

When Sus left, we lay back on our mats, talking over all the news he had brought. We speculated about the other four Americans who had escaped to the bush. Who were they? Where were they hiding? Would we run into them?

WE WERE famished for news of the world. Sus said that the Japs were reporting terrific gains throughout the Pacific from Java to California. We didn't believe it, but we were anxious to hear something from the United States.

"Juan, can't you please get me a radio," I begged Juan Cruz, until he finally brought me an old Silvertone that needed a great deal of work done on it.

While I worked on the radio and Al played solitaire, Juan and Sus continued to bring us food and local news. Lately the food was the better of the two. The Japs had developed a systematic method of searching for us. The commissioner of each district was ordered to summon 200 to 400 men. These were given detailed instructions for flailing the bushes so thoroughly that no living thing could escape.

For the past several days the Japs had been covering our district, and Juan himself had been forced to participate in the hunt. He searched for us all day, then brought us food at night.

"My friends don't want to find you," he comforted us. "And," Juan continued, "it's easier to stay on the little trail. Nobody's dumb enough to want to push their way through the *lemonchina* stickers."

It was early in February when our routine was suddenly interrupted. About nine o'clock one evening Juan came running in.

"You've got to beat it!" he told us excitedly. "Ramón Baza was just here. He's the leader of the search party. He told me, 'Get those Americans out of there! We search that district early tomorrow morning.'"

Hurriedly we threw together two bundles of canned goods to take with us.

"I've found out where the other Americans are and fixed it up with the man who helps them," Juan said. "He'll take care of you until this blows over."

Good old Juan! He was a real friend. I'd lived in Guam two and a half years, but I'd learned more about its people in the past two months than in all that time. Now I saw what warm-hearted, brave, and, above all, loyal people they were. Juan knew that the Japs would torture or kill him if he were discovered helping us, yet he never hesitated.

The others were at Manengon, about three miles away across rough trails, a swamp, and the Ylig River.

We forded the Ylig River and climbed the pitch-dark trail to Manuel Aguon's.

Juan tactfully called out about a hundred feet from the house, and Manuel strode to meet us. He was a stocky, muscular Chamorro, about thirty-five.

"Glad to have you Americans," he declared, shaking hands vigorously.

Al and I followed him briskly, excited at the idea of meeting the other Americans.

Shortly after we reached level ground at the top of the mountain, we made out the outlines of a shelter. As we drew near, we saw two men on guard a few feet outside the refuge.

The first man I met was Johnston, a husky machinist's mate, first class, who had been attached to the mine sweeper, U. S. S. Penguin. The others came out. They were Yeoman First Class Yablonsky, Chief Aerographer Jones, and Chief Machinist's Mate Krump. I knew them all. Yablonsky, or Ski as we called him, had come to Guam and started to work in the Communication Office a couple of months ago. Everybody knew "Weatherman Jones," the lanky aerographer.

We started to talk. "Sh-sh-sh! Everybody inside," Krump ordered. He was the leader, and looked the part. Tall and broad, he was physically the most rugged of the four.

We stooped to enter their shelter, which was hardly big enough for the men's mat. Once inside, we had to sit down immediately; there was no room to stand upright. We made a strange picture, the six of us, long-haired and bearded, squatting in the dim firelight.

Far from being nervous or depressed, everyone was in excellent spirits, and we talked excitedly, catching up on what had happened since December 10.

"We've got a better than fifty-fifty chance of holding out until the Navy gets here," I said. "For one thing, our experience with the natives shows they are all on our side. The more they see of the Japs, the more anxious they'll be to help us."

"They do talk too damned much," Ski said.

"They sure do," agreed Krump, "and it may be we'll have to break with them entirely some time and forage for ourselves."

"We can do it here if it can be done anywhere in the world," Jones put in. "The land's so damn fertile it's indecent."

When we finally quit whispering and crawled to our crowded mats, our morale was high. Each of us believed that he had an excellent chance to come through alive.

THE next day we took turns standing guard on the cliff overlooking the valley. From there we could see the coconut groves and the river some eight hundred feet below.

About eleven o'clock Ski raced back from his post. "The Japs are fording the river!" he cried hoarsely. "About two hundred of them!"

We were excited, but we had tried to prepare for this emergency. Each man knew his place in the plan of action. We were to spread out from the shelter as if following the spokes of a wheel, and wait silently in the undergrowth. When the searchers reached the top of the hill we'd have them surrounded. At a signal, we'd charge.

Since we were only six men and had only three pistols among us, our plan was ambitious, but we believed it would work.

We settled down to a period of nerve-racking waiting. For six hours we crouched motionless in the thicket until every muscle ached. At last Ski crept to each man in turn and reported, "O. K. Relax. They aren't coming up our side of the hill. They've just gone back across the river."

We gave sighs of relief and trekked back to the shelter. As we lit cigarettes Manuel quietly entered, perspiration standing out on his dark forehead. He had passed a horrible day as part of the search party that had come so close to finding us. He wiped his brow. "You must leave *pronto*—tonight! Tomorrow morning we search this side of the hill!"

We broke camp, destroyed all traces of the fire, buried every article left behind, and followed Manuel and Krump across the canyon through bush so thick that much of the way we were forced to crawl on hands and knees.

At last we reached the top of the hill. "This is a good place," Manuel suggested. We crawled into the heart of a large clump of *lemonchina* and began to clear a sleeping place.

"This ground is shallow—let's pull up these bushes by the roots so we can put 'em back later and it won't show we've been here," ordered Krump.

IN THE morning we replanted the bushes, stamping and smoothing the ground so that no one walking by could have told that the place had been disturbed. We took our bags to a thick clump of bush near by and made that our headquarters for the day.

Lanky Jones, the aerographer, had just taken a piece of khaki cloth out of his bag to patch a rip in his shirt when we heard a crashing of dry branches and a native burst in on us.

"Get out, quick! Search party's on the way up!"

It was Manuel Aguon's brother, Vicente.

Everyone grabbed up his gear and was on his way.

Vicente ran ahead, leading us to a spacious field covered with high sword grass. "I can't stay away any longer. If the Japs get suspicious, they'll cut off my head," he whispered. He turned and shot down the steep slope.

After going about half a mile, we came upon a tangled mass of *lemonchina,* shot through with vicious *gado* vines. These sweet-potato-like plants send out roots from which tough thorns half to three quarters of an inch long stick up and carpet the earth. "If we can just burrow into that, we ought to be safe," said Krump. "I can't see any native knocking himself out looking for us inside that mess."

I ran grim interference, carefully parting the jungle growth so that I could take a step without breaking or mashing down the vines. Finally we reached underbrush so thick we had to crawl to penetrate it.

Then we heard them coming—three or four hundred, to judge by the noise they made crashing through the bush. We lay still, panting. It was too late to go any farther. The natives were running along through the jungle, shouting to each other. I flopped over on my back. Between the leaves of the small bush over my head I could see them coming.

The mob of natives rushed past with only a glance toward our hiding place—all but one. He stopped, peered at our clump of bushes, and walked toward us. He headed directly for me. I froze, terrified lest I make the slightest move to attract him. I watched his face for the first indication that he'd seen me. At the same time I listened intently to hear whether any of the other fellows made a sound. If so, it meant that they'd been seen, and we'd swing into action.

The native gave no sign that he saw us, but his next step forward was going to land right in my face. Drops of sweat rolled down my neck. Suddenly a small bird in the tree above me attracted his attention. I squeezed my .45. The Chamorro froze in his tracks, raised his machete, and struck out at a dead limb over my head. Then he turned and ran after the others. They took a downhill path and swept into the valley.

"My God!" cried Ski. "Is it worth it?" The strain had been terrific. It was the closest scrape any of us had had. We all laughed quietly in hysterical relief.

When we'd rested, we cautiously pushed back to where we'd slept the night before, to wait for the darkness to bring Manuel and food.

Night came, but no Manuel.

"Something's wrong," Krump decided. "I'll go take a look."

In half an hour we heard Manuel's dogs bark, telling us Krump had arrived.

It seemed we waited ages there in the dark, fighting off the mosquitoes. I'd never been so hungry. All that any of us had eaten in the past twenty-four hours was a few slices of orange and coconut.

More than an hour later Krump returned, carrying a pail and a jug.

"Men, I've got bad news for you," he told us seriously.

We waited, absolutely quiet.

"The Japs have got Manuel."

"How'd it happen?"

"Jones, remember that piece of khaki you were going to patch your shirt with?" Krump asked.

"Sure. What's that got to do with it?"

"Well, you left it behind, and the leader of the search party turned it in to the Japs. Since it was on Manuel's property, they arrested him and his brother Vicente."

"That's the stupidest thing I ever did!" Jones sounded as if he were going to cry.

"It can't be helped now, Jones. Hell, if you hadn't slipped up, some of the rest of us would," Ski comforted.

We decided to separate. We felt that the six of us couldn't travel together. We couldn't go fast enough, and we'd be bound to leave a trail.

Heavy-hearted at leaving the only Americans we could hope to see for a long time to come, Al and I set out to go back toward Juan Cruz's. It was a long and wearying journey. We lost the trail and wandered around in circles until by the stars we judged it to be three or four in the morning. We were tired and hungry and discouraged. We'd have surrendered if any Japs had been around to take us in.

JUST when we felt worst, we came to a one-room ranch house. We didn't even try to avoid it but walked right up to the door. When we called, an old Chamorro let us in. His wife sat up on the mat on which they had been sleeping. They couldn't speak English very well, but understood when we asked for something to eat. Just as the woman got up to go to the stove, we heard someone creeping up to the door. Al and I were ready to bolt when out of the night stepped a young man—completely naked!

"This is my son," said the old Chamorro.

The young man slowly began putting on his shirt and trousers.

"What were you doing out there without any clothes on?" I asked.

"I heard there were two Americans in the bush," he answered. "I took off my clothes so that no one could see me in the dark."

As he buttoned up his shirt he asked, "Don't you know me, Mr. Tweed?"

"I believe I've seen you somewhere before. I can't remember exactly where."

"I'm Manuel Aguon's brother, Vicente. I ran up ahead of the searching party on the hill to warn you they were coming."

"I'm sure glad to see you," I told him. "Krump told us you and Manuel were in jail."

"We are. They beat Manuel every day. They keep asking, 'Where are the Americans?' but Manuel never answers. They don't know I helped you. I'm in jail because somebody told them I had a shotgun. They let me come home at night, but I have to report back every morning at five o'clock."

We told him how sorry we were about Manuel.

"I think they'll let him go soon. They see he won't tell," Vicente said proudly.

We told him we were disgusted and on the point of surrendering. "We're fagged out. We've got to sit down and rest awhile, even if it's in a prison camp!"

"You're too late. You're not going to be put in any camp. They'll kill you."

Before the sun came up we set out again. Vicente had filled our water jug and told us to go and hide and wait for him near the Pago Bridge where there were plenty of thick bushes.

"I want to help you," he told us, "but I can't as long as I'm a prisoner. I hope that in two or three days they'll set me free."

When we reached the Ylig River bridge, Al was so sore he said he knew he couldn't make it all the way to Pago.

"Vicente may not get out as soon as he thinks," he said. "I'm going to Juan Mendiola's ranch. I know damn well he'll help me."

"No, Al, we'd have to travel on the road for eleven miles to get there. That's taking too big a chance."

"I can't stand this being chased around any longer," he said. "I'm going to ask Juan to put me up."

I hated to see Al go. Now I'd have nobody to talk to, no companionship. I made up my mind that the best I could do would be to go back to see whether Juan Cruz could take me in.

I made the journey back toward the sea, and when I reached the edge of Juan's property I hid between tall stalks in his cornfield to wait for darkness.

SHORTLY after nightfall I heard someone coming down the path. I kept out of sight until, as the figure drew nearer, I recognized Sus Quitugua.

"Hey, Sus!" I whispered.

"Tweed!" he exclaimed. "Thank God you're safe."

Sus told me that our former shelter had been torn apart and the canvas taken down.

"Try to make out in the bush tonight. Tomorrow Juan and I will find you a good place to stay," he promised.

The next night I slipped up to the cornfield and waited for Sus again. This time Juan was with him.

"It's sure swell to see you!" Juan exclaimed. "Where'd you sleep last night?"

"Under a coconut tree in the rain."

Sus said, "You could get sick and die! Tonight you come to my house."

I didn't want to put them out, but Sus insisted, and I went. I slept on the floor, but boards under my back were a luxury compared to the rocky ground where I'd lain for the past week. I felt as fresh at daylight as if I'd slept on a feather bed.

Juan came over early and took me to a pajun jungle. Ordinarily it would have been a good hiding place, but one of Guam's rainy spells was on, and as I crouched under the long bayonet-like leaves, the water streamed down my back. My clothes were always sopping wet. Finally after three weeks the rain stopped.

Now that the rain was over, I was eager to finish the work on the radio and bring in some news.

"Juan," I said, "we've got to put that radio in commission."

"O. K. I'll dig it up."

When I saw the corroded set Juan brought in, I was afraid it was ruined. He wasn't kidding when he spoke of "digging it up." He had buried the Silvertone near a flowering mango, and the battery was green with corrosion. Anyway, I worked on the receiver and put in the tubes. Juan got an automobile battery from a neighbor for the filaments, and we strung up an aerial between two coconut trees and hooked her up. It took a long time to warm up, then it began to whine, crackle, and finally sing—it worked!

I was able to bring in stations in Japan, the Philippines, and China, but none from the States. Before the war, KGEI had been my favorite for news, and so I kept trying to get it, but had no luck. Then one night I was cruising the lower end of the dial and hesitated at one point at just the moment the announcer said, "This is KGEI, San Francisco!" I let out a whoop and shouted, "There he is! There's HOME!"

With my radio finally in operation, a stir went through the island. The grapevine announced from ranch to ranch that the American radioman had got in touch with the United States again. Every evening as soon as it got dark and we dared hook up the radio, two natives would climb a pair of sixty-foot coconut trees some distance apart and string up the antennas.

By the time the program started coming in, forty or fifty people from near-by ranches had swarmed in to hear the news.

They scattered about in small groups, sitting on the ground and on logs, listening intently as the reports came in. I was worried lest strangers be attracted to the gathering.

Each family brought me a present—eggs, bananas, oranges, or cans of food that they had concealed from the Japs. They were very kind to me. What could I do?

The problem was solved for me. Japan and a station in the Philippines came in for about four days—long enough to whet our appetites for news thoroughly—then the fifth evening I picked up the battery and it was so hot it almost burned my hand. It didn't last another day. No more news, no more visitors.

At this time I learned that Sus had taken it upon himself to buy all my food, since Juan had a struggle to provide enough for his wife and thirteen children. Once Sus had run out of money to buy any more groceries at all—even rice. He sold his bicycle, his only transportation other than by foot, for fifty yen and spent it on food for his family and me. When that was gone, he got down his .20-gauge shotgun from the top of a breadfruit tree where he'd hidden it from the Japs, found a buyer for it, and kept the supplies coming in. I was eating every day without fail, but there were undoubtedly times when Sus went hungry. I told Juan I'd have to leave.

Next day Juan announced, "Got a swell place for you. My brother Manuel says he'll let you stay in a cave on his ranch. It's nice and dry."

"A cave! Wonderful." I'd been rained on and chilled through so many times in the past that the prospect of a dry earthen floor and possibly some nice hard boards to sleep on raised my spirits as much as if I'd been promised the admiral's cabin.

THE cave of Manuel Cruz was all I had hoped it would be. Technically speaking, it wasn't really a cave, but a shelter formed by an enormous rock which lay on the side of a hill overlooking the sea.

I took up life in my new home with a good deal to be thankful for. For the first time in over three months, I felt that I had successfully eluded the Japs long enough to enjoy a breathing spell and get ready for the next chase. I had a good chance to remain hidden indefinitely if people wouldn't talk and give me away. My cave was well concealed and I was already turning over in my mind the ways in which I would make it more comfortable.

First, to me, comfort meant getting the news. Juan Cruz arranged to have me taken to the home of Jesús Crisostomo, whom I had known at the Communication Office.

"You're welcome to my home," Crisostomo said as we entered, and went on to apologize, "I'm sorry I don't have anything to offer you to eat. The Japs took everything."

"I don't need food, Jesús," I said. "I came to see if you can get me a radio."

"A radio!" He looked at me as if I had asked for a battleship, but he had a knowing tone in his voice. I went home pretty bucked up.

Two nights later in came the radio. Jesús and his brother had risked their lives to get it. In the dead of night they had jimmied a window of the schoolhouse—now used as a Jap storeroom—and stolen the set.

The first station I picked up came from an "underground" station on Corregidor. Calling itself The Voice of Freedom, it described the heroic stand being made by our men in the garrison there. I took heart from the words. They made me realize that even though I was in a tight spot, plenty of other Americans were sweating it out.

Since my cave was small, only a favored few could come to the broadcasts, which was all right with me. My most interested listener was Manuel, who regularly as clockwork every evening brought down his wife and four children for the program from KGEI. With his poor English, he had a hard time understanding the announcer, so that although he put his ear close to the loud-speaker and listened attentively until the last word of every broadcast, when it was over he'd invariably look up at me and ask, "What's the news?"

Since Manuel was good enough to let me stay on his property at considerable risk to himself, the least I could do was to see that he got a full account of what was going on. I took full notes of every broadcast and gave them to his wife, who read and spoke English. She relayed the information to him.

It was this making out a nightly report that gave me the idea of starting an underground newspaper. From a native who had worked at the commandant's office I obtained an old but usable typewriter and some paper and carbon, and the Guam Eagle was born.

Each night I typed up my notes into front-page news. At first I made only two copies, an original for the "files," and a carbon for Manuel.

Others to whom I was indebted for food and clothing begged to be put on the Eagle's subscription list, until our "printing" establishment was turning out a mammoth daily edition of five copies. I laid down certain rules that all subscribers pledged themselves to abide by. No one should tell where the sheet came from. No item should be copied. Each edition was to be destroyed by fire as soon as it had been read.

Although the subscribers observed the rules, circulation of the news itself soared by word of mouth. Hundreds of persons received accounts of what was going on at least once or twice a week. I didn't welcome the publicity, but I accepted the responsibility, and through my paper carried on morale operations against the Japs. I became a kind of Office of War Information for Guam.

The four months during which I published the paper were a difficult period in the history of the war. During this time Corregidor and Bataan fell, but the Eagle never lied, no matter how black the news. I operated on the principle that the truth is the best propaganda. Naturally I knew that the news from KGEI would be more accurate than that from Tokyo or Manila, and so I based my reporting on the broadcasts from the San Francisco station.

Islanders' faith in the eventual return of the Americans remained high all through the occupation. There were a few who finally decided that the U. S. Navy was never going to return, that the Japs were there to stay, and that it would be best to collaborate with them. But they were a very small fraction of the population. The others remained steadfast in their faith in the United States.

The high degree of confidence had been built up through the years by what Americans had done for Guam, but my Guam Eagle had its tiny part to play and I was proud of it.

ONE evening one of my visitors handed me a note. It was from Mrs. Johnston, one of the island's most prominent citizens. She had been principal of the Washington School. Before the war her husband, an American, had owned and operated the Gaiety Theater, one of Agaña's two movie houses.

"Please," wrote Mrs. Johnston, "will you put me on the list to receive the Guam Eagle? You know, my husband is now in Japan in a prison camp. I wouldn't worry so much if I could only read the news of how America is planning to rescue him and the others who are being held."

Some days after I'd been sending the Eagle to Mrs. Johnston I received an invitation to her house.

I arrived about nine o'clock in the evening. At the door we were met by Mrs. Johnston and her family and we sat down to young barbecued pig surrounded by steaming *taro*. A glass of milk and cookies fresh from the oven ended a meal that seemed too good to be true to a man whose main kitchen utensil for half a year had been a can opener.

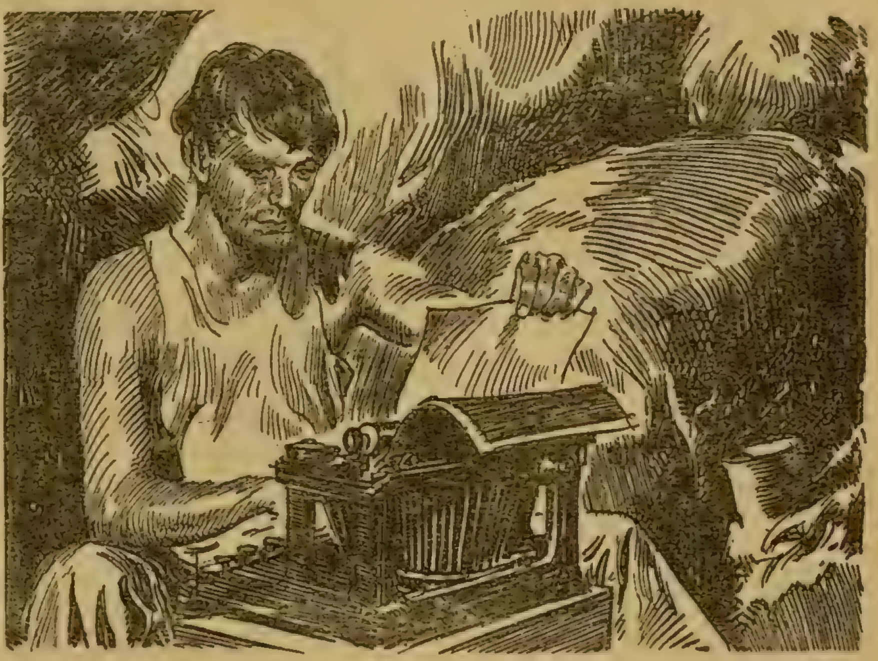
Conversation in ordinary times would have been light and fast and loud. That night we laughed infrequently, and usually at rather grim subjects for humor.

We all got a kick out of the way one of Mrs. Johnston's daughters described something that happened at the district school. It was a local custom for the young people in the district to have a party each Saturday night at the schoolhouse, where they'd furnish their own amusement—dancing, singing, and playing the guitar, piano, and banjo. The Japs took over these parties, and their own master of ceremonies tried to use them for purposes of propaganda. "Everything that is any good is made in Japan," he said. "The good songs come from Japan; even this piano was made in Japan. Now, let's have some music."

Then he asked for someone to play. The Chamorros looked around for some of the Japs to volunteer, but none knew how. A native girl was coaxed to perform, and when she received warm applause after her first number, the "emcee" thanked her and asked in a professional manner, "And where did the young lady learn to play so beautifully?"

He left himself wide open, for the girl replied, "The Americans taught me!"

Inevitably the talk turned to the latest atrocity stories. Japs and natives of Saipan had hidden along the Barrigada Road, leapt out on a Chamorro riding by on a bicycle, and for no reason at all beaten him unmercifully. A girl who refused to bow before the emperor's picture was knocked down by an irate Japanese colonel who kicked her and stamped on her, crippling her for life.



And, as usual, there was an atrocity story about a native tortured in an attempt to get information about me. Such barbarisms were happening more and more often, they said. This time the sufferer was a native who had worked around the Communication Office. When he denied knowing my whereabouts, they beat him with a bull whip until his back was cut to bloody strips. He fainted. They gave him time to recuperate and resumed grilling him. He still couldn't tell them anything, and again they almost killed him with the whip. He was still in jail.

Hearing this made me feel sick. This native was a kind, likable fellow. Was it right for me to remain in hiding and cause so much suffering to these people? Wouldn't it be better to give myself up?

As if she were reading my thoughts, Mrs. Johnston rose and said, "Mr. Tweed, I'd like to talk to you a few minutes alone."

We went out on the porch.

"Never give up," she whispered. "Never give up, no matter what happens."

"I can't stand thinking of what others have to go through to keep me alive," I said.

"I know," she went on, "but you have much more to fight for than your own existence. The people of Guam feel that as long as you hold out, the Americans will come back. If you surrender they will believe you have lost your faith and think the Japs have won. They will give up hope."

Mrs. Johnston's words made a deep impression. Without them I would have surrendered, sooner or later, even though it meant my execution. I couldn't have let my friends go on being tortured for my sake. Mrs. Johnston had put my struggle for life in an entirely new light. Then and there I resolved never to betray the confidence that the people of Guam had in America.

SUS QUITUGUA came over to my cave one evening and said, "I've heard where Tyson is. How'd you like to go and see him?"

"I'd like it fine," I said, and we got Sus Mesa to take us in his jitney to Pago, several miles down the road toward Agaña, where a fellow named Tony was taking care of Al.

It was after ten o'clock when we pulled in at Tony's ranch, and the house was dark. We roused them, and Al, clean shaven and looking very well, came out from where he'd been sleeping in the back room.

We shook hands warmly and Al brought me up to date on what had happened to him.

"That night after I left you I got so damn tired that I crawled into a clump of shrubs near the road and went to sleep. I woke up in broad daylight—in full view of a couple of bull carts passing by. I slipped across the road and asked at a ranch house for water."

"Boy! You were taking some chance!"

"Yeah, but it was the luckiest move I ever made. They brought me out here to Tony."

Tony's brown face lit up with pleasure. "We're glad to be able to help Tyson," he said. "If the Japs come out here, I'll take to the bush with him myself. I know my way around, and we'll give them more of a chase than they ask for."

I went home feeling that Al was in excellent hands.

My own situation, however, was not the best.

Manuel was continually bringing his friends to visit me, and too many people knew where I was. Finally one of my friends slipped me clear across the island to Tumon, north of Agaña, where two brothers, Juan and Joaquín Flores, had built a special shelter for me across the road from Joaquín's ranch.

The fellows brought all my gear over, and so I set up the radio and got the paper out again. The Germans had stormed the gates of Moscow and had been stopped in their tracks. American planes were bombing the Japs in the Pacific, but Bataan and Corregidor had fallen and The Voice of Freedom had gone off the air.

Joaquín Flores came over to see me almost every day and as we sat and talked, drinking *tuba* together, we became good friends.

Then one day—Sunday, August 16—Joaquín was supposed to come over to bring some *tuba*. I thought nothing of it when he failed to show up. But that afternoon, Santiago, a friend of his, arrived with the bad news that Joaquín had been taken by the Japs and thrown in jail the day before.

Joaquín had been cutting *tuba* when the Japs roared into his yard in a car. They forced him into the rear seat and beat him all the way to the jail, demanding, "Where is that American you have been feeding?"

At the jail they took a garden hose, forced it down his throat, and turned on the water full blast. When he was nearly drowned, they pulled it out and asked, "Are you ready to tell about the American?" Joaquín still maintained he knew nothing.

Joaquín's brother Juan was being tortured in another cell. They brought him out so Joaquín could see what they had done to him. A few minutes later they told him, "You might as well confess. Your brother has told us you were taking care of the American radioman."

"If my brother knows all about it, you had better get your information from him," Joaquín answered quietly.

After another treatment with the hose, Joaquín still refused to talk and was thrown, half dead, into a cell.

"They may be on their way out here right now!" Santiago said.

He helped me tear down my shelter, hide the materials, and load my belongings onto a bull cart. As soon as we had cleared the place, Santiago lugged in several squashes, burst them open and then called the pigs. They rooted around where the little house had been and muddied it up so no one could tell that it had ever been anything but a pigpen.

I settled down in the bushes by the bull-cart trail to wait for darkness. I sat there the rest of the day, heartsick that Joaquín and Juan were undergoing such suffering, and frustrated and angry not to be able to do a damn thing about it. When night came, I struck out across the island to Sus Reyes, an old Chamorro friend of mine.

The next day Reyes scouted around and found me a place to live. It was a small hut on the property of the Santos family—Wen, Frank, John, and two sisters.

Wen Santos went into town one day and when he returned he told me that about two weeks previously, *the Japs had received information about some Americans at Manengon.*

Word had reached Manuel Aguon that his district was to be searched again. He wanted to take the Americans back into the hills several miles from his ranch. Since it was too far to carry food to them each day, he killed two pigs and dried the meat. These provisions, together with bedding, mats, and other possessions, making too big a load for the four, Manuel enlisted the aid of his hired man, Felix Jota.

A few days later the Japs were at Manuel's door. They dragged him to jail, slapping and kicking him, demanding, "Where those American dogs you feeding?" but he never told. Then they got Felix Jota and, rather than face punishment, he volunteered to lead them to the hiding place.

At two o'clock in the morning the Japs sneaked up on the three Americans, Jones, Yablonsky, and Krump, surrounded them with fixed bayonets and awakened them.

The three men, their hands tied behind their backs, were forced into a kneeling position. The Japs then stood over them with drawn swords and cut off their heads.

Wen's story left me speechless. It nearly killed me to hear that men I'd known so well had been killed in such a brutal way. For the first time I actually pictured in my mind what would happen to me if I were caught.

In my lowest moment since I'd taken to the bush, I wrote a letter which I hoped would reach my mother if I died. I told her that these might be my last words to her, and sent her my warmest love. I folded it carefully, put it in a tightly corked bottle, and buried it, showing Wen where it was, so that if I died he could mail it after the Navy had retaken Guam.

BY OCTOBER 21, 1942, I had lived in eleven different places, not counting one-night stands in rain-soaked cornfields, bushes, and cow pastures.

To add to my despair, the Japs were tightening the net. In place of natives, all-Jap squads stalked the prey. A patrol of fifty was now detailed to do nothing but hunt me down.

It was then that I headed north. Someone had told me about Antonio Artero. As I made my way through heavily wooded country, I buoyed myself up by repeating what Antonio had said to my friend. "You tell the American who has been getting news from the States that there will always be room for him and his radio on my place."

I was minus my radio, but when I finally made it to his ranch, Antonio, a muscular man of about forty, said without hesitation, "Sure, I'll be glad to help you all I can."

He took me to a temporary tin-roofed shelter. "Wait here."

He returned with a pretty Chamorro woman of about thirty; she was small, and her smooth complexion was as light as my own.

I must have presented a pitiful picture, long-haired and filthy dirty as I was, for Josefa grasped me by the hand and tears came to her eyes. "My poor boy. Aren't you suffering terribly?"

I had never felt so welcome in all my life. It was almost like coming home.

I smiled at her and said, "Not right now," and we all laughed.

I found Antonio exceedingly discreet. He understood the danger of the situation just as well as I did.

Early the next morning, Antonio, with two of his brothers carrying food and kitchen utensils, and I with my pack set out for the hiding place which Antonio claimed no one could find. The route was so devious it would be difficult to draw a map of it, let alone follow it if you didn't know the way. We went to the sea and then headed right uphill, climbing over jagged lava rocks. Two hundred yards of this rough going brought us face to face with a cliff of solid rock about twelve feet high that went straight up. Clinging with fingers and toes, we scaled the cliff to come out on a shelf which took us to the left a short way before the trail again shot straight uphill over more lava rocks for one hundred and fifty feet. Here we squeezed sideways through a narrow slit between two huge boulders and swung to the left to face another perpendicular cliff taller than the first. I thought Antonio wasn't kidding when he said nobody could stumble on this hiding place. The first toe hold was so high that we swung ourselves up to it on the branch of a small tree.

Fifteen feet up, the trail swung to the right, ascending very steeply over large rocks for some forty feet, where it ended abruptly in a pocket about four feet across and five feet deep encircled by an apparently unscalable twenty-five-foot precipice. Antonio, however, climbed first a short way to the left, stepped across the enclosure, inserted his toes into a small crack in the rocks, and worked his way up, clinging to the sides with fingers and toes. At the top we clambered out onto a shelf several feet wide which led to a large crevasse.

The open end of the crevasse faced southwest, the sea lying far below, almost directly to the west. A mass of rock about ten feet high obstructed the view. I climbed up on top of it and came suddenly upon a breath-taking panorama. The cliff dropped straight down toward the valley three hundred feet below, giving an uninterrupted sweep of the sea westward, embracing the entire coast line south as far as I could see. While I couldn't actually see ships in the harbor, since Cabras Island blocked my view, I could make out the smoke from ships ascending above the low-lying island.

It was wonderfully quiet with only the distant rumble of the Pacific below to remind me that some day U. S. Navy ships would sail in from that horizon.

My friends went with me into the crevasse. It was like a great eagle's nest. A six-foot-wide roofless split in the solid rock extended twenty-five feet back from the entrance. We chose a place covered with soft decomposed rock for my mat, arranged my provisions, and the Arteros left, Antonio saying he'd return in one week with more supplies. We'd agreed I could get along all right for that length of time, and besides, Antonio pointed out, the more often he came, the plainer the trail would be.

After dark I made a fire, arranged three stones around it, and fried some eggs and boiled rice.

It began to rain. As the crevasse was open to the sky and the sides were of unequal height, both slanting slightly toward the sea, the east wall had a slight overhang, from which the water first dripped and then flowed. My only protection was a Navy hammock one of my friends had given me. I fastened one side of it to the cliff and stretched the other out to form an awning. I spent the night trying to huddle with my bag of belongings in the small spot under the hammock.

TWO days later, while standing up at my lookout about noon, I was surprised to see Antonio's head appear above the cliff near my shelter.

"My friend, I didn't expect to see you for a week," I said.

"I couldn't leave you here alone for a whole week without coming up to see how you are," he replied, smiling; but his expression quickly grew serious, and he told me he had really come to warn me to be more careful than ever and to bring me news that he knew would hurt me very much. The Japs had got Tyson and Johnston. He gave me the whole story.

The Japanese had been torturing the Chamorros for information about us, and finally some of them confessed and took them to the ranch of Tomás Torres where Tyson and Johnston were hiding. Arriving after midnight, the Japs surrounded Torres' house while the two Chamorros appealed to Tomás to betray the Americans. He refused for a long time but finally had to yield.

He led the patrol through an almost impassable jungle trail, finally pointed to a row of deserted chicken shelters and said, "They're out there." Tyson and Johnston were in the last one. Fifty Japs armed with .31-caliber rifles closed in.

A Jap sailor sneaked up to the last chicken house. Johnston was asleep, Tyson standing watch by the fire. The Japs had caught the other Americans by sneaking up at night, surrounding them, and taking them without a fight. That's what they meant to do this time, but since Al was awake, they stole back and waited for him to go to sleep.

At a given signal, all fifty Japs shouted wildly, and one man fired a shot into the shelter. Tyson instinctively leaped to his feet and darted into the bush.

Johnston jumped up, grabbed his .45 and started shooting. The Japs threw themselves flat on the ground and counted shots until they knew his gun was empty. Then all fifty Japs rose and fired. Johnston was hit once on the side of his cheek, once in the lower jaw, and three times in the chest. Ready to fire again, he was dropped by a Jap bullet through the center of his forehead.

The Japs rushed in and, seeing Al's gun on the ground, became very brave and fanned out to find him. Al had crouched behind a bush, but when he saw he was completely surrounded, he stepped out with both hands up in a vain effort to surrender. They shot him through the head at close range.

As Antonio finished, I felt sick. Johnston and Al had died without a fighting chance, just like the others. Now I was the only American left.

OCTOBER is a monsoon month on Guam. It rained every day, and bucketfuls of water poured in on me. On his next visit, Antonio sat on my sleeping mat and found himself in a puddle of water.

"You'll get pneumonia," he said. He brought me a large square of rubberized material that he cut from the top of his Graham truck. I wedged bamboo poles across the top of the crevasse at a height of six feet to make a framework, then, using long, slender *nunu* roots for rope, I stretched the hammock and the rubber truck top over it. Antonio then, in installments, brought me six sheets of corrugated tin roofing. It took four of the sheets to complete the roof of my "bedroom." The other two I used for a roof over my table and "kitchen."

The ground inside the cave retained the water that had poured in, and large rocks, some of them two feet high, were scattered over the innermost section, keeping me from using it. I built a floor of strips of bamboo about two and a half feet off the ground that served two purposes: it kept my bed off the damp earth and made a level floor that avoided the rocks.

I don't know what I would have done without those bamboo trees. I used them for practically everything. I split several large poles and rigged them up into a series of gutters to catch the rain running off my roof. They sluiced the water into a gasoline drum which I'd covered with a white cloth to strain out leaves, dirt, and bugs.

What I wanted most was a table and a chair. I was tired of squatting in front of the fire like a savage at mealtime, reaching into my kettle or frying pan for food. And I wanted to sit and read in a civilized and comfortable position, rather than cross-legged on my mat with my back against the rock cliff.

Antonio brought me two boards, ten inches by seven feet. I fashioned four table legs of bamboo, cut holes in two bamboo cross pieces for the boards to rest on, and fitted the legs into them. I slanted the legs so that they braced the table securely against the side of the rock cliff. Then I made a bamboo stool, fitting it together in the same way.

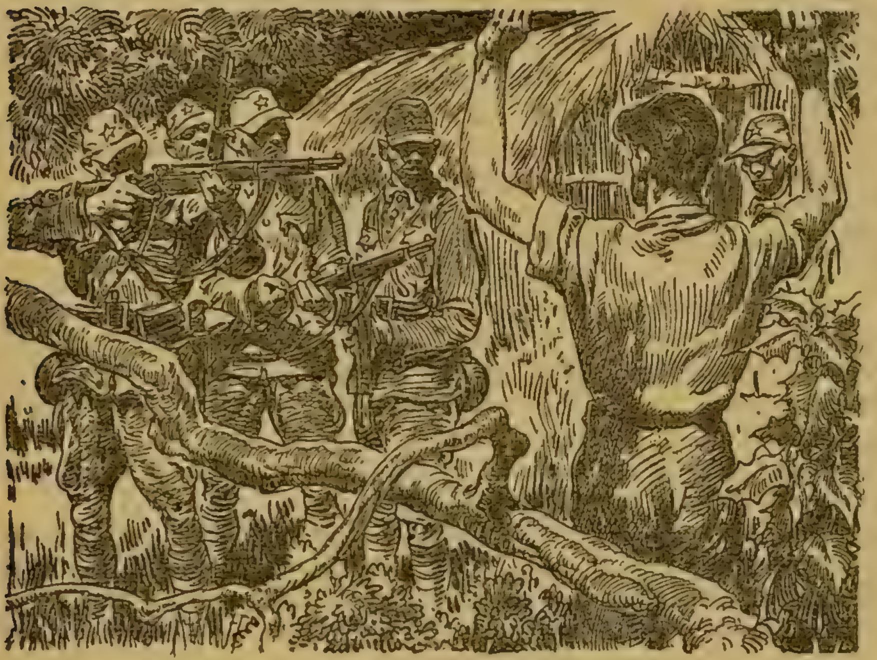
I made a lamp of an empty oblong sardine can, the corners of which were still covered with tin after the top had been rolled back. In one corner I cut a hole and ran a wick through it. Then I poured coconut oil in the can for fuel, and had quite a decent light.

I was haunted by terrifying nightmares which always ended in my being caught by the Japs.

Starting up from my mat after one of these nightmares, I thought, What if I wake up some night with the Japs standing over me? I won't have a chance. That's how they got all the others. Maybe that's how they'll get me. I couldn't go back to sleep. For the rest of the night I lay there planning how I'd provide myself with a signal that would warn me if Japs came near.

The narrow trail up the edge of the almost perpendicular cliff was the only approach, and only one person could come up it at a time.

I took my alarm clock apart and fixed it so that the alarm would ring at any time the button was pulled out, regardless of what time it was. I stripped some bark off a *pago* tree. I shredded the bark into strips, dried it, and twisted it into a piece of cord about three hundred feet long. Then I attached one end of the stout string to the alarm button and ran it along the ledge of the cliff on the landward side. From there I dropped it to the base of the cliff where the jungle trail to my hiding place ended.



Exactly at that spot was a small tree which anyone would naturally grasp to steady himself as he stepped into the first toe hold of the cliff. The top of the tree brushed against the bushes on the cliff ledge, and so I slipped the cord through them and tied it to the tree without fear of its being seen from beneath. I stretched it taut and tied it so that anyone who put even a little weight on the tree would pull it over a few inches out of place. This movement would tighten the cord, pull out the button on the clock, and set off the alarm.

Each night before I lay down on my mat to go to sleep, I put the few articles I wanted close at hand, always in the same place. With this alarm system ready to give me warning twenty-four hours a day, I felt safer.

A detailed diary would show that my life had become a pretty set routine. The first thing I did in the morning was climb to the lookout and search the horizon for ships. I saw plenty of Jap craft—convoys, cargo ships, small escort vessels, and occasionally six or eight little Saipan-to-Guam schooners plying the coast. Antonio had brought me a few matches, but to conserve them I usually waited until the sun reached the crevasse, about nine, then took the lens from my flashlight and directed the rays onto the end of a cigarette. I could get a light in about thirty seconds. Then I'd drop sparks on tufts of the dry spongy lining of coconut husks, and, by nursing it along, start the fire I needed to produce a smudge.

I usually just puttered around until after my noon meal at eleven thirty or twelve. Then, no matter what the job, I always tried to make it last as long as possible. If I cut bamboo for ten minutes, I cooled off for twenty or thirty.

I made more work for myself by mending all of my clothes and my mosquito netting. As holes wore in my shirt and dungarees, Antonio's wife sent up patch cloth and sewing gear.

I bathed and shaved once a week, on Sundays, to be decent when Antonio came. I didn't have any shaving soap, and so I didn't bother to heat water. That weekly shave seemed rather unnecessary, but I kept it up because it made me feel civilized.

The high light of my week was Antonio's visit. He came on Sundays and stayed two or three hours, giving me news he got from his neighbors and his friends in town.

I made a calendar which I carefully lettered. I had calculated the changes of the moon, and drawn little faces and crescents to represent the new moon, first quarter, full moon, and last quarter. It was of vital importance to me to know when I could depend on moonlight in case I should have to travel.

Working on my calendar one day, I thought, These dates represent an awful lot of free time for me. Why can't I use some of it to advantage? I'd always wanted some time to myself. What had I intended to do with it?

Quick as a flash, it came to me—to study algebra, of course. As a boy, I'd never mastered the subject, and I needed it to advance myself in radio work. How many times I'd promised myself that if I ever got the time, I'd tackle it again! Now was my chance. It would not only help me pass the time, but would also better prepare me for my return to civilization. On his next visit I asked Antonio to see Mrs. Johnston about it for me, and a week later he returned with a copy of First Course in Algebra, by Shorling and Clark.

That algebra book became my Bible. Working undisturbed in my crevasse, I no longer found algebra the bugbear that it once had been. Algebraic formulas riveted my attention for hours at a time, affording me the complete escape that nothing else did.

I USED my new knowledge sooner than I had thought I would. Antonio mentioned one day that his wife and children needed shoes. Every pair had worn out. "My kids run around barefoot, and Josefa spends half her time pulling thorns out of their feet. Those damn Japs have taken every piece of leather on the island."

"Bring me some wood for soles, and I'll try to make some shoes," I told him.

On his next trip, Antonio laid down the butt end of a small tree, about five inches through. The wood was white.

I used my handsaw to cut the small log into boards about three quarters of an inch thick.

I set my shoes on one of the boards and traced around the soles with a pencil. This was my basic style pattern. I then divided the pattern into sections and on the basis of the resulting dimensions worked out an algebraic formula by which I could make any size sole the family needed and still maintain the style of the shoe. I worked out patterns to fit every foot from five to eleven inches long, making twelve patterns in all.

One by one I cut the penciled patterns out of the boards, using the machete for the first rough shaping and then my pocketknife for more delicate whittling and smoothing. Finally I fastened a strip of deer hide across the toes. Though lacking heel straps, the finished product made a pair of quite acceptable "go-ahead" shoes.

I passed many pleasant hours cutting out shoes for Antonio's family. I made some for his wife, his eight children, his sister, sister-in-law, and two pairs for his oldest daughter to give to friends.

One day Antonio brought me a reward.

"If you can make such good shoes after a first course in algebra, there's no telling what you'll be able to do when you finish these," he grinned, and handed me two books on higher algebra and trigonometry.

It took me about six weeks to complete my advanced course. These books were my salvation. They gave me the feeling that I wasn't mentally rotting away during the months I spent alone.

ANTONIO kept me informed about the progress of the fifty-man Jap patrol detailed to track me down. The patrol had now worked northward and was searching the ranch of Antonio's brother, ten miles away. Sometimes in thrashing the bush, they startled a deer. One day they chased one over on to Antonio's ranch.

On his next trip up, Antonio brought me a cut of venison. "The Japs shot a deer on my property and gave me a piece of it. Here's half!" he laughed.

That night I went to sleep hoping the patrol's luck would continue to be confined to deer.

I jumped up half dazed from my mat at three in the morning at the sound of a loud *brrr—rrr—ing!*

Frantically I pulled on my shoes, grabbed up my pistol and holster, and shot out into the darkness. I clambered up the cliff, skinning my shins and bruising my hands. Once up, I dashed a hundred yards into the bush and stopped, panting. I waited, listening for sounds of my pursuers. I heard nothing.

I inched over to the top of the cliff where I could look down into the hiding place. I saw nothing, and heard nothing.

I slipped down to the tree at the beginning of the ascent to the cliff ledge. "No one here," I breathed in relief. "It must have been a false alarm."

As soon as it was light, I made an inspection. Where the cord stretched from the bushes to the tree, I found a heavy twig teetering on the cord!

I had only a week to get over that scare when the alarm went off again. It was broad daylight. I dropped my frying pan and scrambled up the cliff. I waited and heard no sounds coming up from below. "It can't be the Japs," I told myself. "They like to sneak up on their victims in the middle of the night." I cautiously edged over to the brink of the cliff, peered down, and saw a crow perched on the limb where the cord began!

I certainly wasn't annoyed that I'd had to go through the two "dry runs" for nothing. Far from it. I was tickled to death to know my alarm system worked so well.

I HAD nine magazines in my cave. I had such detailed knowledge of the contents of these few magazines that I realized how much I had been missing before.

Studying algebra and reading were the extent of my literary activities except for a letter which I wrote each month, addressed to my mother. In it I told her my condition at the time and described my state of mind.

At times this was pretty low. I had kept setting dates for the Americans to return to Guam—February 22, 1942, April, June, October. As each of these dates came and went with nothing happening to indicate that the Americans were on their way, I became a little more depressed. Finally I had settled on the month of December, 1942.

When December came and went and nothing had happened, I reached the depths of despair. This long delay could mean only one thing—that Germany would be stopped, if not actually defeated, before any major offensive would be made against Japan in the Pacific. This struggle might stretch over a period of several years.

All this, of course, meant that it would be as many years before the Americans would return to Guam. I had only narrowly escaped being caught by the Japs several times, and as time progressed they were prosecuting their search for me more vigorously.

I was determined not to be taken alive. I knew what had happened to those that had surrendered. When the Japs came for me, I would much rather shoot it out with them, killing as many as I could before they got me.

After giving up hope of being alive when the Americans came, I was in a much better frame of mind. I set no more dates and so suffered no more disappointments.

The next news Antonio brought didn't lift my morale any. B. J. Bordallo, a Chamorro, had befriended Krump and the three other Americans at Manengon for a few days at the beginning of the war. Now, many months after I had come to Antonio's, someone started a rumor that B. J. had two Americans in hiding at his ranch. That was impossible, for, to the best of my knowledge, I was the only American left alive.

B. J. was taken to prison and tortured.

He couldn't give the Japs any information, though, because he didn't have any.

At the height of the natives' consternation over B. J.'s predicament, Antonio came panting up the cliff with the most frightening announcement yet.

"The Japs got Mrs. Johnston," he shouted. "She thinks that maybe you should surrender."

At first I couldn't believe it, but as Antonio told the story, I saw that it could be true. The Japs had arrested Mrs. Johnston about the same time they had released B. J. They had heard about the party I'd gone to many months before, and accused her of giving another for me recently at a home in the Machanao District.

"No," she protested. "I haven't been in Machanao District since the war started."

This was true, but the Japs never bothered to investigate any of their charges. Anyone, they reasoned, who was in jail must be guilty. They whipped her with a bull whip, but they were never able to force her to say she knew anything about me.

When Antonio saw her, Mrs. Johnston's nerves were shattered. "You had better see Tweed and ask him if he is going to stay in the bush while the rest of us get killed," she panted. "Ask him if he doesn't think he had better come in and surrender. If they whip me again, I don't know whether I can hold my tongue."

Poor woman! I couldn't blame her. I didn't see how she'd been able to take the punishment she had.

Antonio said he reasoned with Mrs. Johnston. "Tweed has stayed at my place over a year and caused no trouble for anybody," he told her. "All of these rumors about where he is have been started by the people themselves."

As he left her, Antonio said, "Remember, you gave your solemn oath that you'd never mention my name or Tweed's."

Mrs. Johnston replied, "We're all in this together—but you had better talk to Tweed and see what he wants to do."

Antonio was frightened. He obviously felt, as I did, that poor Mrs. Johnston wouldn't be able to hold up under a repetition of the experience she had undergone.

I SAT down and wrote Mrs. Johnston a letter.

I reminded her that the Japs were going to be here only a little while longer, perhaps only three or four months at most, a very small span in her entire life. It was much better to bear up under temporary hardships than do something in one minute which she'd regret for the rest of her years.

"I am leaving this place, the safest place I have ever known," I ended, "but no matter what happens, I want you to know I am grateful to you for all you have gone through for me."

Antonio went down the cliffside with the letter, and I started packing.

Early the next morning I was hoisting my bag over my shoulder when Antonio rushed in, sweating and puffing.

"Thank heaven I got here before you left! The Japs are not going to kill B. J. They called him back in and then turned him loose. Mrs. Johnston says she will never mention your name to anyone."

Antonio and I were weak with relief. We let Mrs. Johnston continue to think I had moved. It was best for her own sake as well as ours not to worry her by communicating with her again.

SOMETIMES Antonio brought me a live rooster which I'd feed on coconut tidbits until time for a chicken dinner. I'd tie it to a long *pajun* root that had grown down in mid-air in front of my crevasse and planted itself in the ground.

One day Antonio came into the den with a tiny white Leghorn, just big enough to be taken away from the old hen. The bird seemed so intelligent that I grew fond of him and kept him as a pet. "Biddy" would cock his head and watch everything I did with his bright beady eyes. He was soon so tame I turned him loose, and as my frying pan was only about six inches off the ground, at first he'd leap up on the edge and peck rice right out of the pan. I taught him better manners by smacking him on the tail. He would cluck and cackle angrily—he didn't like it—but he knew why he had it coming to him.

I also had to teach him to stay off the roof for obvious reasons. When he got up there, I'd cut at him with a long, slender bamboo pole. Scared, he'd run across the roof and drop to the ground. It took a good while to train him to stay out of my drinking water troughs up there. One time, however, I caught him full on the tail with the bamboo, and he went sprawling on the ground. That cured him.

I built a roost for him up underneath the overhang of the cliff where he wouldn't get rained on. Sometimes when it started getting dark, he'd hop up there to go to sleep before I'd gone up to my lookout. I liked to wait until the sun had sunk below the horizon, for then I could look farther out to sea. I'd sit up there after sunset, and Biddy would look up at me and mince back and forth on his roost. Finally he couldn't stand to be alone any longer and would fly off the bar and spring up to me. I'd put my foot out on the cliff and he'd jump up on it and then up to my knee. He'd stay at the lookout until it got so dark that he was helpless, and I'd have to take him back and put him to bed.

Biddy seemed to like me. When I went to the lookout in the daytime, he'd come up behind me. If I paid no attention to him, he'd scratch around and pick up a tiny pebble in his beak and cluck softly as if it were something delicious for me to eat. He'd throw it down and pick it up time and again, then make little talking sounds and cock his head as if to say, "Look at me. I've got a nice worm for you!"

Biddy was a skinny little fellow. Chickens don't get fat on coconut and a few grains of rice. He did grow up, however, and one day he flapped his wings and crowed. He was obviously quite proud of his newly found voice, but I was sorry to hear it, for it meant that I'd have to get rid of him. I couldn't afford to have any noise attracting attention to my hide-out.

"You'll have to take Biddy back," I said to Antonio.

"No. He's yours. You kill him and cook him!"

"I just couldn't do it. You take him and put him with the other chickens."

"O. K., I'll fatten him up, Josefa'll cook him, and you can eat him," he said to tease me.

"If you kill him," I said, "I don't ever want to know about it."

About December 1, 1943, I realized that Christmas was on its way and that in other parts of the world people would be sitting down to turkey dinners, and I felt a little bit sorry for myself because I didn't expect to fare so well. But when Antonio told me he'd come up on Saturday, Christmas Day, instead of the day after, as he would have, according to weekly schedule, I had an idea that something special was coming up. Sure enough, when Christmas Day rolled around and Antonio arrived, he was loaded down with two large baskets. I don't know how he ever made it through the jungle. When he reached the cliff, he began handing out all the things that made a Christmas dinner worth while. He produced a jar of chicken soup, a jar of custard, a plate of Spanish rice, half a roast young chicken stuffed with dressing, a roast leg of fawn, a jar of preserves, a large custard pie, sixteen *taros,* two dozen fresh eggs, three dozen bananas, a bottle of *tuba,* and one of milk.

Then he brought out packages done up in gay Christmas wrappings. I'd forgotten there was such paper. Josefa had sent me a smoking set consisting of a cigarette box, match holder, and ash tray—all the comforts of home! Antonio had given me a straight-edged razor.

I stuffed myself with Christmas dinner every meal for two days in order to eat everything before it spoiled.

As time went on, I was more and more grateful to Antonio for all he was doing for me. Nothing I might ever hope to do could repay him, but I got to thinking about how to show my appreciation. One Sunday I said, "Antonio, if I get back to the States, I'm going to pay you for helping me."

"I don't want any pay," he said. "Your getting back to the States will be enough for me."

When I tried to find some way to show my gratitude, I told him I'd send him a money order. He said he'd send it back.

A few weeks later I began talking about all the back pay that was going to be piled up waiting for me if I finally did get home. I'd probably have five or six thousand dollars, I said, and could spend it for whatever I wanted. He was very interested in helping me decide what I'd do. Suddenly I asked him, "If you had all the money you wanted, what would be the first thing you'd buy?"

He was caught off guard and said, "A four-door Chevrolet sedan." I said nothing, but thought right then, As soon as I can buy a new four-door Chevrolet sedan and have it shipped to Guam, you'll be driving it in style through the streets of Agaña.

AS THE months passed and still no ships appeared on the horizon, I began to miss my radio more than ever. It had been over a year since I had heard anything from the United States.

For all I knew, the Japs could be in New York or the Americans in Tokyo. What wouldn't I give for just one fifteen-minute broadcast from KGEI?

When Antonio came again, I broached the subject of my visiting Ramón Rojos at Barrigada, with whom I'd left my radio and other belongings.

"You mustn't go," he answered. "You'll get lost."

I resolved to go without telling Antonio until I returned. Then he wouldn't worry.

After dark that night I followed the road to Dededo, where Jap headquarters were. As I approached, I walked at a natural, steady gait. I knew that if I changed pace, stopped, or looked back, I'd attract attention. If I kept going, even if I were being watched, I might escape suspicion. I knew it would be fatal to double back or run.

Through the window streamed a bright band of light. A Jap sentry, a sailor, inside the building, got up, walked to the door, and opened it, his heavy shoes sounding *clump, clump* on the wooden floor. From the open door another square of light streamed across the road right in my path. I halted and drew my .45, waiting to see if he'd seen me.

The Jap sailor stood in the doorway, peering out into the darkness in my direction. I stood perfectly still, my finger on the trigger.

After about a minute he turned and went back into the house, closing the door.

When I was very near Ramón's house, I missed the trail and stepped off into some dry weeds. He heard them rattling and came out, holding a small torch above his head. I ducked and called softly. He recognized my voice, put out the flame, and came over and shook hands warmly.

When I told him I'd come for the radio and the other things he'd been keeping for me, Ramón said he was afraid I was due for a disappointment.

The radio was gone for good. Several months before, a native had found the bag of clothing I'd hidden. He reported it to the Japs, who then thought I might possibly be dead. Two Chamorros took my radio to a spot near there, hid it, "found" it, and reported it also to the Japs.

They hoped the Japs would declare me dead and leave them alone.

All my CREI books, some of my pictures and papers, my back copies of the Guam Eagle, and my amateur radio-station log, Ramón had been forced to burn. The Japs had caught up with him, too. This was the first I'd known of it. He said they'd taken a leather strap like a fan belt and whipped him across the back of the neck with it. At his second grilling he confessed to having some of my belongings.

"Why didn't you tell us before?" they demanded.

"Because you didn't ask me. From what I've seen, Japanese don't like natives who speak before they're spoken to. What I told you last time I was here was true. What I'm telling you now is true. I thought if you wanted to know about these things, you'd ask me."

Ramón told me: "I was able to save a few things that I thought the Japs wouldn't necessarily connect with you."

He brought out about half the pictures I had left in an album. He'd also saved a quiz book and a book of maps. I was very glad to see these.

I spent the night on Ramón's porch. I'd come twelve miles, and it had been so long since I'd walked any distance that I had huge water blisters on my feet and heels. I just couldn't face the trek home.

Early in the morning I went out to a clump of bushes near by to wait for nightfall before setting out.

I headed home in the right direction, but a wrong trail brought me almost into the midst of a bunch of Japs who were overseeing some sweating natives build a new airport at Barrigada. I doubled back and forth so many times looking for the trail that I finally had to return to Ramón's house and have him set me right.

By now I had struggled through the bush for three hours. My blisters broke. I was sore from the trip down from my cave. Every muscle ached.

I made it safely past the Jap post and came out north of Dededo. There on the rough unfinished military road my legs weakened, and I began to stagger. In the darkness I stubbed my toes on the rocks sticking up on the uncompleted highway until my feet were burning like fire.

I had to get back by daylight. I'd be a fool to let myself be seen after all these months of successful hiding. But a quarter of a mile from the path to Antonio's place I fell down every time I stumbled. I sat down and rested for half an hour. When I tried to get up, my legs were so stiff that I was worse off than before.

Each time I fell it was harder to get up. My body was so sore I couldn't touch a muscle. A few steps farther I went down on my face in the middle of the road and this time I couldn't get up.

I lay there for nearly two hours. I was afraid of falling asleep, for I knew that if I did I'd wake in the morning with the sun in my eyes and a crowd of grinning Japs standing over me. No matter how every nerve in my body rebelled, *I had to get up.*

I tried, but couldn't make it to my feet. I crawled on my hands and knees off the roadside to a small tree. I managed to pull myself to my feet by grasping the tree, but every time I tried to take a step I fell down. I drew myself upright again and this time hung on to a branch and rocked back and forth, trying to get the circulation going so that my legs would support me. After some twenty minutes I was able to let go of the tree and walk very slowly; my legs felt as if they were dangling from my waist, I had so little control of them.

When I dragged myself into the crevasse, I was too tired to sleep. I just sat in my chair and lay with my head on the table until daybreak.

THREE days later Antonio came up.

I smiled wanly. "I had a pretty good trip going down, but not so good coming back," I greeted him.

"What trip?" He wouldn't believe I'd gone all the way to Rojos' until he saw the blisters on my feet and the pictures, book, and maps I'd brought back.

The quiz book gave me a great deal of pleasure. It contained nearly one hundred tests in all, one a day for over three months. In addition to general quizzes were bonus quizzes which gave extra points for correct answers, demerits for misses. I liked these complications. When you're living like Robinson Crusoe, the longer it takes to play a game the better.

I pored over the atlas for hours. There were colored drawings of North America, South America, Africa, Europe, and, as a double spread in the middle of the book, a large map of the world. I spent a great deal of time on the pages showing the islands of the Pacific, but the one that I returned to day after day was the map of the United States.

I made a jigsaw puzzle of this map by placing onion skin over it and tracing the state borders. With the handsaw, I cut very thin pieces of wood, perhaps three-eighths of an inch thick, and with my pocketknife scraped them as smooth as ivory. I transferred the tracings to them and cut out the patterns of the various states.

I spent many hours working and reworking the jigsaw. That map teased my imagination so that it had me making postwar tourist plans. I spent an entire week planning a coast-to-coast, Canada-to-Mexico tour of the United States. I'd tour northern states in the summertime and go south in the winter. I figured that when I got back home this would take some time. I wanted to spend at least a month in each of the forty-eight states. That would take four years. That was all right, I thought; I'd some day be retired from the Navy, and my retirement pay would be sufficient to take care of this extended trip. And as for time, what was time to me, perched out there on a rock in the middle of the Pacific?

IF I LIVE to be a hundred and anyone asks me what was the most exciting moment of my life, I expect to answer immediately, "June 11, 1944, the day the first American task force attacked Jap-held Guam."

The island had been alive with military activity during the previous three months. In March the Japs had brought over some fifteen thousand soldiers. In May they kept reinforcing the place until Guam was bloated with probably more than twenty-five thousand combat troops as well as planes, artillery, tanks, and fuel. They were building fortifications at strategic points all over the island. Three quarters of a mile from my crevasse they set up a lookout station at a point overlooking the sea. All along the coast from Machanao to Adelup Point, I could see shore batteries firing practice shots.

By the second week in June they'd flown in hundreds of aircraft. I was sick of seeing them. When I heard one overhead, I didn't even bother to look up.

The American bombers had a rhythm all their own, a deep, steady, reassuring pulse that by contrast made the whizzing Jap craft sound like cheap tin threshing machines.

The first time I heard them I leaped to my feet and ran to the lookout.

I couldn't see them through the clouds, but that wonderful roar told me where they were. They circled the island and headed south. As I watched an opening in the clouds, bombers—big bombers—shot past, dropping slender glittering silver fish.

Seeing the first big bomb splash in Agaña Harbor was like starting to live again! I knew that unless the Japs got me in a very short time, I'd be rescued. I got so excited I lost my footing on the narrow ledge and had to grab the limb of a tree behind me to keep from falling over the side of the three-hundred-foot cliff.

Our fighter planes came over now and engaged the Japs in combat. American pilots swept in from the south, dropped bombs on Agaña airfield, and shot northward over my lookout. Jap fighters came down from above, guns blazing. Machine-gun bullets chipped pieces off my cliff like hundreds of stonemasons working in spurts.

In all the aerial combat I never saw an American shot down. Jap planes plummeted to the earth like swatted flies. I'd follow the trail of a smoking Zero, watch it burst into flame and crash, and yell, "Hot damn! Another good Jap!"

Some five hundred Jap planes were there on Guam before the attack. But it took only three days for our boys to clear the air of Japs; after that, Americans dropped their bombs without the slightest opposition. About a week later the Japs brought in reinforcements. In two days U. S. planes had cleaned the sky again. From then on, there was virtually no resistance from the Jap air force.

On the fifth day of the battle I looked out to sea and saw several ships moving in from the north. I wasn't sure whether they were Americans or Japanese. Five ships cruised into view around the end of the island, six or eight miles out on the horizon.

They kept on coming. Destroyers and heavy cruisers sailed into view. I hoped they weren't Jap ships bringing support to the island garrison.

As soon as the gray force reached the coast opposite Agaña Bay, every ship opened fire. This was no Jap armada! "IT IS OUR NAVY!" I screamed. I was never so thrilled in my life! I wanted to plunge into the sea and swim out to them.

All Jap ships anchored outside the harbor were spotted by planes launched from the cruisers. Light seaplanes continually circled over the island all the time the cruisers were firing.

From then on, twin American destroyers passed my lookout every day as they circled the island.

Those ships gave me an even greater thrill than the airplanes. The planes had given me my first wild hope, but, after all, it was the good old Navy that would actually get me out.

I ran down to my cabinet, took out a large oblong of gauze bandage Antonio had got from the dispensary, cut it in two, and nailed each half to a stick to make semaphore flags. Each one was about two feet square, large enough to be seen through binoculars if anyone, please God, on the ships happened to spot me.

As I scrambled back to my lookout, I tried to recall the semaphore alphabet. I'd known it long before—it's regulation in the Navy. What had I been doing for the past two years? Why hadn't I spent them practicing signaling?

I frantically waved my flags up and down, up and down. Maybe somebody'd look my way.

I waved for fifteen minutes, rested, and waved again. No response. I'd hoped for too much on the first day. The ships were disappearing. They'd be back, though, maybe tomorrow. I had to be able to tell them something!

I went back to my cave, stood there with a flag in each hand and concentrated. I got the first seven letters without any trouble. They were simple. But what message could I send them? I figured out five more, twelve in all, that I could be sure of. I knew I'd have to do better than that. The majority of the letters had to be correct to make the message readable.

I worked for four days trying to remember the code. By then I felt pretty certain of nineteen letters, with seven still in doubt. There was a chance that my guesses on some of these seven were right. That was the best I could do. That—and pray for an expert receiver.

For a week, every time an American ship hove in sight I waved those flags. It was backbreaking work, emaciated as I was, but I kept it up for twenty minutes at a time, six or seven times a day.

Antonio came up, and I told him of my efforts. He was very worried. "You had better be careful," he said, "or those Japs over on the next hill might see you waving those white flags."

I knew that he was right. If they ever saw me waving my white flags at the American warships it would not only be my finish but would also cost Antonio his life.

I had to quit signaling. I was bitterly disappointed. Only a few miles stood between me and U. S. warships and I couldn't bridge that short distance.

THE Americans developed a system of continual day and night attacks. Twenty or thirty ships, both cruisers and destroyers, would steam in about nine o'clock in the morning, shell the daylights out of a whole section of the beach, then sail out again after putting in a full eight-hour day. Two destroyers would stay on and bombard installations all night. They'd steam around the island, shelling as they went, just to keep the Japs awake and jumping.

On July 10 the warships came in as usual, did their day's work, and pulled out. Late in the afternoon I saw that the two destroyers left behind for the night shift were about ten miles south of me. They were closer to shore than they'd ever been. My heart sank, for they stood almost under the muzzles of a battery of six or eight-inch Jap guns mounted at Adelup Point.

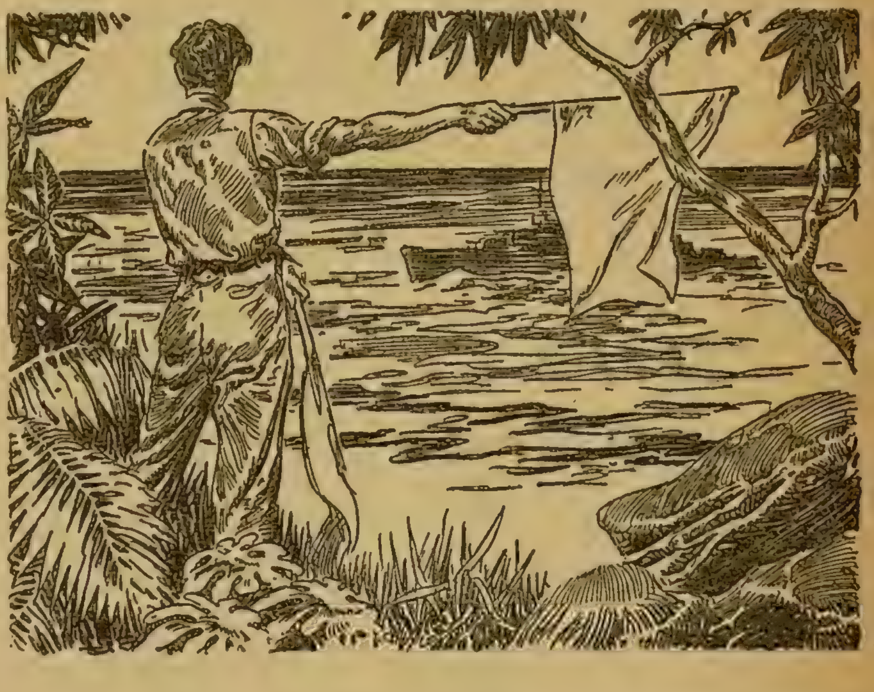
I'd spotted the battery at target practice shortly before the Americans returned. I could tell that they were large guns from the flash they made, the distance the shells traveled before they splashed at sea, and the splash they made. The Japs hadn't used these guns against the Americans so far, undoubtedly because they were saving them for our landing force and they didn't want to reveal their position. I held my breath because I knew they could overshoot the destroyers. A land-based gun is always more accurate than one mounted on a ship at sea. I prayed the Japs wouldn't open up on the destroyers, now firing broadsides at the beach as they stood within point-blank range of the Jap battery. Finally they turned, unmolested, and started north in my direction.

I was worn out from the anxiety. It was getting on toward evening, and I had supper ready. I went back to the cave. I'd taken only a few bites when I heard the destroyers' guns firing very near, shooting almost straight in my direction.

I grabbed my signal flags and pocket mirror. If they were close enough, I'd try a new plan. As I dashed up the cliff to the lookout, I heard an antiaircraft gun and a machine-gun nest only two miles below me open fire on the destroyers.

I had to admire the daring of the ships' commanders in coming so near the coast when they couldn't know what guns might be concealed there. They were hardly two miles from the shore, an easy, murderous range for large enemy guns. As they started right up past me, I scrambled to the very top of the cliff in plain view of the destroyers. With the little three-inch mirror I flashed a beam directly on the bridge of the leading ship. The late afternoon sun was in the sky right behind the warships, so that I was sending them a powerful red flash. I danced the reflection all over the bridge. They must have seen it!

I threw down my mirror and grabbed up my signal flags. I waved the flags frantically up and down for possibly half a minute. Then I signaled, "Please answer by searchlight." I cannot read semaphore but am proficient in the reception of Morse code by lights. A signal searchlight winked from the bridge. "K," it said, code for "Go ahead!" I almost blew my top, but I forced myself to start out quite slowly and deliberately with my semaphore. I'll always remember the exact words I sent:



"I have information for you."

Again this beautiful K winked across to me.

My head seemed to be going around in circles. I didn't know what I was doing or what I should do next. For a few minutes I manipulated my flags, but I have no idea what I said or whether the message was even intelligible.

I tried to warn them about the large battery that the

Japs were holding back to use against our landing force. By now the bombardment of the island was so intense that I knew the landing would be made almost any day. I knew that if the battleships could blast that emplacement out of existence before the landing was attempted, it would save the lives of thousands of American troops.

Then I finally calmed down and settled to a deliberate rate of sending. "The Japs have a battery of coast guns mounted at Adelup Point," I signaled.

The sun was still shining. The destroyers had slowed down when they spotted me on the cliff. They circled around one spot for probably half an hour while I talked to them. Finally I'd given them all the information I knew—all I had about the strength and concentration of Jap troops on the island, the nature of offshore barricades, mine fields, tank traps, and other obstructions, even some data on dummy guns. That was all. I was run down. The strain of trying to get the letters right was terrific.

I'd made no attempt whatever to identify myself. I knew they'd be suspicious. The first thing a spy would try to do would be to identify himself as a bona-fide American.

I saw they were getting up speed. I was frantic. Through hot tears I slowly and distinctly spelled out, "Can you take me aboard?"

As I half anticipated, I received no answer. That was all I could expect, I thought; but I still stood there, too exhausted to stumble back to my cave.

Five minutes later I saw a boat drop into the water. That was answer enough for me! I was practically delirious as I hoisted my flags for one final message:

"Please wait for me. It will take me half an hour to get down to the water."

I dropped the signal flags where I was, scooped up the mirror and stuck it in my pocket.

Inside my crevasse, I grabbed my machete, fastened on my holster, opened the cracker can where I kept my pictures and records and stuffed them into my shirt front. I slung a deer light Antonio had given me over my shoulder, and ran for the trail. I half slid down the three rugged cliffs, using both hands and feet to keep from falling. I was down by the water's edge in fifteen minutes. Never before had I made it in less than three quarters of an hour.

I COULDN'T see the motor launch, but judged I was south of it, since I had had to come slantwise down the cliff. It was getting dark enough to signal with a light. I tapped the end of the wire on the terminal of the battery so that I could send code. First, I just flashed the light rapidly several times.

"Flash your light so the boat will spot you and know where to pick you up," they signaled to me.

I sent dots of yellow light north, and in a few minutes the launch came in sight.

"Here I am!" I shouted.

Meantime, I plumbed the water for depth. I found a place where it was a good eight feet, plenty deep enough to bring the boat right up to the shore.

I hurriedly snatched up my gear. Where was my pistol? I had forgotten it! I had been so crazy with excitement that I'd gone off and left the one object that had never left my side, day or night, in two whole years. It was too late now. I couldn't go back for it. The boat was within two hundred yards of me.

But it didn't come in. I could see it dimly.

"Come on in! There's plenty of water here!" I shouted to them.

"No, you swim out."

"I can't. I've got too much gear."

"Leave the gear."

There was plenty of water for the boat to come in right to the rock on which I was standing. I didn't want to get my pictures and records wet by swimming.

"You have eight feet of water right here where I'm standing!"

"We are *not* coming in. Swim out and leave your gear there."

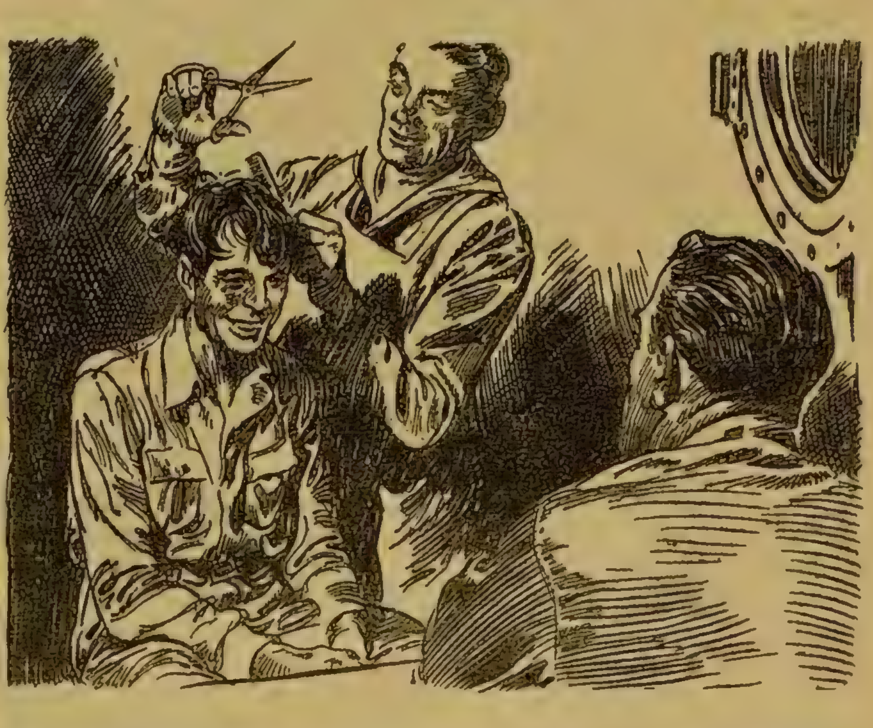
"I can't leave it here. The Japs'll find it and kill the man who owns this place." I felt that the Japs must have seen the two destroyers circling in this spot for so long. It was endangering Antonio's life. I could not leave anything behind, for that would make his death certain.

"You swim out. If *you're* all right, then we'll come in and get your things," someone finally shouted.

"Oh, it's *me* you're afraid of!"

"You ain't just a-lying!" I heard one of the fellows in the boat say.

I dropped everything and started tearing off my clothes. Although it was getting dark fast, there was still some light, and when I'd stripped to the hide I heard someone in the boat say, "He *looks* like a white man."



I swam out to the boat.

When they saw I was really white, two dozen arms reached out for me. They pulled me over the side, and I fell sprawling into the boat. Once aboard, I saw that the thirty men bristled with enough submachine guns to wipe out an entire Jap platoon.

I'll never forget how good it felt to get back with Americans, hear Americans, see Americans. They were the best-looking bunch of men I ever saw in my life.

When I told them I'd been hiding from the Japs on the island for over two years and a half, they didn't believe me. They thought I was a pilot who'd been forced down a week or two previously. One look at me should have convinced them I was telling the truth. I looked like a wild animal. I was naked. My shaggy hair hung almost down to my shoulders. I hadn't shaved for three days.

We went back to shore for my things. On the way the men peeled their own clothes off their backs and threw them over to me. I took a shirt. I put on my own trousers, homemade shoes, and underwear.

I'd never received such a welcome as I got from these Navy men. When we pulled up alongside the ship, they lowered the blocks from the davits, hooked the boat on, and hoisted her up with everybody in it. When we were level with the destroyer's deck, the men in the boat pushed me forward to be the first man out. "Jump on over!" somebody yelled. Half a dozen fellows gave me a helping shove from behind, and half a dozen more caught me as I hit the deck.

One of the six was Lieutenant Commander J. B. Carroll, the commanding officer. He shook hands, congratulated me, and thanked me for the information I'd sent.

"You got here in the nick of time. We're just sitting down to eat," he said, inviting me to officers' mess.

I sat beside Commander Carroll. There were electric lights, white table linen, china, and silver in an immaculate cabin, within a few miles of my hole in the cliff. There was a baked ham, green vegetables, and bread and butter. I hadn't seen bread and butter more than half a dozen times while I was in the bush.

I was too excited to eat much. I stuffed down some bread and a small helping of green vegetables. That was all.

I made a diagram for Commander Carroll, showing him the exact location of the battery of coast guns.

"You don't know how lucky you are," he said. "After we had blasted that Jap antiaircraft and machine gun out of existence we came on up the coast, where we spotted the reflection of your mirror. The way you quivered it, it looked exactly like gun flashes. When I saw them I said, 'Aha! Another Jap gun getting smart with us.' We took your range and bearing, trained our guns on you, and were ready to open fire when, at the last second, you dropped the mirror and began waving your flags. Somebody shouted, 'Hold everything! I think someone is trying to signal to us.' If you'd waited another second to start waving your flags, you'd have been blown to hell."

Lieutenant Butler, the medical officer, took me to his office for a once-over. He found nothing wrong; said I'd survived my ordeal pretty well.

"Now," he said significantly, "is there anything you'd like especially?"

"A shower!" I said fervently.

"O. K. But don't you have a little cough?" he asked in a voice full of meaning. "We're well equipped," he added.

I caught on. I coughed. "Doctor, I've had considerable difficulty with my throat lately," I complained.

"Swell! I've the very thing to fix you up!"

He reached into a cabinet and came out with a pint of bonded whisky.

"Drink this. It'll do you good."

I took one swallow and returned the bottle.

"Go ahead, help yourself," he urged, but I'd not had a drink in so long that I knew it wouldn't take much to set my head spinning.

He then led the way into the officers' washroom, and left to get me some clean clothes.

WHEN Lieutenant Butler came back, I was still under the shower. I didn't ever want to get out.

"Take your time," he called in.

As a matter of fact, the actual scrubbing necessary to scrape off the layers and layers of dirt which I imagined were caked on my body in the course of two and a half years in the dusty bush and crude cave took plenty of time. That soap and shower brush took a helluva beating. I stepped out feeling brand new.

"What's that awful stench?" I asked. Then I saw my dirty clothes piled on the floor at my feet.

I put on the clean underwear Lieutenant Butler handed me, grabbed up that pile of dirty clothes and made for the deck to throw them overboard. A dozen men almost knocked me down to keep me from doing it. I was as surprised as hell to see them fight over those smelly clothes for souvenirs.

The doctor laid out two clean uniforms, one khaki and one gray. I'd never seen the gray before. It'd been adopted by the Navy after Guam was taken by the Japs.

"Who wears that one? I like it," I said, pointing to the gray.

"It's for officers and chiefs."

"Oh, in that case, I'll have to take the khaki. I'm not a chief yet—still first class."

"Well, the khaki's for officers and chiefs, too, so you might as well wear the gray," he laughed.

Once dressed, I looked at myself in the narrow mirror in the door and thought that if I could just get rid of that three days' growth of beard and my almost three years' growth of hair down my back, perhaps I could begin to look human again.

For the rest of the evening we sat around talking. The fellows gave me cigarettes, matches, chewing gum, in every way showing me that they were glad I'd lived to tell my story and was there with them now.

They brought me up to date, telling me about the major war fronts that had developed since early 1942, when I had had to abandon my radio, shutting myself off from the outside world.

When it was time to turn in, Lieutenant Butler showed me to a bunk in the officers' quarters.

I heaved a big sigh of relief, closed my eyes, and for the life of me couldn't fall asleep. There were no mosquitoes, no ants, no leaks in the roof, no rain in my face. No wonder I couldn't drop off! Actually, I was just too excited to quiet down and give up.

I put on my clothes and went to the radio room. The chief let me take over for a while and handle some messages. It felt good to know I hadn't lost my know-how at the key. I fanned the breeze with the operators on watch and paced the deck, breathing sea air again and thanking God for my escape.

Next morning before breakfast I was transferred to an aircraft carrier, where an admiral, captains, and Naval Intelligence questioned me all day. My throat became so sore and inflamed that I could only whisper. I'd talked so little during the past year and nine months that my vocal cords just couldn't take it.

Admiral Clark, in command of the naval aircraft bombing Guam, detailed a chief yeoman to look after me. When he kept making appointments for me one right after another, I objected. "I can't go see these big shots with hair on my shoulders and my beard bristling," I said.

He ignored me. His mind was on satisfying the gold braid. Finally, between conferences, I ducked into the chiefs' quarters.

"Anybody here lend me a razor?"

About a dozen men leaped up and offered me all kinds of shaving equipment. I went to the washroom and shaved, accompanied by the protesting chief.

"Now, I'm going to get a haircut," I informed the chief. He was shifting from one foot to another.

"The executive officer wants to see you," he insisted.

"I've looked like a tramp long enough. Where's the barbershop?" was my reply.

"O. K., O. K. I'll fix that immediately," he promised. "Come on."

We went by the shop, picked up the barber, and took him along with us. In the executive officer's quarters I sat on a stool, the barber cut my hair, the executive officer and I carried on our business to the satisfaction of all concerned. It looked to me as if the Navy had changed a lot.

As the chief and I left, he said, "Admiral Clark told me to see that you get a complete outfit of clothing."

"I don't want to buy many clothes now," I told him. "I took an examination for chief radioman in October, 1941, before the war started, and I don't want to get a complete outfit of clothes as a radioman first class and then have to throw them away and buy new chief's uniforms. I want to wait until I find out if I made chief."

He left, saying he would find out about it. After a few minutes he returned and said, "The admiral wants to see you."

When we entered the admiral's cabin, he shook hands with me and said, "Hello, chief. How are you making out?"

"I beg your pardon, admiral, but I am still radioman first class."

"You *were* radioman first class, Tweed, but now you are chief radioman. I heard about that examination you took and, whether you made it or not, I'm making you chief from this minute on."

"Thank you, admiral," I managed to say. I was choked up inside. This was the U. S. Navy I had come back to—the greatest Navy in the world—and the people in it the swellest anywhere.

I WAS catapulted off the deck in a TBF bomber and landed an hour later at Saipan. Then a motor launch took me to another ship, Vice-Admiral Turner's flagship, anchored offshore.

Word had reached the admiral that I had served under him aboard the U. S. S. Saratoga when he was its executive officer. When I entered his cabin, he turned to a commander and two lieutenants standing by and ordered, "Get the hell out of here. I want to talk to an old shipmate!"

"Who the hell rated you chief?" thundered the admiral, after we had talked for a moment.

My heart sank. Was he displeased that I had been rated chief? I began to wonder if I had made it on the examination.

"Admiral Clark did, sir," I answered.

"Well, that old so-and-so! I wanted to do that myself."

It's a grand Navy!

THE END

Puzzle 3x5" 7/14/45

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

"WHILE a guy at home is sweating over his income tax and Victory garden, a dogface somewhere is getting great joy out of wiggling his little finger," says **Bill Mauldin** in **Up Front.** "He does it just to see it move and to prove to himself that he is still alive and able to move it. Life is stripped down to bare essentials for him when he is living from minute to minute, wondering if each is his last."

Bill Mauldin

Sergeant Mauldin, cartoonist for the Army newspaper Stars and Stripes, is the creator of those two crusty, bearded warriors, Willie and Joe, who for hundreds of thousands of combat soldiers are living symbols of the mud, pain, and astringent humor of modern war.

I found this book a surprise package, in spite of the fact that I have been an avid fan for Willie and Joe since their first appearance. The 30,000 words of text that accompany the cartoons contain some of the most forceful writing to date on the foot-slogging soldier.

For those who have been worrying that the combat man will be combative in civilian life, Sergeant Mauldin has this timely message: "No normal man who has smelled and associated with death ever wants to see any more of it. In fact, the only men who are even going to want to bloody noses in a fist fight after this war will be those who want people to think they were tough combat men, when they weren't."

Published by Henry Holt & Co., N. Y. Price $3.

THE exploits of Admiral Walter Wilhelm Canaris, for many years the chief of German military espionage, are the dominant theme of **Spies and Traitors of World War II,** by **Kurt Singer.** This is a typical bit of Canaris' handiwork, as reported by Mr. Singer:

As long ago as 1923, the patient admiral planted an agent at Kirkwall in the Orkney Islands, in the guise of a Swiss watchmaker. Early in World War II, Naziland went wild with joy over the "heroic deed" of a submarine captain who sank the battleship Royal Oak at its anchorage. But insiders, both in Germany and England, knew that this event was actually a masterpiece of long-range intrigue. The "Swiss watchmaker" had learned that the antisubmarine nets covering part of the harbor had been withdrawn for repairs.

Kurt Singer

Spies, with their prima donna temperament, seem like an anachronism in the mass-production warfare of today. But Mr. Singer reveals that their masters have adapted them to mass-production methods.

Published by Prentice-Hall, N. Y. Price $2.75.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN PAINTING (The Encyclopaedia Britannica Collection) should help banish that depressing bromide: "I don't understand anything about art, but I know what I like."

This fine collection of reproductions, with clear commentary by **Grace Pagano,** should bring to thousands the realization that there are no cabalistic mysteries about first-rate art.

I hope this book is the forerunner of a series. One volume in such a series that would find an eager welcome would be a collection of James Chapin's great interpretations of American life.

Published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, N. Y. Price $5.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

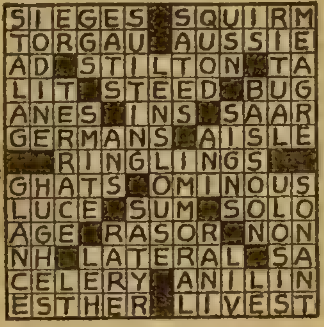
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 The kind of man who has come out on top
5 Fognosticator (two words)
14 Peas (anag.)
15 Look like a wolf
16 Unhealthy outdoor complexion (part of a feminine smear campaign)
17 Very small Injun ¹⁄₄₈
18 Whinny golf
20 Miners Only Admitted Here!
22 A backward G. I.
23 Cowfeederias
26 We're tired of being all this
27 What Japan wanted and will give up
28 Ocean greyhound with wings
29 Idol of Greece
31 Chermans feared Der Big what?
32 Home of fast hosses (abbr.)
33 He dyed because he couldn't be a Red head
34 First sign of Victory in Europe
35 She's a deer little thing
37 Jeff's punching bag
38 Top dressing (makes scents, doesn't it!)
40 Oral cavity filler
41 Eye and knee valises
42 Friday Caesar dreaded
43 Easy, eesn't eet?
44 Farmers' footballs
46 Portion of anatomy requested in matrimony
47 Many an old duck's been half shot by thqm
48 Long time
49 Moola warehouse
50 Household necessity
51 Producer of the gripes of wrath
53 Hurry-up man of football
54 He gives rich people the brush-off
57 Many a poor fish has fallen for its line
58 50 Horizontal's his commanding officer
59 Big Bucktooth about to be Yanked
61 Silent salesman
62 Animated floor mop (coll.)
64 You've got to see this South Sea paradise twice to really get it
65 It's built for laffs
66 Larger Injun ³⁄₄₈
68 What the Lapland gal sits on before and after marriage
70 Kind of plane we'll all soon be flying
72 Acid cats
73 Battle-wagon G. I.s

VERTICAL

1 Things you take when nobody's looking
2 What German atrocities do to all but Germans
3 Mfty, aren't they?
4 Spread the troops around
5 The gals say he's a howl
6 I specialists
7 He can make a leg lawful
8 Yututta-yututta time (fem.)
9 Nation resting between peaces
10 Balderdash
11 Catty Greeks do this
12 Spry
13 Undress uniforms (fem.)
19 Onions Overpower Pulmotor! (abbr.)
21 Kindergarten product
24 A wooden necklace
25 What to say when attacked by a lion
27 Ground coverage
30 This involves a choice
31 Kind of Tass ½ that agency makes
33 They've given many an old battle wagon a shoving around
34 Aching, empty place
35 Ardent things all Nazis have suddenly become
36 Miner matter
37 Many an old maid would willingly submit to this act
38 Non-violent Red
39 Social snippet
41 Vacant, upstairs
42 She darned, socked, but didn't darn socks for Socrates
45 A weighty matter
46 A little of this, and a little of that
47 Its inhabitants reveal it
49 Chief difference between an aristocrat and a peasant (abbr.)
50 Motorman on an elephant
52 Cowboys say this is very upsetting
53 Tibet taksi
54 Very Overbearing Germans (abbr.)
55 The waters of forgetfulness
56 Kind of poisonous tools
58 Sneak in a dirty look
60 Knocks on wood
62 Kind of son
63 Flying subways
67 What to say if you run into a Nazi
69 Ashanenine Shanenigans, or—
71 —Shane's Asinine, which? (abbr.)



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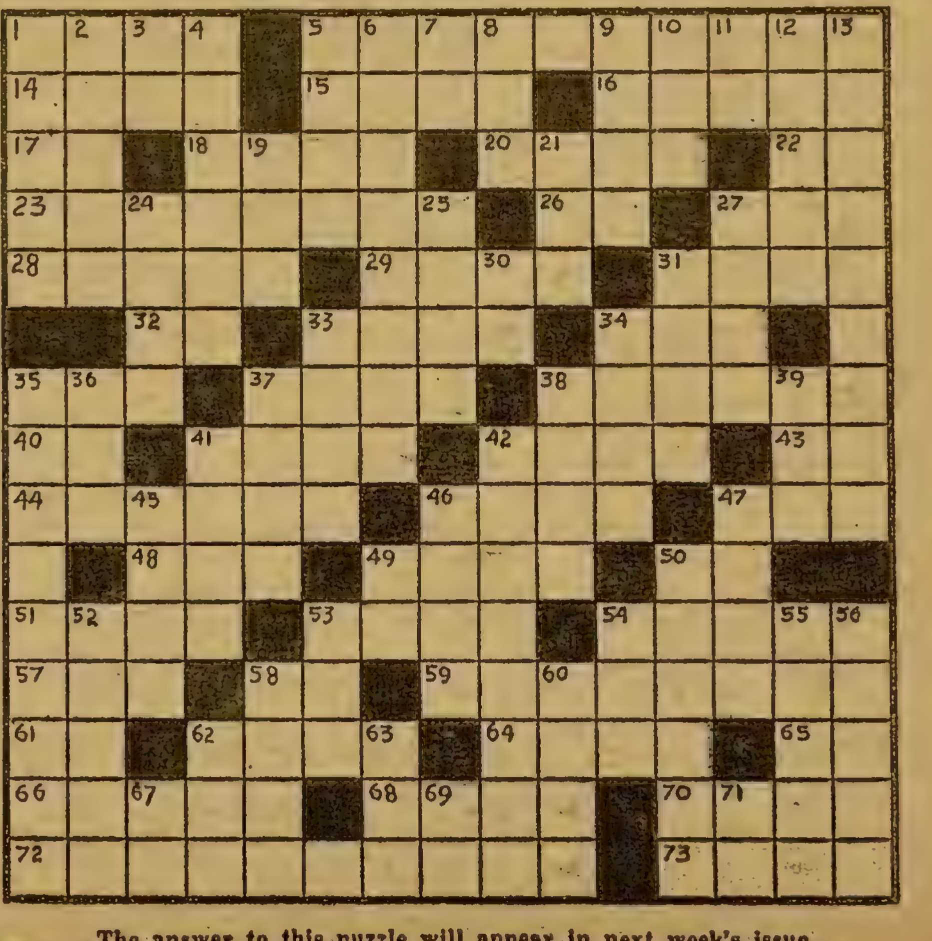
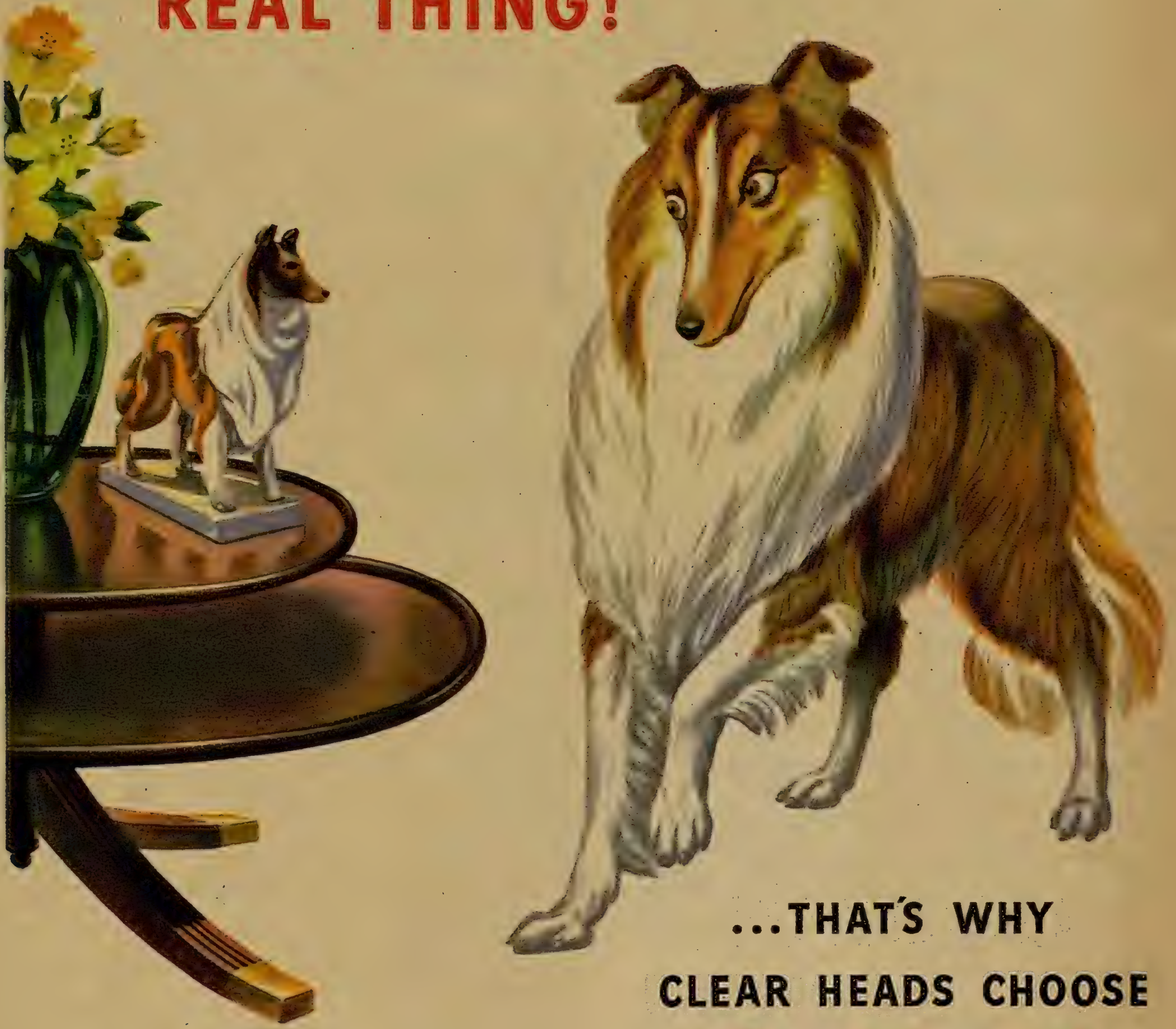
■	■	R	I	N	G	L	I	N	G	S	■	■
G	H	A	T	S	■	O	M	I	N	O	U	S
L	U	C	E	■	S	U	M	■	S	O	L	O
A	G	E	■	R	A	S	O	R	■	N	O	N
N	H	■	L	A	T	E	R	A	L	■	S	A
C	E	L	E	R	Y	■	A	N	I	L	I	N
E	S	T	H	E	R	■	L	I	V	E	S	T

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

ANYONE WHO KNOWS CAN TELL THE REAL THING!



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That's why, year in and year out, people who sell and serve Calvert tell us: "It's the whiskey most often asked for by name."

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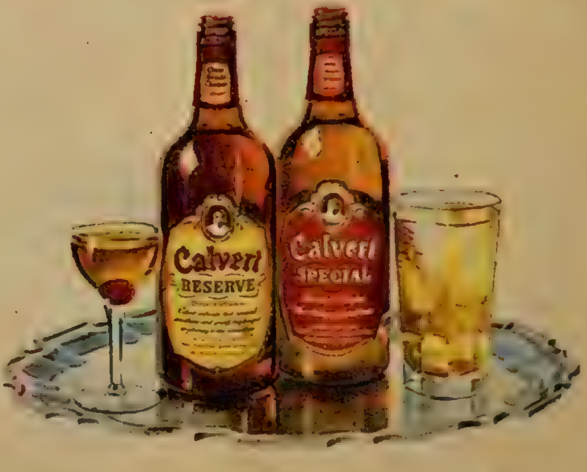


CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N.Y. C. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. Calvert "Reserve": 65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special": 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

THE CAMEO MERMAID

Continued from Page 33

"As a big favor to me, Laurie, don't do anything. I'll go to the police. You—sit tight."

She smiled gratefully at him.

"You're a nice guy, Johnny."

As he helped her on with her coat, he said, "Laurie, I still think that your dad should've left most of those abalones alone for five years longer, so you'd have had a bonanza crop of pearls. Your old man wasn't money-minded."

"But, Johnny—" Her voice broke. "Dad did want to do that. But dad had heart trouble. He—couldn't wait. So Hugh and I made dad finish his experiment. It was a sort of crowning achievement to his lifework, if you see what I mean."

"I see plenty," John said slowly, "and all of it good."

JOHN left Laurie and drove to the F. B. I. office downtown. Mark Ainslee was in. His keen face still showed his shock at news of Sikora's death.

John now reported in detail; and finished: "The answer seems obvious, sir. Echeverry's pearls are smuggled in."

"So we've surmised, but the job was to get proof."

"And that's why Sikora was killed, sir!"

"I think so, lad. Garcia must've realized he'd talked out of turn, and maybe he told Echeverry that Sikora was a cop. So they—shut Sikora's mouth. I ordered an autopsy as soon as you phoned me, John. The medical examiner found water in Sikora's lungs, but also some traces of carbon-monoxide poisoning in his blood."

"*That's* what happened! Lord, it was easy! Sikora was on the bottom, hunting abalone. And in the launch, Echeverry simply started the motor running, as if to move the boat. All he had to do was run a pipe from the engine exhaust into Sikora's air hose to feed him carbon-monoxide."

"So we figure. But we might not be able to prove it. Mr. Reuel Echeverry," Ainslee said grimly, "is smart. You told me he was sore about the newspaper accounts of his finding pearls. It was an act. I bet we'll find that he sent those articles in himself. And with his ads for abalone divers, it was all a campaign to condition the gem experts around town. Some of 'em aren't above buying smuggled stuff, but they'd buy easier, and pay more, if they thought the pearls came from a legitimate source." Ainslee thoughtfully turned a paperweight in his fingers. "You know, this is properly a chore for the Treasury people. But Sikora was our man. We'll keep after Echeverry."

"I didn't know Sikora well," John said, "but I'm awfully sorry, sir."

Ainslee pressed his arm.

"John, our job now is to find out where Echeverry's pearls *do* come from. I'll call in the men I'll need. By day after tomorrow Echeverry won't make a move that won't be under observation. Meantime maybe I'd better assign a couple men to protect you and Laurie."

"But how could they, sir? It would be a dead giveaway. Echeverry would be warned. Don't worry about us, sir. While we're diving, I'll look out for Laurie. When we get back to Newport, Laurie and I always leave for home at once, anyway."

"I see. You'd better carry a gun, just in case." Ainslee took an automatic from a drawer. "Laurie does know what you two are up against?"

"She knew almost from the start, sir, but she figured it was a chore she had to do."

"Good girl. Take care of her, John."

"You don't have to urge that, sir!"

IT was late dusk by the time the boats got back to Newport next evening. And as they disembarked, Echeverry called to Laurie.

"Stay for dinner with us, Laurie. My lawyer friend, Akers, is coming by this evening with the contract for you to sign."

Laurie nodded. She looked at John, and followed Echeverry to his house.

John said "So long" to Cantu and Garcia and walked to his parked car. It had been his intention to drive on to a highway steak house for dinner. And he started on. But two blocks away he whipped around a corner into a side street, turned again into the dark alley paralleling Basin Street. A block farther on he stopped his car and hurried on down the dark alley afoot, to the rear of Echeverry's weather-beaten house. Flattened against the wall, he moved toward the nearest window.

He could hear voices. Echeverry was talking, his tone quiet but firm.

"Make up your mind to take this sensibly, Laurie, then you won't have any regrets later. I did lie to you, but I had to do it. If I'd known about you in the first place, none of this would have happened."

"Mr. Echeverry, if I'm not home tonight, my landlady will inform the police," John heard Laurie say.

"I don't doubt it, Laurie," Echeverry said, "but we're leaving here in a little while, and around midnight we'll cross the line into Mexico. We've got friends there, and a quiet place to—sort of hole up. You'll come along, and in a week or two we'll send you back. I promise."

"I won't go!"

Her voice broke, and the rising fear in it made John's throat tighten in anger.

"You will go, Laurie," Echeverry said. "If we have to, we'll gag you and tie you up. Will that be necessary?"

Her "No" came slowly.

"Pete!" Echeverry's voice was suddenly curt. "You stay here with Laurie. Nick, you and I will run the launches down to Longo's pier."

"Why bother with that, boss?"

"He'll pay fourteen hundred apiece, cash. We can use cash."

Listening tensely, John heard them walk out of the kitchen, and then he saw Echeverry's thick-set bulk and Cantu's slight figure as they strode down the pier. Presently the launch motors roared, and the two boats moved out into the channel.

John drew the automatic Ainslee had given him, opened the door of the service porch, and stepped inside.

The kitchen door was open. He saw Laurie sitting at the kitchen table, her lovely face white and strained. Runty Pete Garcia sat opposite her, a pistol in his waistband. He was pouring beer into a glass. John stooped through the doorway.

Laurie saw him first and her eyes widened and she caught a sharp breath. Then Garcia saw him, and his face went muddy white. He made no effort to snatch the revolver in his waistband.

"Let's go, Laurie," John said. "You too, Garcia. You're under arrest."

LAURIE'S "John, you don't *know!*" was a gasp of heartfelt relief. She snatched up her jacket and purse.

But Pete Garcia began to plead.

"Don't take me in. *Please*. Let me explain. Let me tell you—"

"Keep your hands up," John said curtly. He jerked the weapon from Garcia's waistband. "Now let's go."

"You don't understand!" Garcia was sweating, his dark eyes anguished with pleading. "I'm a Frenchman. I'll be deported back to France, and—I'll be shot."

"I don't think so."

"But I will! I was a collaborationist. If I went back they'd put me on trial and shoot me. Let me go. I swear I'll cross over into Mexico!"

"We don't throw cans over into our neighbor's yard. Come on."

"Wait! Consider. I'll make a deal. I'll tell you everything about this business. I'll show you Echeverry's pearls!"

"What d'you mean, Echeverry's pearls?" John demanded.

"He's got 'em in a wall safe. Look. I'll show you."

There was an electric clock on the wall. The clock hung from a nail, and Garcia swung it aside, revealing the knobbed dial of a small wall safe.

Garcia's fingers were shaking, he was close to hysteria. Awkwardly turning the dial, he mumbled numbers.

"Where does Echeverry get his pearls?" John asked sharply.

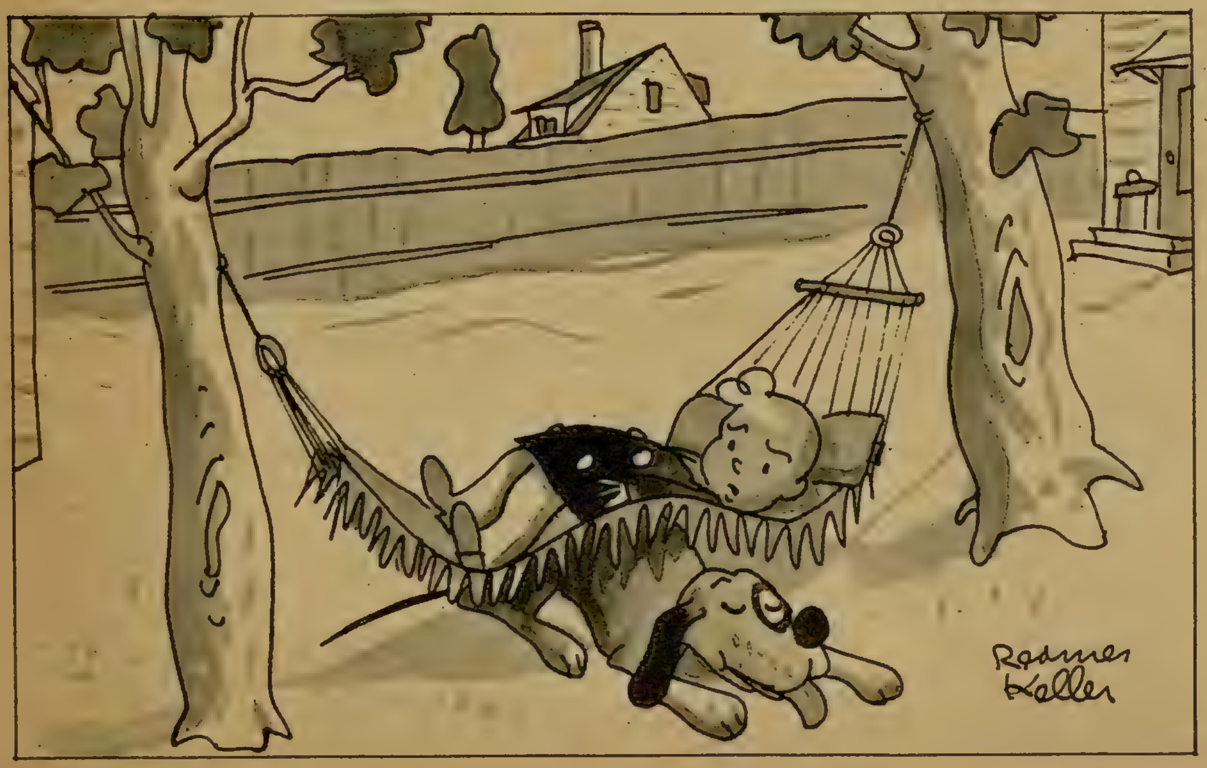
"They're hot—they're smuggled—"

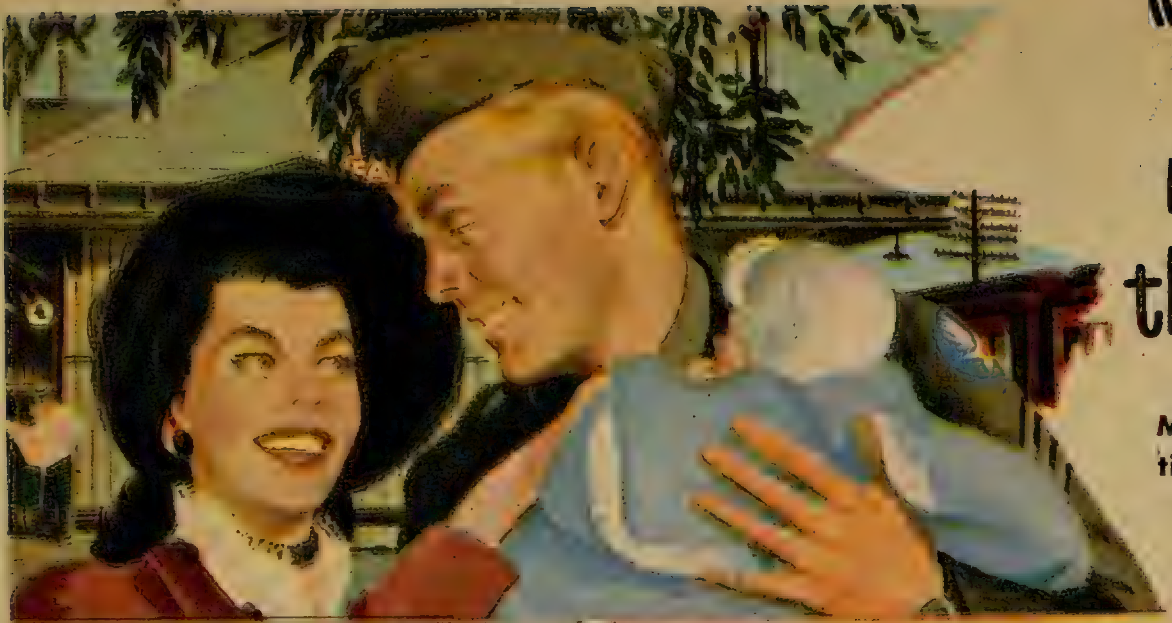
"Smuggled from where?"

"They're stuff that Nazi big shots took from rich people all over Europe. Some

(*Continued on page 58*)

HARDTACK

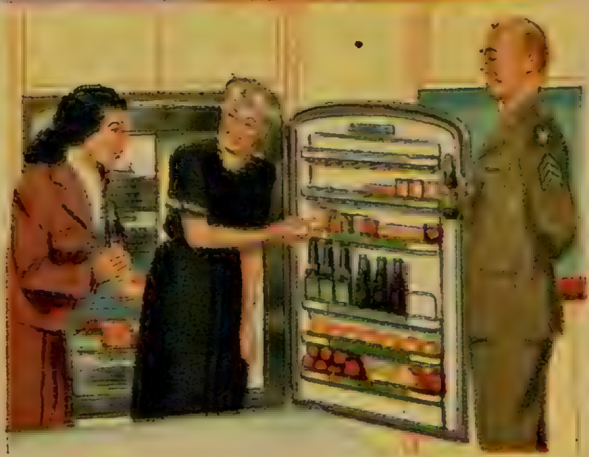




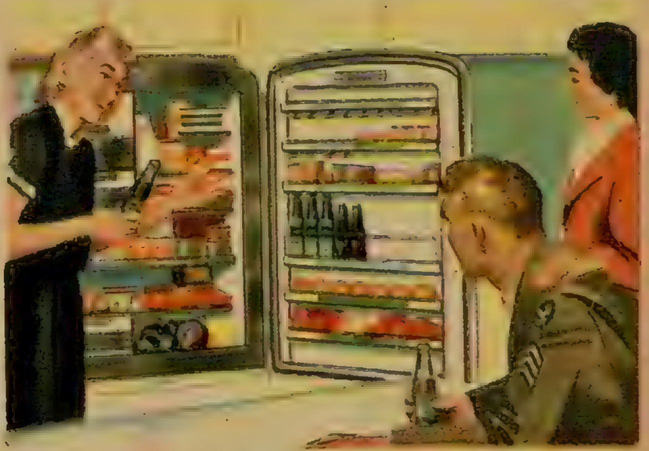
"We'll get a cold reception when they open the door!"

My wife looked startled. "Why! the first time your folks have seen me or the baby—I don't understand." "You will," I promised her, "and you'll love it."

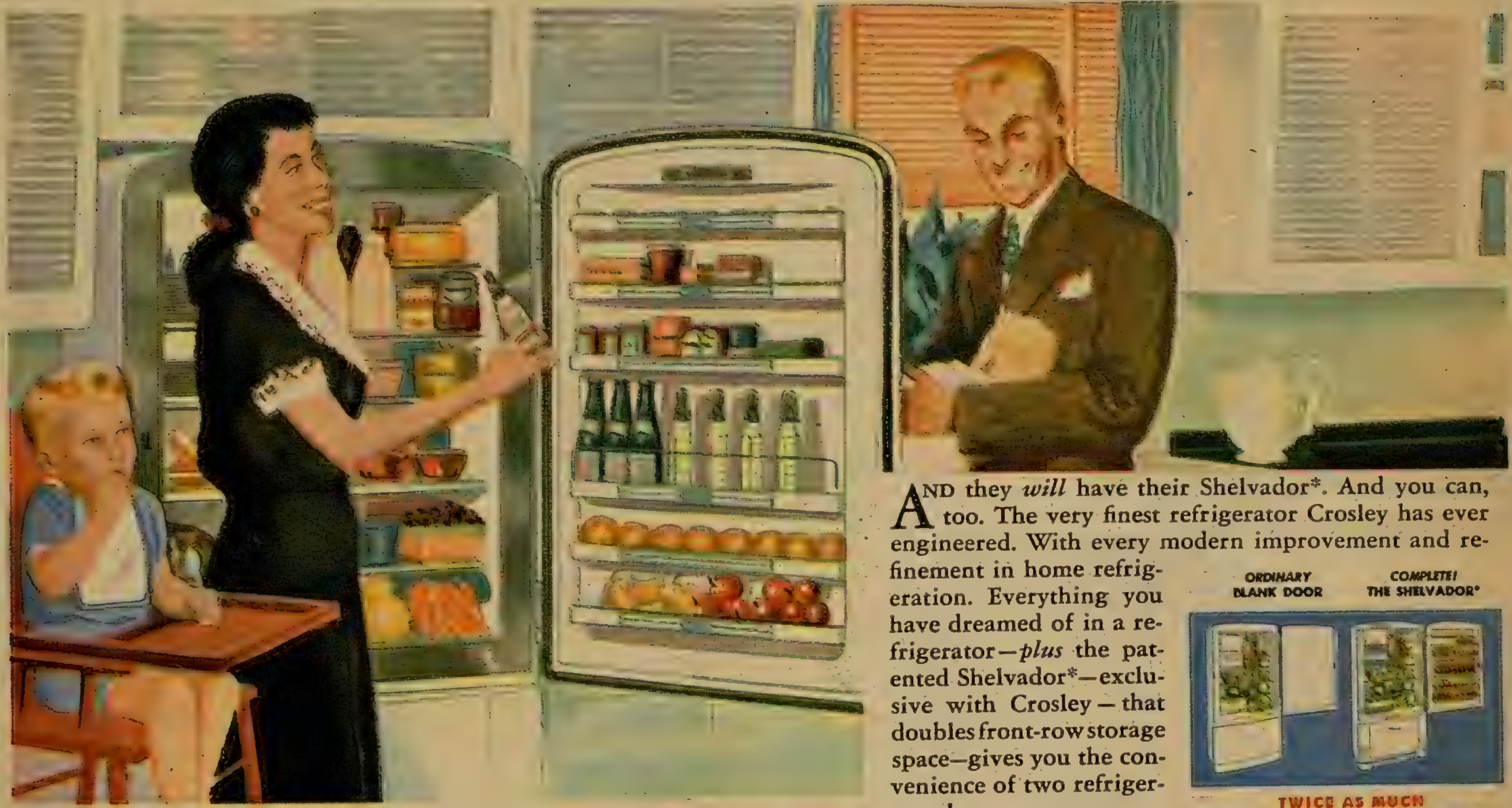
Mother and Dad took Anne and the baby to their hearts. (I knew they would.) "You poor child," said Mother to Anne. "After that long, hot trip you must be dying of thirst. Come in the kitchen. I'll get you a nice cold drink."



Mother opened the Shelvador* and pulled out chilled bottles. "So this is the cold reception," exclaimed Anne, "and this is the door! Wonderful!" "It is," agreed Mother. "It keeps a dozen bottles ice cold and has a place for eggs, fruit and all the small, packaged foods that usually clutter up a refrigerator."



"That leaves plenty of room for the baby's extra milk," Mother pointed out, "and there's space in the Shelvador* for your formula bottles. A sanitary place where they won't tip over." Anne looked at me. "Darling, can we have a bottle-door some day?" "Shelvador*", I corrected. "You bet."



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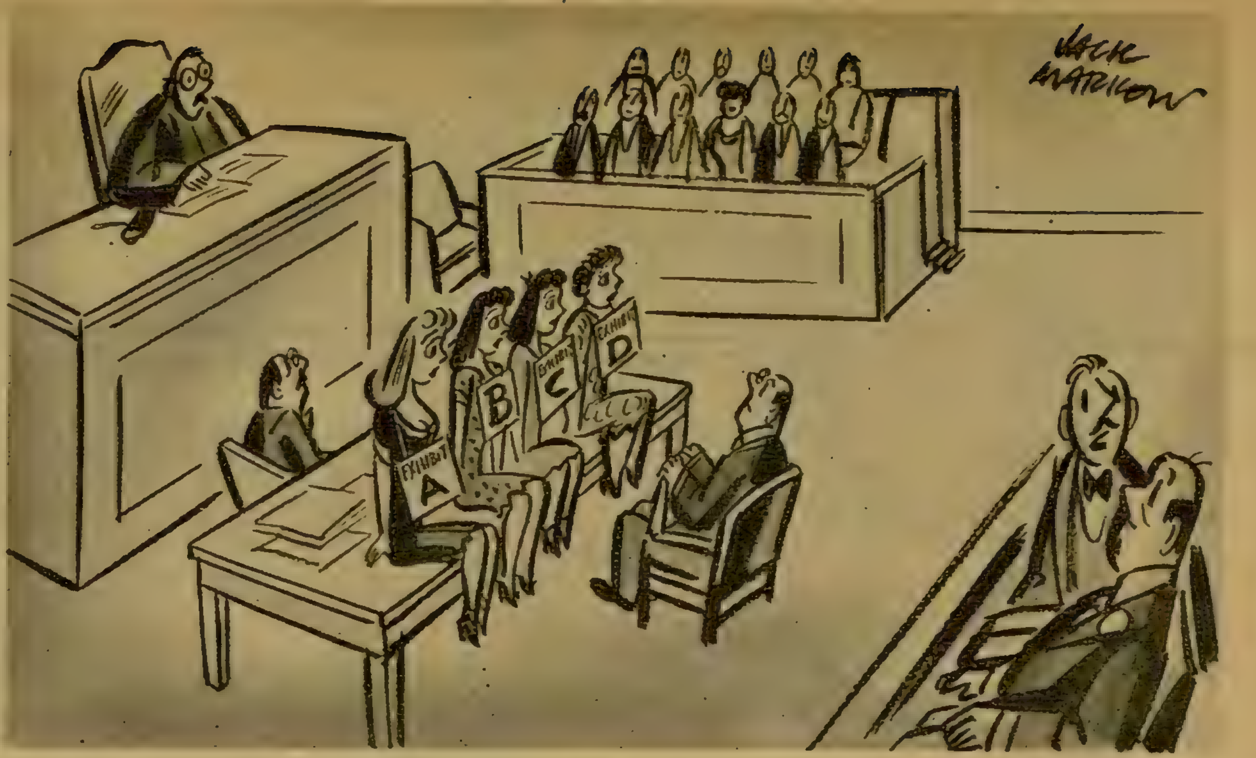


"Looks like another bigamy case."

(*Continued from page 56*)

of those top Nazis have been escaping to Switzerland and to South America, and they take along loot that's easy to carry." His trembling hands moved the safe dial. "B-but it ain't so easy to change the stuff into cash. Also, there ain't so many rich people in South America as in the United States."

Garcia swallowed agonizedly; sweat beaded his face and his lips quivered.

"How'd you get these pearls into the United States, Garcia?"

"Why, Echeverry'd send one of us on a trip to Tijuana every once in a while. We'd go to a certain souvenir store and they'd give us some cheap tourist junk. You can bring a hundred dollars' worth of goods back, you know. Well, the pearls would be in that junk. Take wooden beads, for instance. They'd be plastic wood molded around pearls and painted like junky wooden beads. Then Echeverry has a woman friend who flies to Mexico City every once in a while. She buys fancy packages of perfumes and cosmetics. The fancy packages sometimes has pearls hid in 'em. It's done real clever."

Garcia shut up, concentrating on turning the dial, and his breath was loud in the room.

Then the safe door came open.

"Take the stuff out," John snapped. "Put it on the table."

"Don't take anything out and get away from that safe!"

The sharp command came from behind John. He whirled, consternation a sudden hollow sickness within him, knowing that already it was too late.

In the hallway stood Echeverry, and behind him and a little back was Cantu. Both were armed.

"Garrett," Echeverry warned swiftly, "you may get one shot in, but we'll shoot Laurie! . . . Put your pistol on the table beside Garcia's."

John looked at Laurie. He caught a shaky breath—and put his gun on the table.

"I'll take 'em, boss!" Garcia said and reached for the weapons.

"Don't touch them, you rat!"

"Boss, you d-don't believe I—"

"We heard you talking."

"I was stalling, that's all, boss! I swear it!"

Echeverry did not answer. He strode to the safe and took out two chamois-skin pouches and stuck them into his coat pocket.

Then he gestured toward the hall and ordered, "Lead the way, Garrett."

John tensed, but Cantu's gun was leveled.

Echeverry repeated, "Outside. Get into the car."

Numbly John helped Laurie into the station wagon. They were ordered to take the middle seat, while Garcia slid under the steering wheel and Cantu sat at his side. Echeverry took the seat behind John and Laurie.

"I'm so sorry, John!" she whispered unsteadily.

He put his arm about her shoulders. "Not your fault, honey."

They drove south, through Balboa, then along the open coast. Through Laguna Beach, and on toward La Jolla. John's thoughts raced with aching clarity. Echeverry wouldn't even try sneaking across the border with all of them. They were a cargo he would jettison in some dark safe spot. . . .

And then a front tire blew out. John started violently, it sounded so much like a shot.

They clumped to a stop. Nick Cantu was swearing, but Echeverry quieted him with a harsh order.

"Put on the spare, Garcia. Help him, Garrett."

John jacked up the front axle while Garcia got the spare.

But when the jack was removed, the spare tire flattened out.

"We'll hail a car and borrow a pump. We'll be watching you two, close," Echeverry warned John and Garcia.

At long intervals cars passed, their headlights momentarily dazzling upon the group.

If only a State Highway Patrol car would come! John prayed.

A CAR stopped. An old Willys sedan which had been converted into a pick-up. The driver, slight and gray-haired, climbed down and chuckled sympathetically.

"Flat on the bottom, huh? My own tires are obsolete and I can't even get recaps, let alone new ones. So I just patch and pump. Standard Operating Procedure, my boys call it."

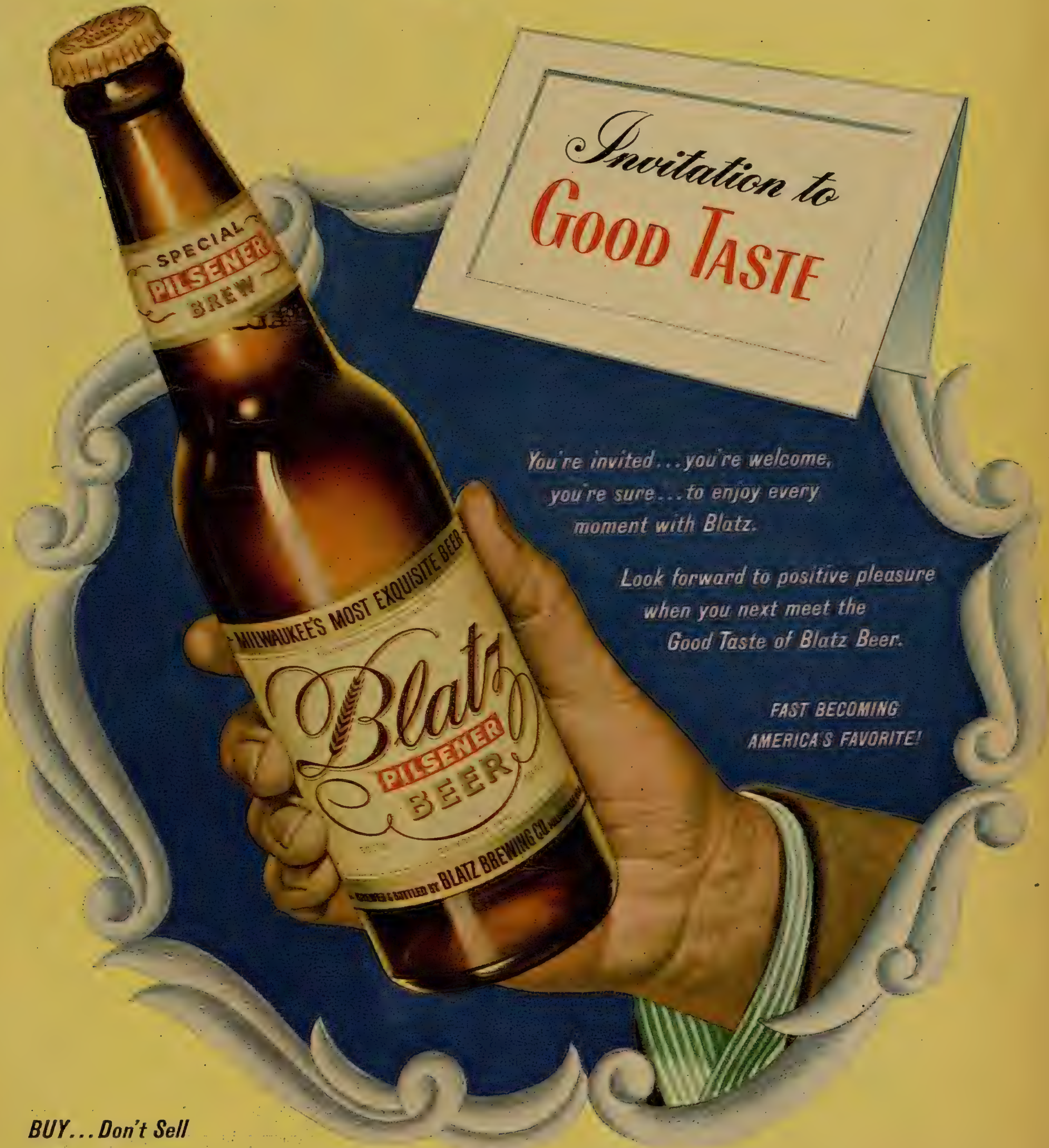
He had a pump. He dug it out, switched his spotlight onto the flat tire, affixed his pump and started working it himself.

"Garrett, you pump," Echeverry commanded.

But as John bent to take it, the old man

(*Continued on page 60*)

Blatz Beer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(*Continued from page 58*)

protested, "This pump's tricky. Better let me—"

Garcia saw his chance then. He whirled and fled off the road into the darkness. Nick Cantu shouted and sprang after him, and Echeverry spun on his heel. And then Cantu fired. The running figure of Garcia sprawled onto the ground; but almost instantly he was up again, running, and Echeverry shouted, "Keep after him, Nick!"

John snatched up the jack handle lying at his feet. Echeverry caught the movement from the corner of his eye, and whirled; but John had straightened up and swung; and the jack handle struck Echeverry over the eye with such force that he staggered back against the side of the station wagon and slumped senseless to the roadway, the pistol slipping from his inert fingers to clatter onto the concrete. John grabbed up the revolver.

Nick Cantu's pistol spoke again, and Garcia fell. John yelled and started running toward them. Garcia, on hands and knees, tried in his pain and fright to crawl. Then Nick Cantu reached him and lifted his pistol to bring it down onto Garcia's head.

John shouted, called wildly to him to stop.

The gun recoiled in John's hand; and Cantu crumpled, doubling up and pitching headlong over Garcia.

Pete Garcia was whimpering with pain and shock when John reached him; but Nick Cantu did not stir at all.

"John! *John!* Are you all right?"

Laurie was running toward him, calling anxiously. He went to meet her, and turned her away from the men prone on the ground.

And quietly he said, "It's over, Laurie. It's all over."

IN the F. B. I. office they examined the fine pearls taken from Echeverry. Mark Ainslee had had a long session with him, and jubilantly told the results to Laurie and John.

"As you know, these pearls are Nazi loot from Europe. They were flown to South America, then brought to Mexico, and finally smuggled into California. The Nazis had an efficient organization set up. Echeverry admits he was the top man here. He claims he was forced into the job, and it's partly true, I think. He has relatives in what was Vichy France, and he was told he'd either play ball or his nephews would be sent as so-called volunteers to fight on the Russian front. But I also figure that Echeverry wasn't unsympathetic to the Nazis—and the share of the profits that he was promised was a damn big factor in persuading him to turn smuggler.

"He probably was paid a fat share of the proceeds, and, in a corrupt sense, he earned it. Marketing those pearls required a lot of brains and a lot of audacity. He had both aplenty!

"Remember, John, you told me how sore Echeverry was when newspaper stories were printed about his finding abalone pearls? I told you right then that Echeverry himself must have given those stories to the papers! Which is exactly what he did. He planned a smart campaign. He advertised for abalone divers. Repeatedly he fed stories to the press about a bonanza of pearls right off our own coast. So when he finally offered gems to local dealers, they were conditioned to buy."

"Did he name the buyers for you?" John asked.

"Yes. Most of them were legitimate dealers who will hand over the gems to us. Echeverry deposited some of the money to his own bank account, and sent some in drafts to a bank in Mexico City. *That* money we probably won't be able to recover, but Echeverry's various fishing enterprises will make up most of the loss to the dealers."

"Your first patient, doctor?"

"That's good."

"We've had black markets," Ainslee said somberly, "but the biggest black market of all, which will extend far into the postwar period, is this one we've just tapped. The big-shot war criminals are holing up wherever they can find sanctuary. They're smart, they're desperate enough to take big chances, and they can always find dupes to buy from them. It's too bad. Because anybody buying this stuff is buying stolen goods and rendering aid and comfort to thieves. But even that isn't the worst of it. These war criminals aren't peddling their loot just for money to live on. It's to get cash to finance the undercover war that'll never stop, and to outfit for the next shooting war they are hoping for; to pay for whispering campaigns and propaganda, the kind of geopolitical sabotage that's so unsuspected and so damaging. And to fill secret caches with guns and bombs. It's a black market that'll give us no rest until we finally stamp it out. Thanks to you, John, we've put one crimp in its activity."

No, John thought; no thanks to me—but thanks to a girl who had courage, thanks to lanky Sikora and an act of chivalry, thanks to a gray-haired truck farmer with boys in the service who rendered a little act of kindness. *They* were the reasons that Echeverry was licked. They're smart, the Reuel Echeverrys and Nick Cantus. They're resourceful and bold and ruthless, but in their fanatic make-up they have no room for chivalry and none for generosity. And that is what licked them. That is what would make defeat of their very victories. . . .

JOHN had a date with Laurie the next evening. They were to go to dinner, then to a movie; and he waited for her on the corner of Sixth and Hill.

When he saw her coming, his pulse skipped and he laughed right out. Laurie wore a gray suit, trim and smart on her graceful figure; and a tiny hat, a clever little beanie that left her bright hair uncovered to glisten in the sun. Still smiling, John drew a brand-new pipe from his pocket. And as Laurie approached, he set the stem in his mouth and, very ostentatiously, started lighting up.

THE END

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY

Phil Hustis

"Oh, boy! Where did **you** get **that**!"

MONEY IN THE BANK

Continued from Page 19

wood said, mollified. "I do remember the game. Yes indeed. There was a night at Wipers—er—yes," he said, checking a fond memory, and he looked expectantly at Ezra's right hand, which had covered the cards on the desk. Ezra reluctantly removed his hand.

Mr. Burtonwood's mouth parted slightly beneath his bristling red mustache.

"By Jove," he breathed. "By Jove!"

"Is it good?" Mr. Salem-Smythe asked.

"Good, sir? I wish I had those cards with a good hand out against me! Er—yes, sir. Very good. Very, very good. . . . Excuse me," he said to Ezra, and he whispered into Mr. Salem-Smythe's ear.

Mr. Salem-Smythe's eyes opened a fraction. "But highly irregular," the banker said, tapping his glasses reflectively on the tip of his nose. "Highly irregular. A bank of our standing—"

"We could send along a bodyguard, sir," Mr. Burtonwood urged. "And it's merely an overnight transaction."

"But the Midlands Bank—"

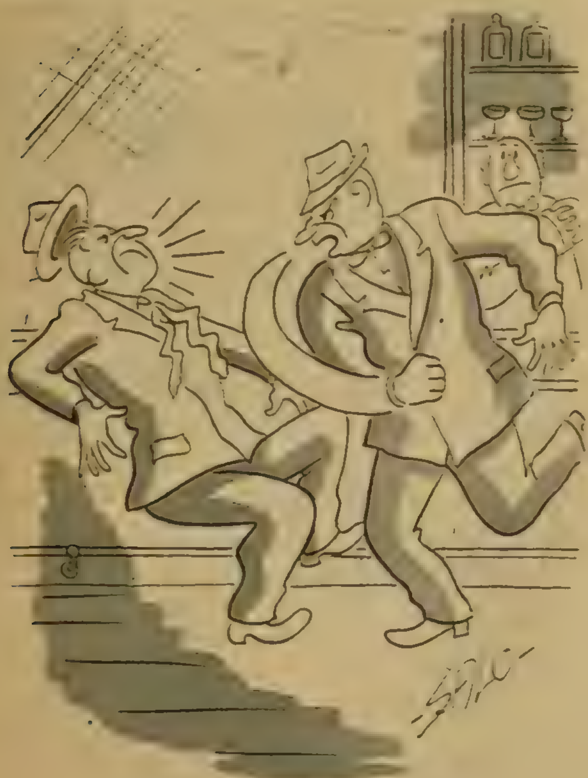
"Midlands Bank—what of it?" Ezra blurted. "The Cranshaw Bank of California is backing the other hand!"

"Eh?" said both Mr. Burtonwood and Mr. B. J. S. Salem-Smythe, and Ezra realized that somehow he'd made a mistake.

Mr. Burtonwood ushered him out regretfully a few minutes later. It seemed that the Midlands Bank of England could not engage in a wager with the Cranshaw Bank of California because of the possible international repercussions between Allied nations during wartime. Mr. B. J. S. Salem-Smythe had helpfully suggested that Ezra hold his cards until after the war and the period of postwar readjustment, after which negotiations might be renewed. But Ezra did not have the English capacity for the long-range view. He wanted money, and now.

"Er—Mr. Hadlock," Mr. Burtonwood said quietly in the anteroom. "I trust you will keep this confidential. Merely a personal investment, y'know. Entirely unofficial." And he slipped Ezra two five-pound notes.

"Mr. Burtonwood!" Mr. B. J. S. Salem-Smythe had entered behind them. Mr. Burtonwood mumbled something and made an exit.



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"I say, sir," Mr. Salem-Smythe said confidentially. "Purely as a personal matter and strictly between the two of us—ten per cent, I understand." And Mr. Salem-Smythe pressed a ten-shilling note into Ezra's palm.

EZRA went back to his washing and ironing and mending for a few days, and then he had a talk with the C. O., Captain Weatherton.

"Sir, I would like to become a gunner."

"Gunner? I thought you were one of the boys who were going to play it smart and come out of this war? You didn't want the glory, you didn't want the wings. You wanted your neck."

"Yes, sir. But I've changed my mind. I want to be a gunner."

"Hadlock," the captain said with feeling, "I'm glad to see this change in you. I always said you were a good man, if you had something to keep you in line. And now that you want to do your share in combat against the enemy—"

The captain paused, squinting suspiciously. "Say, has flying pay got anything to do with this?"

Ezra nodded sheepishly. "I'd make staff sergeant as a gunner, and with flying pay added—"

The captain folded his arms and shook his head slowly. "I've seen a girl do it. I've seen religion do it. I've seen responsibility do it. And patriotism. But this is the first time I've seen a hand of draw poker make a man out of a goof-up. . . . O. K., Hadlock, I'll see what I can do."

So Ezra went to gunnery school and emerged a waist gunner and was assigned to a crew and started flying bomber missions over Germany. He made staff sergeant, and with this rank and flying pay he made sizable contributions to the kitty kept by Captain Weatherton.

Clay Miller, on the other hand, lived a gay life. Every time Ezra put some money in the kitty, Clay Miller borrowed the amount, less ten per cent, from Private First Class J. Arthur Cranshaw III, on the security of his own hand. Proving that the same stimulus works in strange ways on the complex human organism.

And then came Ezra's fourteenth mission. The bad one. He'd sweated out the thirteenth, as everybody does, but the fourteenth was the bad one. They went to bomb oil at Brux and it was a long haul. They came to the I. P. and began the long level glide of the bomb run, with the flak opening up all about in soft black puffs that sent snarling pellets through the thin metal body of the plane. Ezra crouched in his flak suit at the right waist window. It was cold, unearthly cold, a cold that overcame his electric clothing and sank into his bones. He watched the black puffs of the flak and watched for enemy fighters and watched the little ball rise and fall in the oxygen indicator, and he listened to the sounds like the blowing of champagne corks as the wind popped through new flak holes.

Over the target and bombs away, and he drew a deep thankful gasp that the lethal load was gone from the plane's belly; and just then a burst of flak opened up off the wing and the plane lurched heavily and started into a spin, and number four engine was afire and the prop windmilling. The spin flung him against the side of the plane and he was helpless to move. He couldn't stoop down to get his parachute pack from the floor. The gun mount was ramming him in the side and he couldn't move away from it, and his world went around and around and dropped sickeningly, and he thought, This is it!

THEN the plane began pulling out, and over the intercom came the co-pilot's voice: "Hang on, boys. I'm going to try diving the fire out. Don't jump until you hear the bell." And the great bomber turned its nose down and screamed toward the earth. The streets and rooftops grew larger and larger below. The plane was so low that Ezra saw a man scurrying from a smoking ruin before it leveled out. Then the fire was gone and the prop was feathered. But they had lost their altitude and were tail-end Charlie with three engines deep in Germany, and presently the fighters hit them.

There were sleek ME-109s and snub-nosed FW-190s, and they came in diagonally from above and behind, diving, cannon and machine guns blinking, and then barreling down and away, and Ezra held his fire until they were broadside in the turn and then let go a squirt with his fifty-caliber.

"Got one," the tail gunner reported.

"Got one," the other waist gunner reported.

"Pilot got it with that first burst of flak," the co-pilot reported over the intercom. "Here they come."

They came in from straight ahead, in a wave line abreast, screaming past Ezra's window too fast for a shot. Then there was

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

COO-OPERATION: Reciprocity among carrier pigeons.

VITAMIN SEA: The salt-water vitamin.

SALVE-AGE: A soft barbarian.

BLISSTER: One that makes you happy.

CAN'TATA: Musical composition that's impossible to sing.

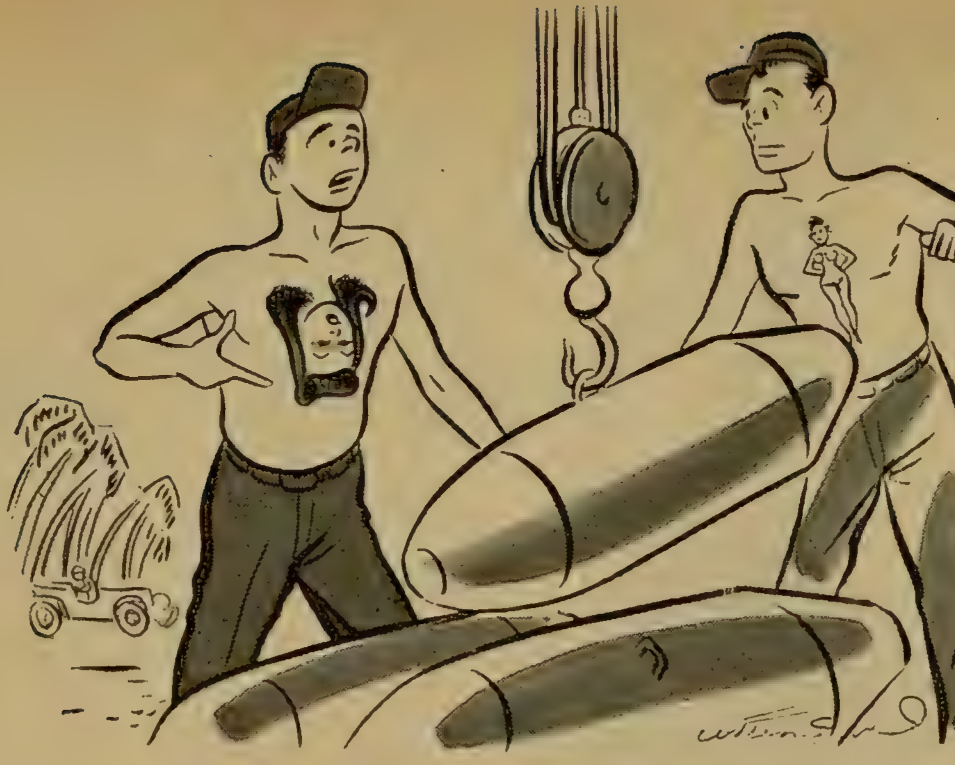
EKE-LESIASTIC: Minister who barely makes a living.

CRABIN: A fiddler's little house.

YACHTTOMAN: Footstool for a pleasure-boat owner.

HOGUMENT: Debate in a pigsty.

WRITHING SON: Lisping what Japan is the land of.



"I wanted something I could look at!"

a breather and Ezra saw that the man opposite him at the left waist gun had been hit and was crumpled in a shapeless heap.

He straightened the man out and examined his wound, and there was nothing to do but watch him die. He was only a kid, nineteen years old, with short blond hair and a ridiculous little fuzzy mustache he'd grown to look older.

"Bogies ten o'clock high!" called the tail gunner over the intercom, and Ezra was busy again.

When this attack was over he saw that the boy had died.

THE next attack put out another engine, which left them with two.

"Bogies three o'clock!" sang out the co-pilot. But these proved to be P-51 Mustangs with the white American star, four of them, and they herded the crippled bomber along an hour or so. Then they were low on gas and dipped wings in good luck and sped away. They were hardly out of sight when an ME-109 dived out of the sun. Ezra saw it, yelled, opened up his gun and held it open, his whole body shaking with the recoil, leading the plane as he used to lead a duck in the marsh back home. And then, just as it flashed by, white smoke began pouring from it and it began a steep climbing turn and suddenly went apart in a great ball of fire.

"I've had it, boys," the co-pilot said in a small voice. "Can anybody here—"

"Keep your seats, men!" Ezra yelled into his mike. "I washed out of cadets, but I can fly one of these babies!" He made his way up to the nose and dragged the bodies of the pilot and co-pilot clear and took over. He called the navigator for position, but got no answer, so he headed for France, which is a pretty big target. Below were columns of trucks and guns. An eighty-eight-millimeter opened up from a clump of trees, tracing the bomber, the bursts walking nearer, and then the plane shuddered and the number two engine was streaming smoke and flame.

"Boys, you'd better jump," Ezra said.

"What are you doing?" came back the voice of the engineer gunner.

"I'm sticking with her."

"Then so am I."

And this echoed from the other four men able to speak.

They were losing altitude and framework began showing as the aluminum skin fell away from around the burning engine. Soldiers below were shooting up with rifles. There were trees around and hills, but there was a big green clearing, and Ezra came down for it, banked in with his good engine pulling to give him control, and the fire roaring in the wind. The men in the bomber had come onto the flight deck, and they braced as good as they could, and Ezra bellied her in, wheels up. There was a great tearing crash, and next thing Ezra knew he was on a stretcher in the belly of a C-47 transport and a nurse bundled in flying clothes was watching a bottle that was draining into a tube strapped to his arm. He felt for his money belt with his other hand and went to sleep in peace.

He woke up again in a Nissen hut, and a nurse in a white uniform was watching him, and she said, "How do you feel?"

He felt and said, "It's gone! Where's my money belt?"

"Don't worry."

"Where's my money belt? Hell, that's the only reason I brought that plane back over the lines! What happened to my money belt?"

The nurse shot him with something and when he woke up again she said, "Now be quiet."

"Where's my money belt?" he yelled as loud as he could, which wasn't very loud.

The nurse had auburn hair and freckles on her nose and was rather cute, except she was a second lieutenant. She said, "There was nothing in it and it was badly chewed up—you were lucky—and it was gory, and I disposed of it."

"You *what?* What did you do with the cards in it?"

"Those?" the nurse said. "For goodness' sake! I disposed of them, too. Were they your good-luck charm? I'm sorry. They were torn and I burned them."

Ezra didn't need a shot to go out this time.

WHEN he got out of the hospital he went to the Midlands Bank with his new Silver Star ribbon on his chest and his Purple Heart and got an audience with Mr. B. J. S. Salem-Smythe and Mr. Burtonwood. The two gentlemen were frankly horrified.

"But you see, sir," they explained, "our —er—personal interest would mitigate against our position as bankers. We understand your position, but it would be utterly impossible for us to testify as to the value of the cards you showed us."

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LISTEN TO "FREEDOM OF OPPORTUNITY" EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT — MUTUAL NETWORK

Ezra tried to argue, but came to realize he was up against the impassable stone wall of the British "Sorry."

So he went to Captain Weatherton. "I can't take your uncorroborated word about the value of your hand," the captain said. "There's too much money involved. Didn't you show your cards to somebody? Some officer?"

"Sir," Ezra said, taking a deep breath, "may I use your phone?"

HE called the hospital and asked for Lieutenant Betty Mills, the nurse with the freckles on her nose.

"I just want to give you a piece of my mind," he said. "After that, you can have me court-martialed. But you've got it coming, babe."

"You mean about those cards? Heavens, why don't you just pick another royal flush from some deck and use them for a good-luck charm?" she said.

"What?" Ezra said. "What did you say?"

"I said, pick another royal flush from a deck of cards. Don't be superstitious. One royal flush is as good as another."

"R-royal flush? Then you know poker?"

"I haven't been in the Army two years for nothing, chum. Ten to the ace, in diamonds."

"Sir," Ezra croaked to the captain, "will you take this phone and ask this officer to repeat what she just said?"

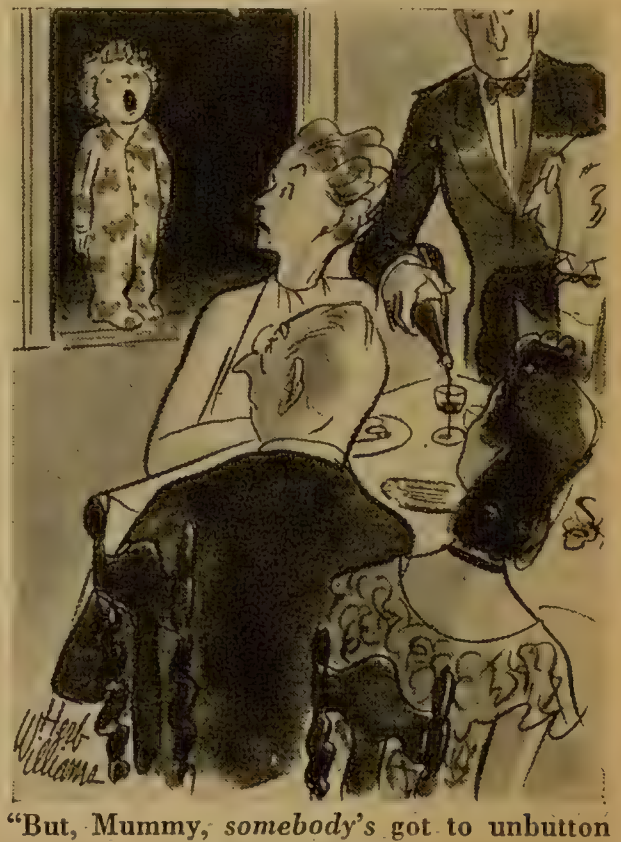
So Ezra's hand was corroborated. He and the captain went to see Clay Miller. "A royal flush in diamonds?" Clay Miller said slowly. "Well, I'll be damned!" And out of his wallet he produced a royal flush in hearts.

So it was a draw. Two royal flushes of equal value. Ezra got back what he'd put in the kitty; for him it had just been money in the bank. Clay Miller owed a horrible debt to Private First Class J. Arthur Cranshaw III, who in turn learned the lesson fairly early in life that there is no such thing as a perfectly sure investment.

Ezra might have degenerated into a goof-up again after that. But his admiration for Lieutenant Betty Mills was so profound that it ripened into something deeper, and with official permission they got married the day he finished his tour, which gave him something to work for again.

But he was disillusioned about poker. He said if a guy can't win on a royal flush, it's time to quit, and he did.

THE END



"But, Mummy, *somebody's* got to unbutton me in the back!"

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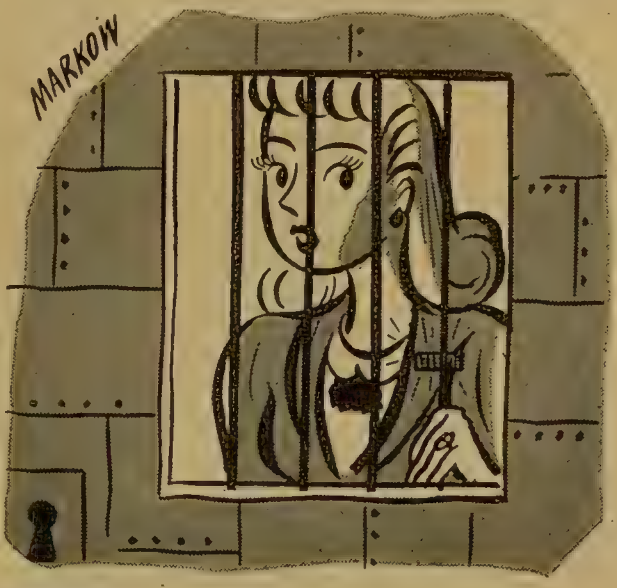
THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

BRADLEY ROBERTS, S1c, Philippines. The new Navy ribbon you describe —a gray-and-green bar with a silver seashore device attached—is awarded to both Merchant Marine and Navy personnel aboard any War Shipping Administration vessel which wins the Gallant Ship Award.

* * *

Pfc. E. G. W., Craig Field, Selma, Ala. The small lapel model of decorations is perfectly in order on a vet's civilian clothes. It is not in order on a wife's dress or coat.



Violator

No one except the veteran himself is entitled to wear the decorations. There is a $250 fine for violators.

* * *

Mrs. D. R., West Monroe, La. I certainly hope, along with you, that nothing will happen to your husband. But if anything does, you will receive six months' gratuity pay, paid at the rate he was receiving at the time of death; you will get any arrears of his pay; you will get a widow's pension; you will get any insurance he may have taken out in your favor; and you will be given a preferential rating on any Civil Service exam you care to take.

* * *

C. L. B., Athens, Ala. Your brother's wife's allowance cannot be stopped unless he gets a legal separation or divorce and is not forced by the court to pay any alimony. If he wishes to institute such proceedings, have him check with his Legal Aid officer.

* * *

Robert B. Luchars, New York, N. Y. You may count on any assistance Old Sarge can lend you in your program to secure jobs for those veterans who are disabled. I am also in favor of your program to raise the widow's pension from $50 a month to $75.

* * *

B. C. Rich, Y1c, San Diego, Calif. The Continental Army was established on June 14, 1775; ships to defend the colonies were purchased October 13, 1775; the first battalions of Marines were formed November 10, 1775. These three were forerunners of today's Army, Navy, and Marine Corps. Actual beginnings, *after* the formation of the United States, were: Army, August 7, 1789; Navy, April 30, 1798; and Marine Corps, July 11, 1798.

* * *

D. L., S2c, FPO, San Francisco, Calif. No, a Wave is not eligible for a discharge or retirement to inactive duty merely because she has married a Navy man.

* * *

Mrs. Milton Coombs, Chicago, Ill. Admiral Halsey's exact words, and Old Sarge thinks people ought to memorize them, were: "If we let the Japs negotiate a peace now and we do not demand absolute and unconditional surrender, we are committing the greatest crime in the history of our country. They will merely use the peace, as Germany did before them, to build up for another war."

* * *

M. C. Hart, Skowhegan, Me. The Soldier's Medal is awarded for heroism not involving actual combat with the enemy—for example, saving a fellow soldier from being burned in a plane by braving the flames and pulling him to safety.

* * *

Fred Cantwell, Miami, Fla. Thanks for your flattering suggestion that Old Sarge's picture be printed in the magazine, but the editors have wisely decided against it. There is a limit to what can be sent through the mails, you know.

* * *

Major Robert Laurents, Italy. The late Ernie Pyle was the thirtieth war correspondent to be killed since Pearl Harbor.

* * *

Pvt. C. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. The Expert Infantryman Badge is awarded to those troops passing specified tests in marching, shooting, etc. It carries a $5-a-month pay raise for enlisted men. The Combat Infantryman Badge is awarded overseas for exemplary conduct in ground action against the enemy. It carries a $10-a-month pay raise, also for EMs only.

* * *

Lt. W. J. C., Little Rock, Ark. Come, come, lieutenant. Of course I don't think Frank Sinatra should have been drafted just because he's Frank Sinatra. Celebrities should have the same rights and privileges as unknowns. So far as The Voice is concerned, and I am not one who swoons when he sings, I think his conduct has been better than the public's. If the Army had wanted him, it would have taken him. It didn't. He was rejected on physical grounds, not because he was essential. Let's be fair about this thing.

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions about the Armed Forces. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

A PRAYER FOR MIKE

Continued from Page 23

something more than a "Hey, babe, let's get married" over a plate of cold Lima beans.

I said, "Mike, weddings are serious affairs. They're not a fifteen-minute adventure program on the radio. People promise to love and honor until death do them part. And after that, they settle down and rent a house in the country and they live like ordinary human beings. They kiss each other and hold hands in movies—Oh, Mike, they don't act like characters in a play. Mike, don't you understand? When people get married they love each other. They love each other so much that it hurts."

Suddenly the room was quiet. The last customers had left. Mike didn't say anything. He stood up and walked over to the nickelodeon in the corner. I heard the nickel drop and then a violin began to play. It was Intermezzo.

"Mike, it won't do any good."

Suddenly I felt that I wanted to cry. But you can't cry with Mike unless you're an eight-year-old girl who has just fallen off her bicycle. If you're twenty-eight, he'll just laugh and say, "Look out, babe, your mascara will run."

I stood up and pulled my coat around my shoulders and started to walk out. From the door I said, "Good night, Wizard Boy. Keep them flying." Then I was out on the sidewalk walking toward Broadway. The tears I had been forcing back started to well up in my eyes, but this time I didn't care. I tried to tell myself it wasn't worth it. Some day a man would come along who knew the difference between love and a game of gin rummy.

When I crossed Broadway I felt a hand on my arm.

"Mike, go away. Please."

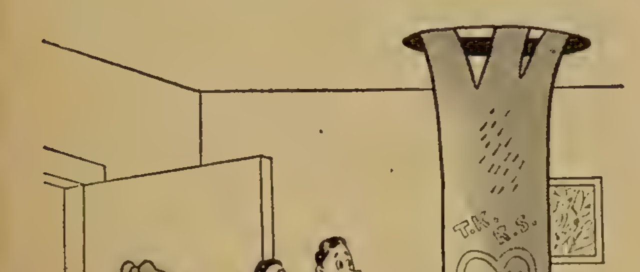
I kept looking straight ahead, and Mike held on to my arm. Then Mike said, "Lady, would you like to buy a bunch of violets? Nice fresh violets."

They were beautiful violets and Mike had been holding them in back of him.

He said, "Charleston, I forgot to tell you something. I—I love you very much."

Then I turned to him and I said, "Mike, do you? Do you, really?"

Mike didn't answer. For a moment he just looked at me and then he took me in his arms and for two minutes the crowds



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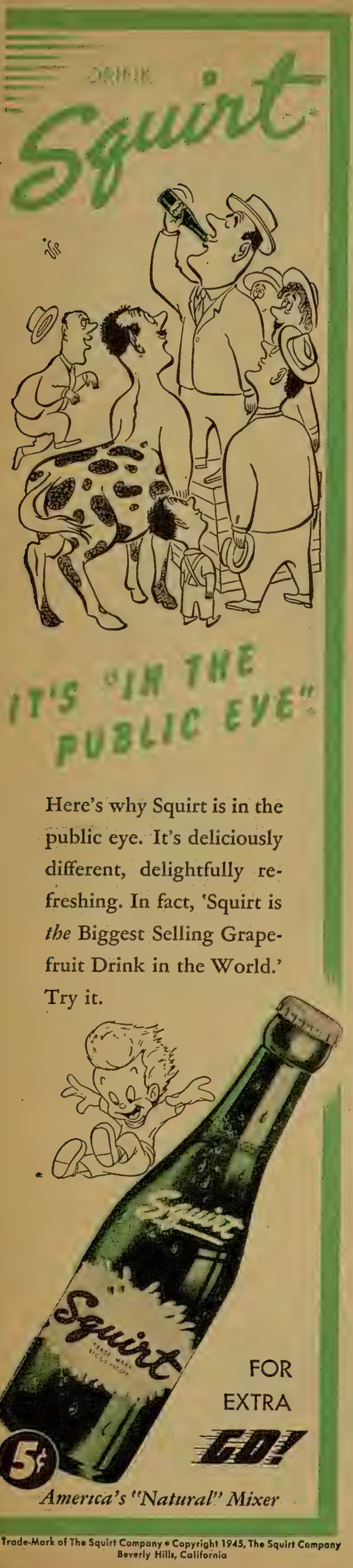
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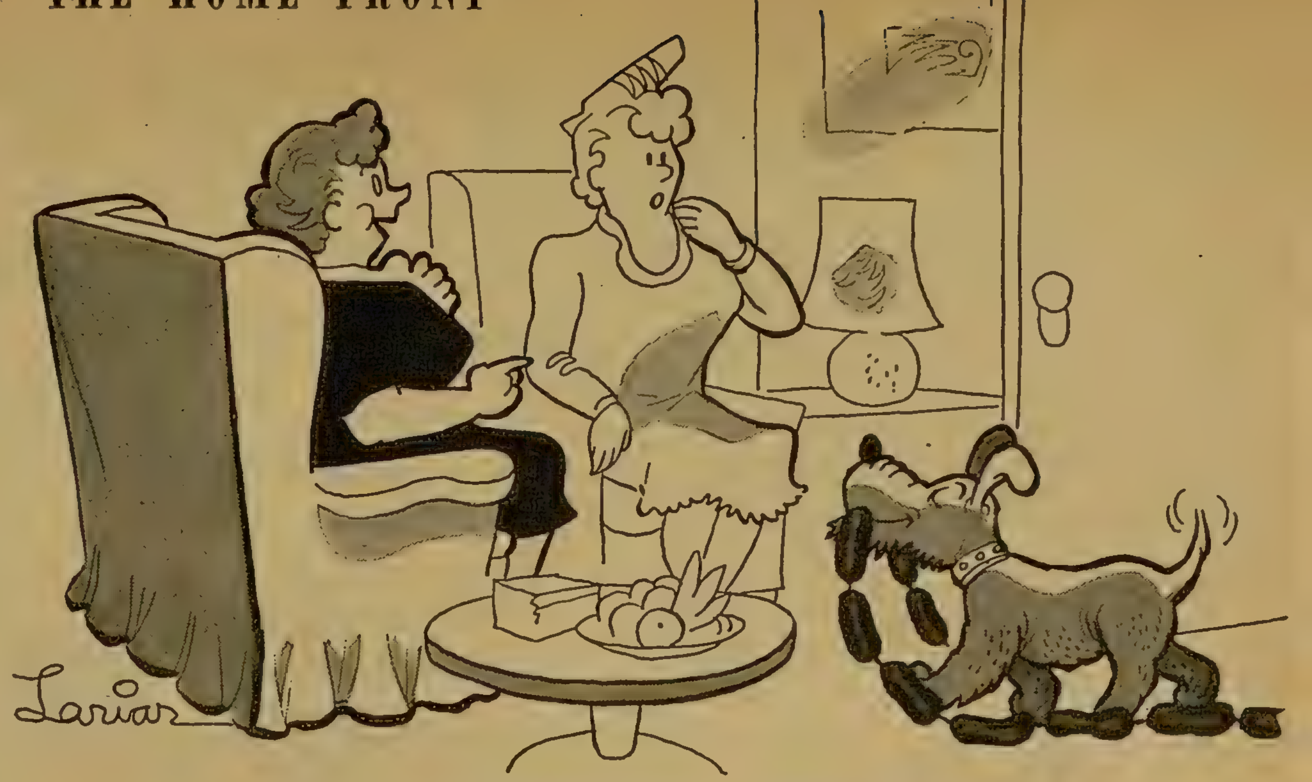


"He can't do any tricks, but he's a wonderful provider!"

of people going into the concert at Carnegie Hall just stopped and stared at a man kissing a girl whose tears were streaming down the sides of her face and whose heart was doing backflips in double time.

We got into Mike's car and drove to my apartment. Mike pulled my suitcase down from the top of the closet and then he said, "Don't stand there, Charleston. We're going to a wedding!" My heart was still pounding as I folded the last dress. Mike had turned the radio on. There was music, and I said, "Mike, dance with me . . . hold me close to you." Mike held me in his arms and I whispered in his ear, "Don't ever let me go, Mike." And down deep inside of me I was saying, "I'm really just a little girl, Mike, and you'll have to take very good care of me. We've had a lot of fun together, but now it has to be very real and very wonderful."

We left New York at eleven. We drove along the Merritt Parkway, and then at New Haven we turned off and started up the Connecticut River valley toward New Hampshire.

We stopped at an all-night diner for some hamburgers and coffee. There was a radio tucked in behind the boxes of corn flakes and shredded wheat. An orchestra was playing Night and Day, and I said, "Mike, dance with me!" We swayed back and forth down the narrow tiled floor between the booths and the counter.

"It's not true, is it, Mike?"

"What?"

"I mean about husbands not being able to dance with their wives?"

Mike laughed. "We're not married yet!"

The counterman watched us dancing.

"Say, you two ain't fixin' to get married, are you?" he asked.

We just stood there and nodded our heads. In a dry voice he said, "Don't do it. I been married for fifteen years. Her name's Mary. You never seen a woman who could nag a man like that woman."

When we were out in the car again, I said, "Darling, I won't nag at you!"

Mike laughed. "If you do, I'll beat you. On second thought, I'll beat you anyhow, just to make sure you behave."

And then it was half past one and Mike said, "We'd better stay some place and get some sleep. We'll drive to Hanover in the morning." I didn't say anything for a moment, and he said, "Hey, Charleston. Stop worrying about your morals. We'll have a good strong wall of Jericho."

Softly I said, "I wasn't worrying, Mike. I was just trying to wish time away!"

Dear Lord, then it was all right to wish time away, but now I want it all back, every minute of it, good and bad. Dear Lord, Mike is such a fool.

For five miles we kept passing signs that said, "Stop at Cozy Cabins." There was one light on in a small farmhouse when we reached the place. The cabins were along a row of tall elm trees.

Mike said, "Let's wake up the farmer."

We rang the bell and waited. There was a shuffling of feet and the door cracked open. A woman stood there with her bathrobe wrapped around her.

"Yes?"

Mike said, "Do you have a cabin and a—"

The woman broke in. She said, "Are you two married?"

Mike laughed, "Well, not exactly. But we're going to be married. Tomorrow. Congratulate us!"

The woman drew back and said, "Well, this is a respectable place. You get married before you try renting my cabins."

The door slammed and we just stood there. All at once I felt cold inside. I wanted to turn around and drive back to New York and forget what we had started off for. But then I looked at Mike. He never could understand people who couldn't understand him. Now he looked like a little boy who had just dropped his ice-cream cone in a mud puddle.

IT was half past two in the morning and it was getting cold. We drove away and Mike didn't say anything for a moment, but I knew what he was thinking. Then he said, "I'm sorry, Charleston."

I said, "Mike, stop the car a minute, I want to talk to you."

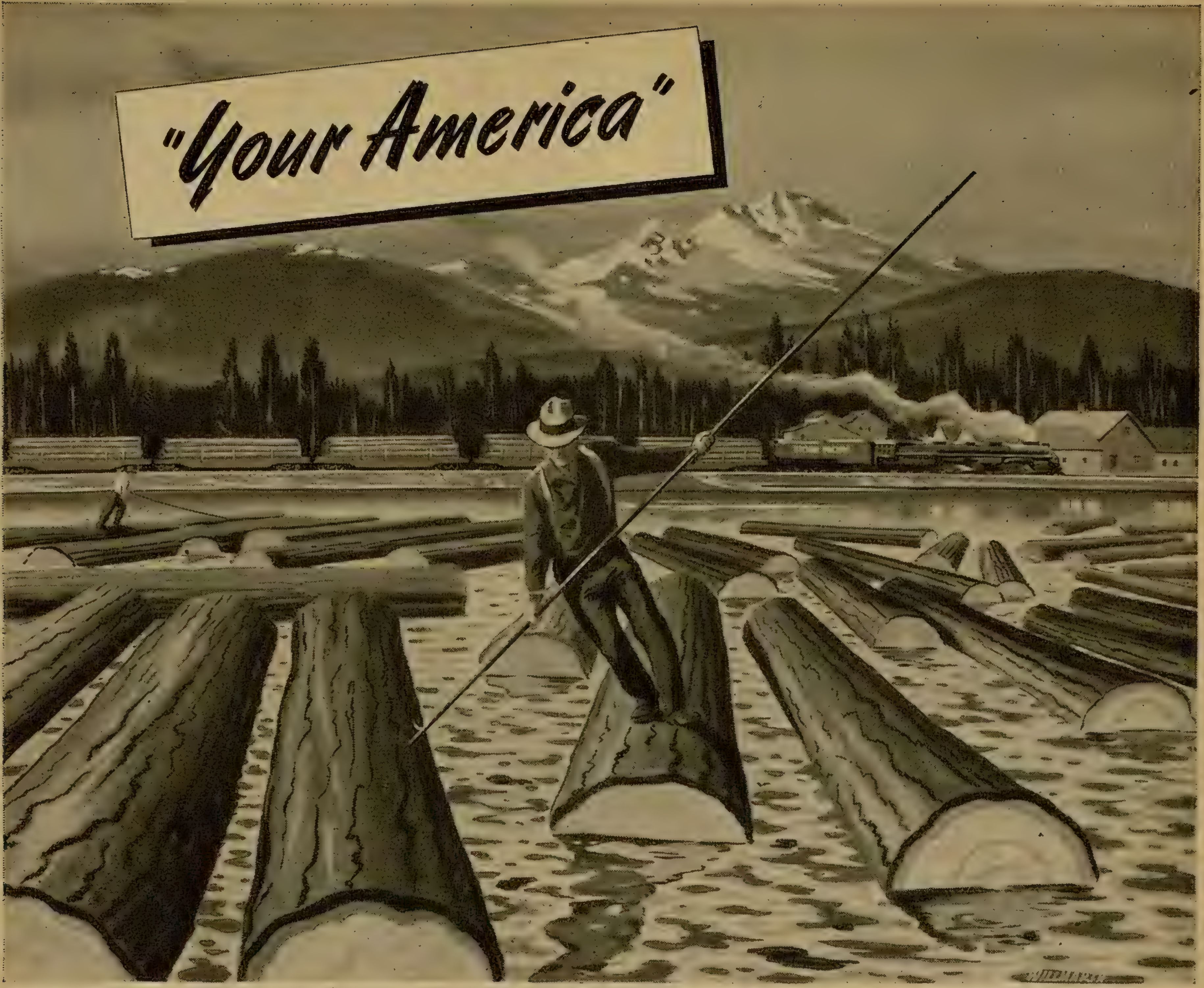
We drove along until Mike saw a narrow lane and turned into it. We stopped, and I put my arms around him and said, "Oh, Mike, this is the craziest thing I've ever done in my life—running off in the middle of the night to marry a man like you. But I want you to know that I not only love you but I like you very much." Mike kissed me. He was a different Mike now. He was warm and tender and his voice was soft.

"That woman," he said. "She was an old—"

"Yes, darling, she was!"

And then it was after three and Mike said, "It's too late to go to bed and it's too early to get up." We pulled the blanket out from the back of the car and then I

(*Continued on page 70*)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And, in peacetime, Oregon's healthful climate, pleasant living conditions and remarkable scenic beauty will attract, not only vacationists, but many present-day "pioneers" who seek future security and contentment in the vast western area of *your America.*

NOTE: Write Union Pacific, Omaha, Neb., for information regarding industrial or business sites in Oregon or other western states.

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UNION PACIFIC

RAILROAD

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MONTANA
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YOU DO LEAD WITH YOUR CHIN, DON'T YOU?
WHY NOT? I USE SMOOTH STAR BLADES!
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"The Aristocrat of Liqueurs"

You and your guests deserve the best—so serve FORBIDDEN FRUIT with pride—before dinner—after dinner—anytime. 70 proof

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JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ..

"A feller needs every vitamin in his Victory Garden to give him the energy to keep the durned thing in shape.

• • •

As far as I know, nobody's ever discovered a vitamin that's good for run-down heels. So it's good sense to get long-wearing rubber heels in the first place.

• • •

The best way to do that is to always ask for Hood Suprex Rubber Heels. You can tell them by the Hood Arrow."

LOOK FOR THIS ARROW

HOOD

HOOD RUBBER COMPANY
A Division of B. F. Goodrich

(*Continued from page 68*)

turned around and curled up in Mike's arms.

We could hear the crickets chirping. Then from down in the valley came the clear tones of a church bell striking. I was almost asleep when Mike said, "Are you comfortable?"

I moved my head a little and murmured, "Mmmmm," and then I said, "Good night, Mike."

Minutes later I was almost talking in my sleep, but Mike heard me. I said, "Darling, the people in Charleston wouldn't approve of this." And then I said, "But I do!"

WE woke early and my arms and legs were stiff. I was cold and hungry and Mike's face, badly in need of a shave, was rough against my cheek. Mike said, "Good morning, darling." And I said, "Hey, it's bad luck to see the bride before the wedding."

The wedding. I kept thinking about how I had planned everything. I would be in my own room in Charleston and it would be nine o'clock and my mother would come in and pull the curtains and say, "Barbara, get up. You have a lot to do today." She would babble on about all the little details, and I would stretch out in my bed and say over and over again to myself, "I'm going to be married today."

But now my eyes were open and it was six thirty and I wanted to brush my teeth and wash my face and drink a cup of hot steaming coffee.

"Mike, if you were a Boy Scout you'd light a fire and cook some breakfast for me."

Mike grunted.

"Oh, so you're grouchy when you wake up in the morning. Well, I think I'll change my mind about marrying you."

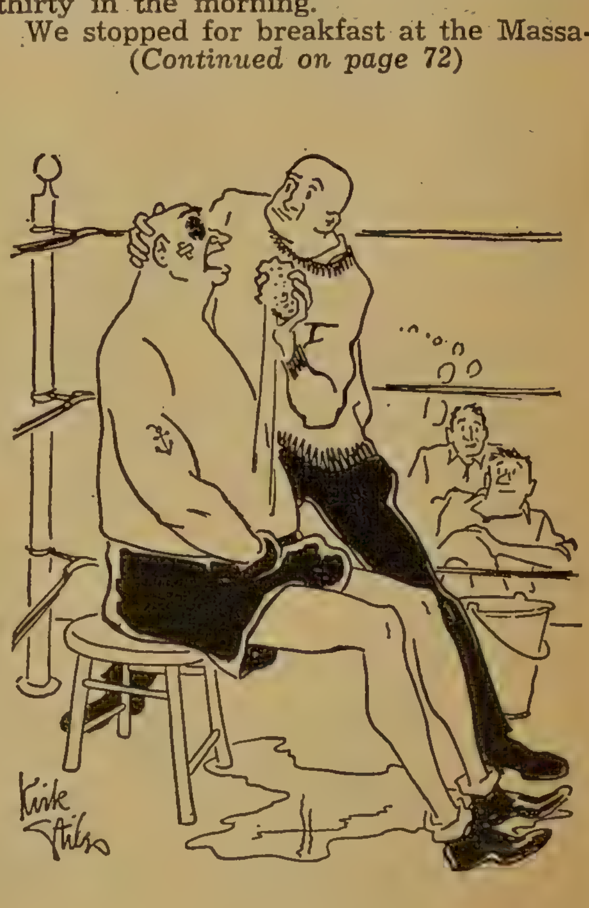
I shook him and said, "Mike, look, it's a beautiful morning. The sun is just coming up over those trees." I was filled with excitement. Mike was right: people didn't get enough fun out of life. I got out of the car and started striding briskly back down the lane toward the main highway. Mike started the car, turned around, and drove up to me.

"Hey, mister. Give me a lift!"

When I got in the car, Mike leaned over and said, "Charleston, you're a remarkable young woman and I love you—even at six thirty in the morning."

We stopped for breakfast at the Massa-

(*Continued on page 72*)



"I found out why they call him 'Lefty'."

FROM "EVERY MIDDLESEX VILLAGE AND FARM"
John Howard

... buses gather the might of America's manpower

Hurried hoofbeats on rutted turnpikes shattered the still air of a New England night, as Paul Revere summoned manpower from "every Middlesex village and farm."

Today, these same turnpikes—now grown to 390,000 miles of paved highways throughout our 48 States—echo again to the sounds of assembling manpower. But hoofbeats have given way to the hum of whirling tires. Intercity buses gather millions to fight and work for victory . . . speeding them to and from cities and farms and thousands of "in-between" communities.

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Since 1941, intercity buses have carried more than TWO BILLION passengers: Workers to maintain the flow of war materials . . . selectees to make up our fighting power...manpower to save urgently needed farm crops . . . military personnel on duty and on leave . . . and a rising tide of veterans returning to their homes and families.

And just as intercity buses serve the nation at war, so, too, do they serve the nation in peace . . . promoting growth and prosperity in every State...*directly meeting the specific needs of millions who rely on buses for intercity travel.*

Invest in America's Future — Buy War Bonds!

MOTOR BUS LINES OF AMERICA

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MOTOR BUS OPERATORS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

(Continued from page 70)

chusetts border. It was a funny little place along the road which was patronized mostly by truck drivers. But the eggs were good, and when we left I told the man behind the counter that it was a delicious wedding breakfast. He looked at me and then he looked at Mike. A big smile broke over his face and he tore up the check that he'd been writing out for us. "Never let it be said that Pat Hogan charged a man for his wedding breakfast."

LATER, in the car, Mike and I talked about a lot of things: where we were going to live and how many children we were going to have and what their names would be. Then I said, "Mike, do you have any money?"

"A little."

I said, "How little?" and he said, "I've got a thousand dollars in the bank."

"Mike, do you know it costs a lot of money to be married and run a home?"

He said, "I don't know. I've never been married."

"I'm serious. There are all sorts of things you never thought of before. Salt and pepper. Electric-light bills. Laundry. Flour. Clothespins."

Mike grinned like a cat. He said, "I've got a surprise for you. I've got a new job."

My heart sank. What sort of crazy idea had Mike dreamed up now?

Mike said, "A new program. Jenkins talked to me about it the other day. He said that as long as The Wizard Boy was doing so well, I ought to take a crack at one of the morning programs. He wants me to write The Married Life of Peter and Peggy."

I said, "Mike, that's wonderful! But what do you know about the trials and tribulations of married life—all the little real-life things they put in those scripts?"

Suddenly the words seemed to be freezing in my mouth. I turned slowly to look at Mike. "You couldn't be thinking about changing the title of that story to The Married Life of Mike and Charleston?"

"Now, darling, you know—"

"Oh, Mike! Mike Dawson! Of all the low, foul, dirty tricks! And to think that for the past twelve hours I've been happy—all because some man who sells soap wants you to write a radio program about marriage! Oh, Mike . . ."

Then from behind us there was the whine of a siren. I looked at the speedometer. Mike had been doing seventy.

An hour later we were standing in the town court of West Newton, Vermont. It was up over the firehouse, and the judge, who was also town sheriff, hadn't come in yet. Mike was still arguing with me.

"I wouldn't believe you on a stack of Bibles," I said. "And I wouldn't marry you on a silver platter."

When the judge came in, he coughed loudly, polished his spectacles, and climbed up on the bench. He rapped his gavel and said, "By the power vested in me by the State of Vermont I now declare this court open. What are the charges, Bill?"

The patrolman stepped up. "Speeding."

"Speeding, eh? How fast were they going?"

The patrolman smiled. "Seventy miles an hour."

Mike said, "Judge, we were in a terrible hurry, you see. Well, the fact of the matter is we—we were on our way to be married."

"Mike Dawson, I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth."

The judge said, "What was that, young lady? Didn't quite hear you."

I said, "I'm not going to marry him."

Mike put his arms around me. "Charleston, the radio program had nothing to do with it. Darling, you've got to believe me."

"Just a minute, operator, I'm looking up the number!"

The judge peered down at us over his spectacles. "Young man, speeding is a serious charge these days."

"Mike, why didn't you tell me before?" I said.

He said, "I wanted to surprise you," and I said, "It was a surprise all right."

"Now, see here, this is a court of law, not the Good Will Program on the radio." The judge was getting impatient.

BEHIND us there was laughter, and I turned around and saw that there must have been twenty amused onlookers in the courtroom.

Mike said, "Charleston, you do love me, don't you?"

A little wearily I said, "Oh, Mike, yes. Yes, I love you, but why can't—"

Mike didn't wait to hear the rest. He walked over to the bench and whispered something to the judge, who said, "Well, it won't get you out of paying a fine." The judge peered down at me over his spectacles and said, "Do you want to marry this young fellow?"

I didn't say anything for a moment. I kept thinking about Charleston and that wedding with invitations and ushers and bridesmaids. Then I looked at Mike and I knew that I'd never have my Charleston wedding. I knew that I'd never have a lot of things that I had always thought were important. But I'd have Mike.

I looked up at the judge, and there were tears in my eyes, and I whispered it: "Yes, I want to marry him."

Dear Lord, Mike changed me in so many ways. As far as love was concerned, I used to believe in Santa Claus. Love was sacred and it had no place in a traffic court. But now I would give up food for a week to hear Mike say "I love you" in pig Latin.

There was a cheer from the back of the courtroom. And then we were married in West Newton, Vermont. We signed a large register, and Mike made it very legal by giving the town clerk two one-dollar bills. The patrolman who had arrested us was Mike's best man, and a Mrs. Lawrence who ran a bakery was my matron of honor. The funny little judge kept peering over his spectacles and then he cleared his throat and the room became very quiet. Mike held my hand. I looked up at him and his fingers tightened on mine and his eyes were smiling at me. The judge read

(Continued on page 74)

YANKS GIVE THANKS FOR THIS "STAY-MOIST" SHAVE

YOU BET! LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM'S RICH EXTRA-MOIST LATHER STAYS MOIST... KEEPS BEARDS SOFT FOR SMOOTHER, EASIER SHAVES

EVEN WITH COLD WATER THIS "STAY-MOIST" LATHER SOAKS TOUGH WHISKERS SOFT. AND IT'S KIND TO TENDER, WEATHER-BEATEN SKIN

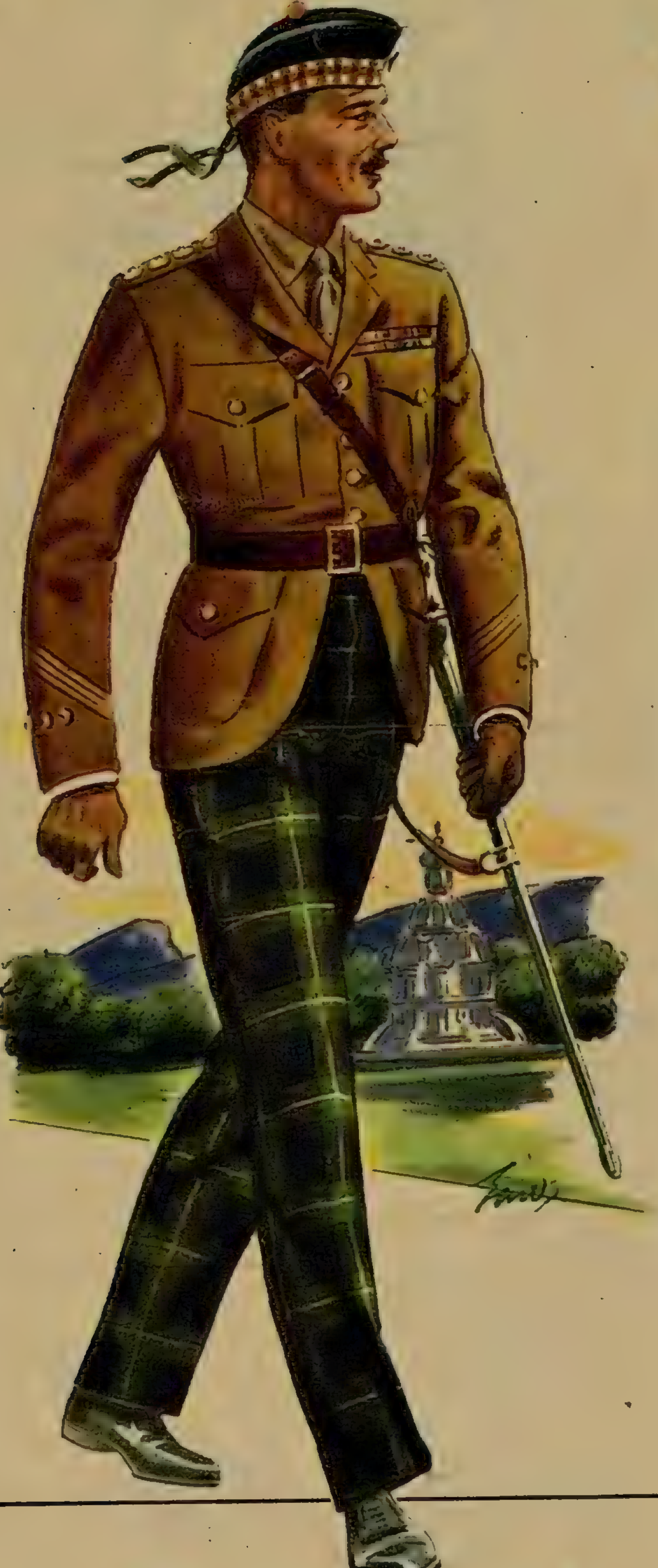
YOU SAID IT, CHUM! EVEN WITH A USED BLADE IT DOES A JOB! I'M THROUGH WITH LIGHT, FAST-DRYING LATHERS

TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM'S HEAVY "STAY-MOIST" LATHER—YOU'LL LIKE ITS MILD FRAGRANCE

120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE

For Distinguished Service

TO YOUR COUNTRY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS



YOUR Intelligence Department has already reported that occasionally Dewar's is not available as usual. But grand strategy dictates *waiting* for this superb Scotch. Because Dewar's *quality*—winner of sixty world honours—*is still available as usual!*

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(Captain)
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Egypt, 1882, 1884—Defense of Ladysmith
Marne, 1914, '18—Cambrai 1917—Vittorio Veneto 1917, '18

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Award, Lucerne, Switzerland, 1923 . . . one of more than 60 medals

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"None Finer"—Liqueur Scotch

DEWAR'S V.V. WHISKY
DEWAR'S
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Blended Scotch Whisky
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
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4/5 QUART
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AWARDED 60 MEDALS
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The only cooking kit of its kind... with hotplate and HEATABS, the miracle tablet-type fuel... fries, boils and heats foods and liquids on picnics, on hunting, fishing or camping trips. Sportsmen, tourists, doctors, dentists, chemists, nurses — all find good use for HEATABS, in common with mechanics, repair men, hobbyists, scouts and traveling mothers. U. S. and Allied forces all over the world use HEATABS to heat combat rations. Testimonials show that service men welcome them as gifts... Get the complete COOKIT — pocket-size Hotplate and instant-lighting HEATABS, flame tablets that burn with intense heat — for only $1 at your dealer's. If he doesn't have it, order direct — $1 postpaid; $1.55 in Canada. No C.O.D.'s, please.

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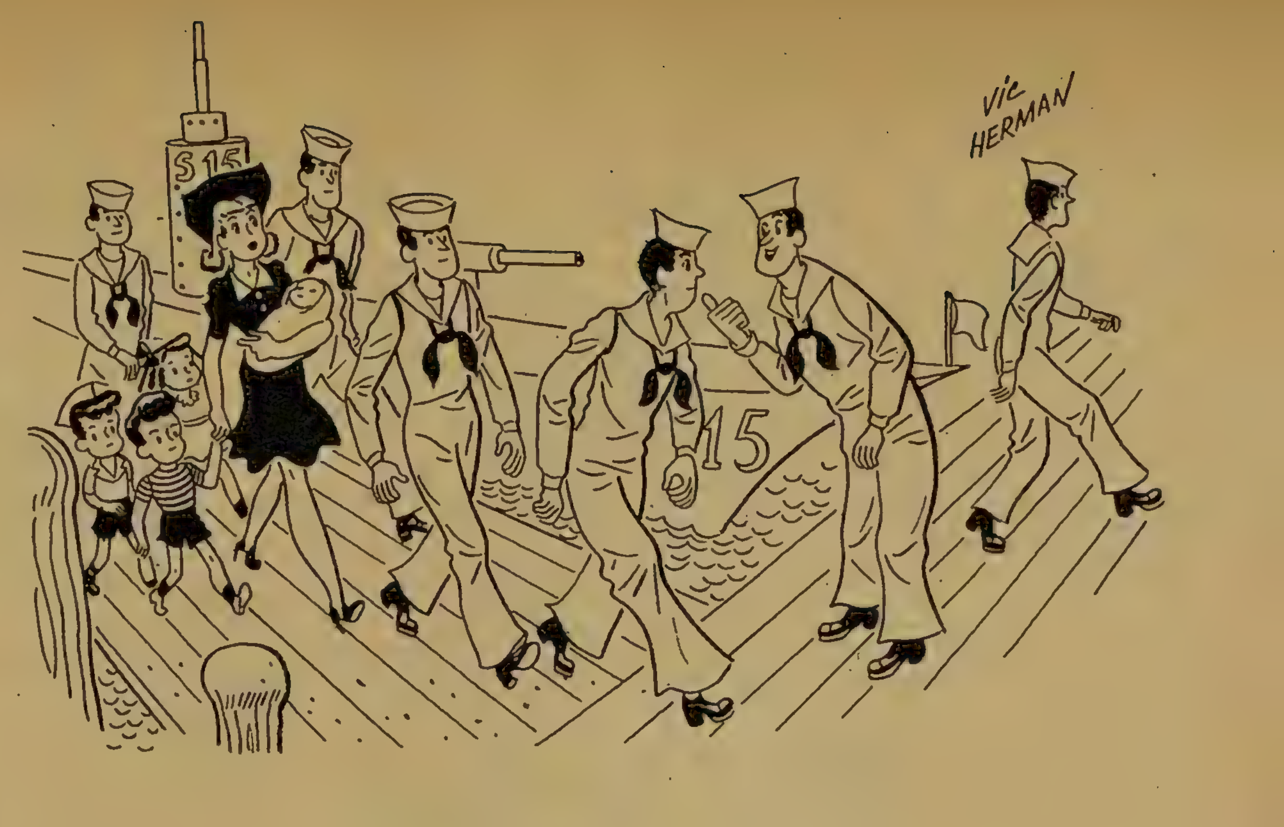
MOTORISTS! When you have a flat insist on Speaker MATCH PATCH repairs.



"Long voyage, eh, Mac?"

(*Continued from page 72*)

the words slowly, and then I was saying, "I do," and Mike's voice was husky when he said it. I felt Mike slipping the gold band on my finger. The judge was saying, ". . . by the power vested in me by the State of Vermont I now pronounce you man and wife." And then Mike was holding me close to him and he was kissing me . . . and we were married. It hadn't been in the Charleston style, but somehow, now, that didn't matter any more.

Mike and I did live in the country. We rented a house high up on a hill. We went to movies and held hands. We sat in front of our open fire and Mike remembered that a girl, even if she is married, likes to be kissed once in a while. I went off to take pictures of pin-up girls and Mike went with me! He didn't really change. I wouldn't have wanted him to. He still did a lot of crazy things. He went to a country circus and brought the lion tamer back for dinner. And Mike wrote that radio program called The Married Life of Peter and Peggy. The first installment told how Peter and Peggy ran off to New Hampshire and got married in a funny little courthouse. I sat next to Mike in the studio during the first program. After it was over he said, "I've got a sore rib where you've been poking me!" And then dryly he said, "Anyhow, all characters on this program are fictitious. Any similarity to living persons is purely coincidental!"

Weeks later we were listening to the program. It was in our house in the country and I was washing the breakfast dishes. Reluctantly Mike was drying them. The announcer was talking about the "soap that is good for baby, pots and pans, dishes, and your loveliest underthings."

And then the program started and we went into the living room and sprawled out on the floor to listen. . . . Peggy had been sick in the hospital and now Peter was bringing her home in the car. There were the sound effects of footsteps, the opening of the front door, and then Peggy said, "My, but it's good to be home!" Peter said, "It's good to have you home," but he didn't stop there. He said, "Peggy, I love you so much. Really love you. Being married to you is the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to me. Oh, darling, I don't know what I would ever do without you!"

After the program was over I looked at Mike and said, "Do you really feel that way, Mike?"

I thought Mike would say, "Oh, that's just fiction" or "sentimental slush for early-morning listeners." But he didn't.

He said, "Yes, Charleston. I do feel that way. I know I'm not very good at saying those things, except that way." He pointed to the radio. "But I do feel them."

I leaned over and kissed him.

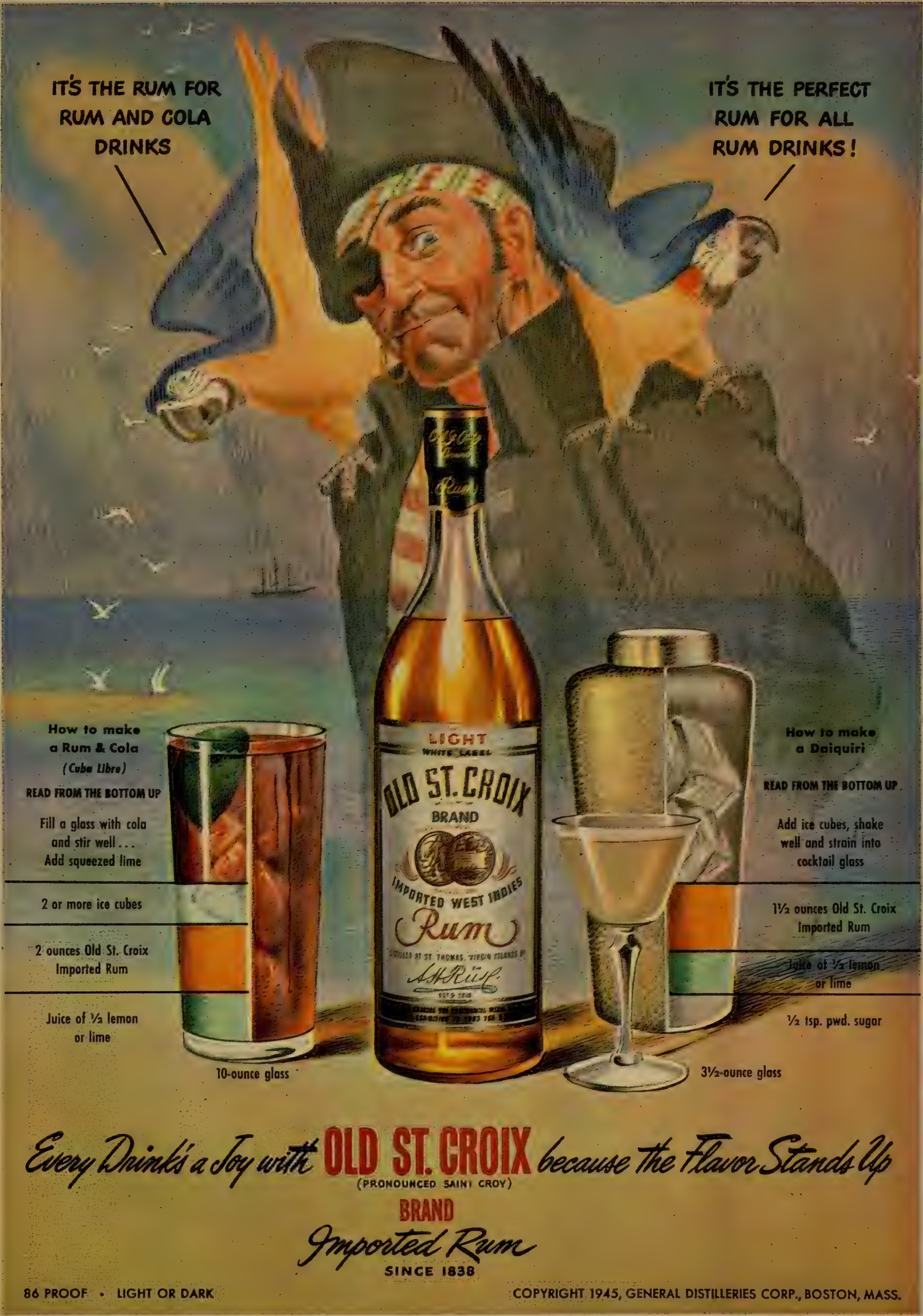
And then one day Mike got his letter from the President of the United States that said: "Greetings." I sat down and cried. Mike tried to cheer me up. He said, "Now I can write a program called The Wizard Boy Joins the Army." But Mike wasn't fooling me. He said, "Charleston, we've both known that I'd get into it one of these days. Now that it's here I'm—well, I'm glad in a way. It's a job somebody's got to do and I'm glad I've been drafted to help do it."

THE morning Mike left I felt cold and weak inside. I kept smiling all the while Mike was standing in that line, and when the men started to walk through the gate in Grand Central Station I felt the tears running down my face. Mike was waving to me and I waved back, smiling through the tears. And then Mike was gone, but somehow from somewhere I heard a voice saying, "Hey, babe, your mascara is running."

I walked out of the station and got in a cab. The driver said, "Where to?" and I told him to drive through the park. When the meter read three dollars, the driver turned around and said, "Look, lady. Don't you want to go some place? We've been driving around this park for almost an hour." I laughed, and then I said, "O. K. Let's go some place and have some doughnuts and coffee," because that's what Mike would have said.

Dear Lord, my husband is an idiot, a fool, a charlatan, a Simon Legree, a wastrel, a philanderer, but—but I love him more than anything in the world. He's in the South Pacific now and I'm worried about him. Mike is such a fool. He's probably volunteering for dangerous missions and trying to do things that even the generals wouldn't consider. And he probably has it all figured out that when he comes home he'll have a medal on his chest, and when I ask him about it, he'll say, "Oh, they give those things to everyone out there." Dear Lord, he's a terrible screwball, he's a big overgrown fool, but please take care of Mike. Take good care of him, because we're going to have a baby, and—well, Mike's always been crazy about kids.

THE END


IT'S THE RUM FOR RUM AND COLA DRINKS
IT'S THE PERFECT RUM FOR ALL RUM DRINKS!
LIGHT
WHITE LABEL
OLD ST. CROIX
BRAND
IMPORTED WEST INDIES
Rum
10-ounce glass
3½-ounce glass

How to make a Rum & Cola
(Cuba Libre)

READ FROM THE BOTTOM UP

Fill a glass with cola and stir well . . .
Add squeezed lime

2 or more ice cubes

2 ounces Old St. Croix Imported Rum

Juice of ½ lemon or lime

How to make a Daiquiri

READ FROM THE BOTTOM UP

Add ice cubes, shake well and strain into cocktail glass

1½ ounces Old St. Croix Imported Rum

Juice of ½ lemon or lime

½ tsp. pwd. sugar

Every Drink's a Joy with **OLD ST. CROIX** *because the Flavor Stands Up*

(PRONOUNCED SAINT CROY)

BRAND

Imported Rum

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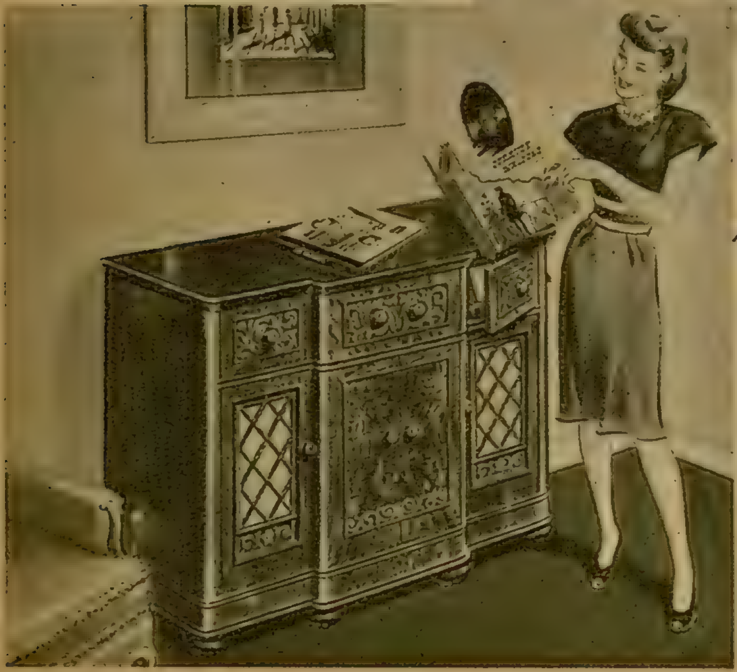
SONORA'S "Clear as a Bell" tone—world-famed for more than 30 years—will be yours to enjoy not only in de luxe console combinations, but in *every* SONORA model, clear down to the tiniest portable.

That's why SONORA confidently challenges you to *listen . . . compare . . . judge for yourself.* Yes, before you buy, visit your SONORA dealer! Hear for yourself the famous tone that's "Clear as a Bell!"

There'll be a SONORA radio to suit every taste . . . every purse . . . every model distinguished for "Clear as a Bell" tone.

You'll find SONORA out in front with FM and Television, too. Be sure to visit your SONORA dealer—*compare*—before you buy!



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RECORDS • PHONOGRAPHS • RECORDERS

TARZAN AND THE MAN WHO MADE HIM

Continued from Page 29

train all the animals required, and more than once herds of hippopotami or zebras and flocks of flamingos escaped and frightened the wits out of rural Californians.

In 1941, Metro relinquished its option to make the Tarzan films. Sol Lesser at RKO snapped it up and has produced four pictures, all money-makers. According to current rumor, M-G-M is going to buy the option back for $250,000. Burroughs naturally will get a slice of the money.

The thorniest problem in casting recent Tarzan pictures has been to get a chimpanzee to play Cheta. The one chimp used for ten years retired in 1943, and Lesser had to hunt far and wide for another. He finally found one last year and hired a trainer from the St. Louis zoo to school the beast. Next to Weissmuller, the chimp is the highest-paid member of the cast.

The famous Tarzan yell, imitated by children the world over, is really a combination of five sound tracks. When you hear Weissmuller shouting his call, you are hearing not only his voice but also those of a dog, a hyena, a soprano, and the G string of a violin.

Burroughs, in Honolulu at the moment, has yet to see the latest Tarzan picture, Tarzan and the Amazons, but he's confident that it's all right. If it isn't, he won't waste any time fretting about it. He's not the worrying type, which probably accounts for his relatively youthful appearance. Although he's sixty-nine and the oldest war correspondent in the Pacific, he looks fifty-five. He learned to fly a plane when he was fifty-five and to play tennis when he was sixty. He has been married twice and divorced twice, has a daughter and two sons, both writers who hope to continue the Tarzan series after the old man quits. Tarzan, they realize, is too lucrative a property to abandon.

BURROUGHS was born in Chicago on September 1, 1875, son of a Civil War major who had made his pile by distilling alcohol. Trying to cultivate in Edgar a taste for life's finer things, he sent the boy to a private school and even hired a tutor for him, but Edgar showed no appreciable hunger for knowledge. Bundled off to Phillips Academy at Andover, Massachusetts, he lasted exactly one semester before he left by request. His father then enrolled him in the Michigan Military Academy at Orchard Lake, Michigan.

After four years there as a cadet, Edgar flunked his entrance exams for West Point. He tried to get a commission in the Chinese Army, but had to settle for a bid from the Nicaraguan Army. He was all for taking a lieutenancy in that mighty outfit, but his parents refused permission. He wound up as a private in the Seventh U. S. Cavalry, chasing bandits along the Mexican border. He never caught any, and when the Army discovered he had a weak heart, it discharged him. He married Emma Hulbert in 1900 and went to work for his father in the storage-battery business—for fifteen dollars a week. Since this seemed hardly enough to live on, he went out to Pocatello, Idaho, where his brother Henry backed him in setting up a stationery store. The store failed.

Burroughs then moved on to Oregon, where he worked on a gold dredge, but the company soon went broke. Again his brother came to the rescue, this time getting him a job as a railroad policeman in Salt Lake City. Chasing bums from boxcars wasn't particularly remunerative, and

Burroughs and his wife soon found themselves almost perpetually hungry. "Neither of us," Burroughs remembers, "knew much about anything practical. Then a brilliant idea overtook us. We sold our household furniture at auction. People paid real money for the junk, and we went back to Chicago first class."

Chicago, however, treated him just as miserably. Year after year he and his wife remained poverty-stricken. He sold electric-light bulbs to janitors. He peddled copies of Stoddard's Lectures from door to door. He answered hundreds of want ads, tried accountancy, the mail-order business, even wrote tips on how to become a successful business man. He failed in everything. He began to hate life. Meanwhile, his wife had given birth to Joan and a son christened Hulbert. With the birth of his second child, Burroughs became desperate.

"I got writer's cramp answering blind ads," he recalls, "and wore out my shoes chasing after others. At last I got placed as an agent for a pencil sharpener. I borrowed office space, and while sub-agents were out trying unsuccessfully to sell the sharpener, I began to write stories."

THAT was in 1911. In 1912 Tarzan appeared. By 1913, Burroughs was turning out as many as 413,000 words a year at an average rate of three cents a word. By 1919, grown wealthy, respected as a big-time author, he moved out West and bought 550 acres of ranch land in the San Fernando Valley, fifteen miles north of Hollywood. He named it Tarzana, and when a good portion of it proved unprofitable, he sold it to the exclusive El Caballero country club, which promptly failed.

The 1920s were some of his best years. His saddle horses and his private golf course, his automobiles and children, writing two books a year, and managing his properties kept him pleasurably occupied. Tarzan had brought comfort, peace, and riches.

As the years rolled by he took up tennis, bought four cars, motored around the country, then learned to fly. Divorced from his first wife, he eloped by plane to Las Vegas in 1935 and married Florence Gilbert, an actress several years his junior. This marriage lasted until Pearl Harbor caught the Burroughses in Honolulu. Mrs. Burroughs went back to the States and sued for divorce while Burroughs stayed on to cover the war for the United Press and the Honolulu Advertiser.

He makes his headquarters at the Niumalu Hotel in Honolulu, where he still rises early, knocks out 1,500 or 2,000 words daily and two novels a year, war or no war, while his business manager and sons take care of his interests at the office back in Tarzana. Given a typewriter and an encyclopedia, he feels he will be able to turn out novels indefinitely. He doesn't write any spot news, but he shows up three or four months after an island has been taken, yarns with the men, peps them up, and returns to write feature and human-interest stories, mostly for the Advertiser.

Burroughs plans to stay out in the Pacific for the duration and to continue writing. "For thirty years," he says, tongue in cheek, "I have been writing deathless classics, and I suppose I shall keep on writing them until I am gathered to the bosom of Abraham. In all those years I have not learned one single rule for writing fiction or anything else. I still write as I did thirty years ago: stories which I feel would entertain me and give me mental relaxation, knowing that there are millions of people just like me who will like the same things that I like."

Evidently there are.

THE END

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AS AMERICAN AS R. F. D.

Here he comes with letters, newspapers and magazines! He's dependable as a rooster's alarm-clock crowing, the friendly rural letter-carrier. Sunset Cordials have dependable quality, too. Typically American. Created from the fruits of fertile orchards, pungent herbs and home-grown grains, by Sunset's master-blenders. Enjoyable . . . anywhere, anytime!

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"WHY DIDN'T SOMEONE TELL ME THESE THINGS?"

Continued from Page 27

there in some miraculous way. But he had had all the so-called advantages—good schooling and parents who had obviously made life easy and protected for their boy. Dan had to put up twice the fight to rebuild a healthy mental outlook. It is good to add that he made the grade. Today he's just as brash and cocky and good-looking as Bill, and he has every confidence that he can re-enter civilian life on equal terms with anyone.

There is also a pretty WAC—nicknamed "Sugar"—who lost a leg. For weeks she was constantly in tears. The men in the amputation ward went out of their way to shower attention on her, and their example of courage helped her to snap out of the doldrums of self-pity. Sugar probably has no idea how much she has aided the male patients in return. They see her and invariably exclaim, "A girl! Gee, that's tough!" And their own trouble shrinks proportionately.

AT the party, you find it is the little ordinary things that create the problems and the confusion. There arise the questions: Do you offer to help take off their coats? Do you jump to light their cigarettes? Do you assist them up steps? Do you cut up their food?

You do what is necessary, but you do it as you perform any courteous gesture, and without additional comment. The thing that amazes you is how seldom it is necessary. The one-legged patients have learned to hop on one foot and balance themselves for a remarkably long time. They swim, play games of badminton and ping-pong without benefit of crutches.

On one occasion a lanky one-legged Texan tried riding a horse bareback. He was so thrilled to be on a horse again that the danger of a fall held no terror for him. His hostess and the Motor Corps volunteers on duty nearly had heart failure before they persuaded Tex to dismount.

The one-armed lads startle you with the ease with which they bend a book match in half, strike it with an agile movement of their thumb, and flash a light under your nose before you have raised a cigarette to your lips. You try that stunt the first time you're alone, and feel quite lucky if you only scorch yourself.

It is absurd to expect a one-armed man to hold a glass and a plate and help himself to food too. Yet the first time you serve refreshments, you unthinkingly embarrass both yourself and the patients. Afterward, you are careful to pass each dish separately, already filled with man-sized portions.

At a restaurant the one-armed do not consider their taste preference, but order fare they can cut by themselves. They would rather eat fish or stew every day than ask someone to assist them. As one marine put it: "I don't miss my right arm except when I want to use it. And that is most of the time!"

These amputation cases should be allowed every freedom of independent action they can take. Learning how to do things for themselves, they have put up as tough a battle as ever they fought with guns. It would be unjust to take away any of this hard-won self-reliance.

The thrill comes when these boys have grown strong enough to be fitted with their artificial aids, and they ask you to dance. You wish you could award them an additional decoration for progressing so cheerfully. And another medal for doctors and nurses who have painstakingly seen them through their worst moments, both mental and physical.

Some of the patients are deaf, in varying degrees. You speak distinctly and try to watch your diction when you're in their company. At one party, Cathie—a conscientious member of the Motor Corps—sat the whole afternoon with a deaf sailor who was learning to read lips. She purposely exaggerated every mouth movement, but emitted no sound, so that the others in the gathering were undisturbed by this studied "conversation."

You are not astonished if the deaf patients ask you to dance, either. A totally deaf marine jitterbugs with the best of them. And some of them sing!

GOING along some of the hospital corridors, it is a five-to-one chance you get cracked with a cane, painfully bumped. You turn abruptly to "tell off" your assailant in a few well-chosen words, but find yourself apologizing instead—to one of the blind. The physicians encourage them to move around as freely as they are able, and they delight in racing down the unfurnished halls.

If a blind patient asks a question, it is only fair to answer it honestly. John, a blind soldier, asked a pretty twenty-year-old—whom we will call Mary—if she was young and attractive.

Mary replied facetiously, "I'm fifty-five, gray, and dumpy."

John was quite sure the voice was too high and too energetic for fifty-five, but he chatted on respectfully. The young lady found the deferential conversation boring, and moved on. Another hostess at the party assured John that Mary was actually his contemporary and beautiful; but then he would have nothing more to do with her.

So if you're tall, you don't say you're short. If you have black hair, don't profess

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No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS . . . but

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION IS WORTH A POUND OF CURE

PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat.

Eminent doctors found—as reported in an authoritative medical journal—that:

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, SUBSTANTIALLY EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF THE NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

to be a blonde—even if gentlemen do prefer them.

The plastic-surgery cases—both shelled and burned casualties—you find the hardest to be with, at first. You see them in all stages of their injury. The concern of one patient for another is common throughout the hospitals, but nowhere more than in the plastic-surgery ward, where the patients are forever coming or going to "the butcher shop."

The doctors perform like magicians. There was one soldier bandaged so completely that only a slit of one eye showed. The head was horribly flat. You knew without being told that the nose and chin were missing. In a short time—not measured in pain, of course—this boy's nose was rebuilt and a chin added. Each trip to the hospital brought an astonishing improvement.

You can recount to the boys all the stories you have heard about people mutilated in accidents yet actually improved in appearance by plastic surgery, but these wounded are all from Missouri and need to be shown!

There are men suffering from tropical fevers, stomach disorders, and the less spectacular ailments. And there are the infinite variety of nervous cases. You soon learn to approach all hospitalized men from the front. You never know on sight whether they are victims of a nervous illness or not. It is bad manners to startle them by abrupt actions or noises. You try to suit their mood, and you never expect them to suit yours.

One boy may hold up his shaking hands and say, "Isn't this a hell of a thing to have!" And then add apologetically, "We can't all lose an arm or a leg. I did my best."

You hasten to assure him, "I'm glad you didn't lose an arm or a leg. You've done a fine job. Some day that shakiness will go away. You just follow the doctors' orders and get well, and you'll do a good job outside, too."

That is another thing that surprises you. None of these men wants to be released from the service. They dread going home and getting back into civvies. They are afraid of being pampered, or fearful of being a burden, or terrified at the thought of being pitied; or miserable because they may be only tolerated instead of being sought after, as they were before the war. Their anxiety is touching and not without reason.

But you remind these veterans of the countless people who have been kind and considerate during their convalescence. It is splendid that so many families have entertained these servicemen in their homes. From two to thirty are invited at a time, for dinner parties, swimming parties, picnics, and just parties. There are parties that "go," and from these the wounded have to be dragged back to the hospital; and there are a few parties that are deadly (the boys have another descriptive word for them), and the patients beg to be taken away.

ONE badly managed affair was that staged by a teen-age girls' club. The girls had a phonograph on hand and had prepared hot dogs and some other food; but to be certain they themselves enjoyed the dancing, they had asked their special boy friends too. Consequently, when the wounded men arrived, the young ladies had no time for their honored guests. The patients remained shy and withdrawn. After a half hour the men asked the Motor Corps to return them to the hospital. The Motor Corps produced a fake emergency telephone call, insisting that their cars were needed elsewhere; proffered their apologies, and saved the face of the sponsors, along with rescuing the men from an awful evening.

If you cannot devote the required time and energy to give these wounded a good time, don't invite them at all! They are not a demanding group; in fact, they are easy to please. You find their company stimulating and their humor contagious.

Fortunately most hostesses are older and wiser. They don't expect to be entertained by the patients, but furnish cards or games or music, or all three, to amuse them. Plenty of home-cooked food is provided. Individually, the intake is small—chiefly due to lack of exercise; but it is odd to see fruits and vegetables vanish faster than the sweets.

THERE are various organizations that treat larger groups of convalescents to theaters, concerts, operas, movies, sports events, and dinners at restaurants. Sometimes the restaurants or hotel staffs foot the bill.

It is a rare day that these hospital-fed-up men don't have a bid to attend some outside function, if they are feeling well enough. The physicians and nurses work tirelessly so that the men can go. (The American Red Cross arranges details and transportation.)

More than anything else, these servicemen want attention—the feeling they are liked, still wanted, and that what they have done is appreciated. What they need are civilians who will make the effort and assure them they have not been war casualties in vain.

Wounded boys are coming home in greater numbers now. You have to be a hermit to avoid meeting them. Maybe this will help you over the first awkward moments, and you won't have to go around muttering—as our Red Cross Motor Corps girls did in the beginning—"Why didn't someone tell me these things?"

THE END

GRADUATION

The little boy we knew has gone away.
Behold! A man stands in his place
today.
He stands there, a diploma in his
hand,
And we? The proudest parents in
the land!
Handsome, alert, his head and
shoulders high,
Ambition's fire agleam in his clear
eye.
Eager to face this life, nor falter he,
But prove his mettle, tho' the battle be
Beyond his ken. Oh, World, teach
him the while
That living is but giving with a smile.
Success is service—not the gold that
gleams;
And loud acclaim is seldom what it
seems.
God, give him years — he has so
much to do;
And keep his faith unbroken, strong,
and true.
Keep his heart pure and filled with
simple joy—
This man, today, who was our little
boy.

—*Ken Tarbox*

Made the Old-time Way

Jesse Moore
Royale
Blended Whiskey

SINCE 1861

NO War-Time HASTE HERE!

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BLENDED WHISKEY
86 PROOF—75% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
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Vacation
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NO BELTS
NO PINS
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Be sure to take a supply of Tampax with you

(Slip it in your purse)

Why not insure your vacation against all those belt-and-pin troubles and inconveniences that are so familiar? The *Tampax* form of monthly sanitary protection liberates you completely from belts, pins and external pads, and being worn internally, it can cause no chafing, no odor. Just imagine *those* advantages during hot summer days! You don't even need to use a sanitary deodorant!

WHILE TRAVELING you will appreciate the compactness of these neat, dainty Tampax, made of pure surgical cotton and each compressed into a patented individual applicator. A whole month's supply will slip into a purse . . . Tampax can be changed quickly and disposed of easily and inconspicuously.

WITH VARIOUS COSTUMES you will find Tampax a real comfort and a help to your morale. It causes no bulge or ridge under a sheer evening gown or a 1945 swim suit. You cannot feel Tampax when in place and you can wear it in shower, pool or ocean. Invented by a doctor. Sold at drug and notion counters. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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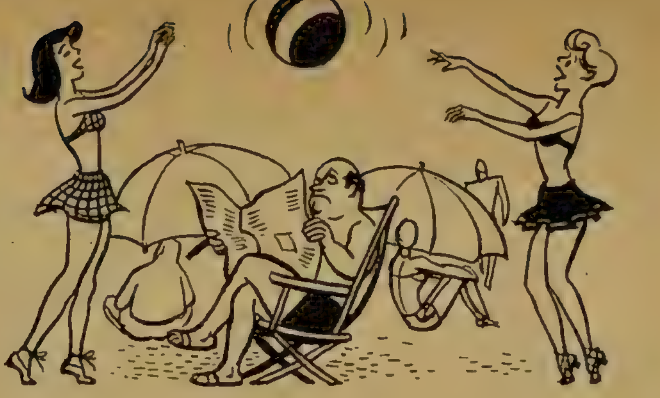
Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Woman-Talk

BY

MARGARET FISHBACK



HEADING HOME: The two American combat fliers whose inspiring letters to their families have appeared on this page were happily among the thousands of prisoners liberated by our armies. Captain I. S. K. Reeves of Washington wrote me posthaste when he heard from Ken: "I know you will be interested to know I had a cable from my son Ken today saying, 'All well and safe. Hope to see you soon. All my love. KENDRICK REEVES.' So we will all be seeing him soon." And the following day a card arrived from Mrs. Philip Perle of Forest Hills, Long Island, which read, "It's because I know you will rejoice with us that I'm writing you on the very day we received the first letter we've had from Richard in six months. A V mail from France, dated May 10, saying we may expect him home any day this month after May 20. I'm so excited. My younger son, who has been away for over a year in the South Pacific, telephoned me from San Francisco. The ship docked that day! Said he would fly home in two weeks—which means both boys will arrive almost simultaneously. Isn't this a rare and most wonderful coincidence?" (Richard Perle was the flier who wrote his parents asking them to send twenty-five dollars to the chap who rigged his chute, as one error could have meant a fatality.)

NURSERY ETIQUETTE: I just overheard my three-year-old wild man remark to the trains and fire engines he was using to scrape the paint off the windowsills: "Excuse me, please. I must go and bother mommy." There is no game he enjoys more than side-swiping my typewriter and pyramiding toys on my desk when I have a deadline staring me in the face. . . . O. K. You win, pal. Let's go to the park.

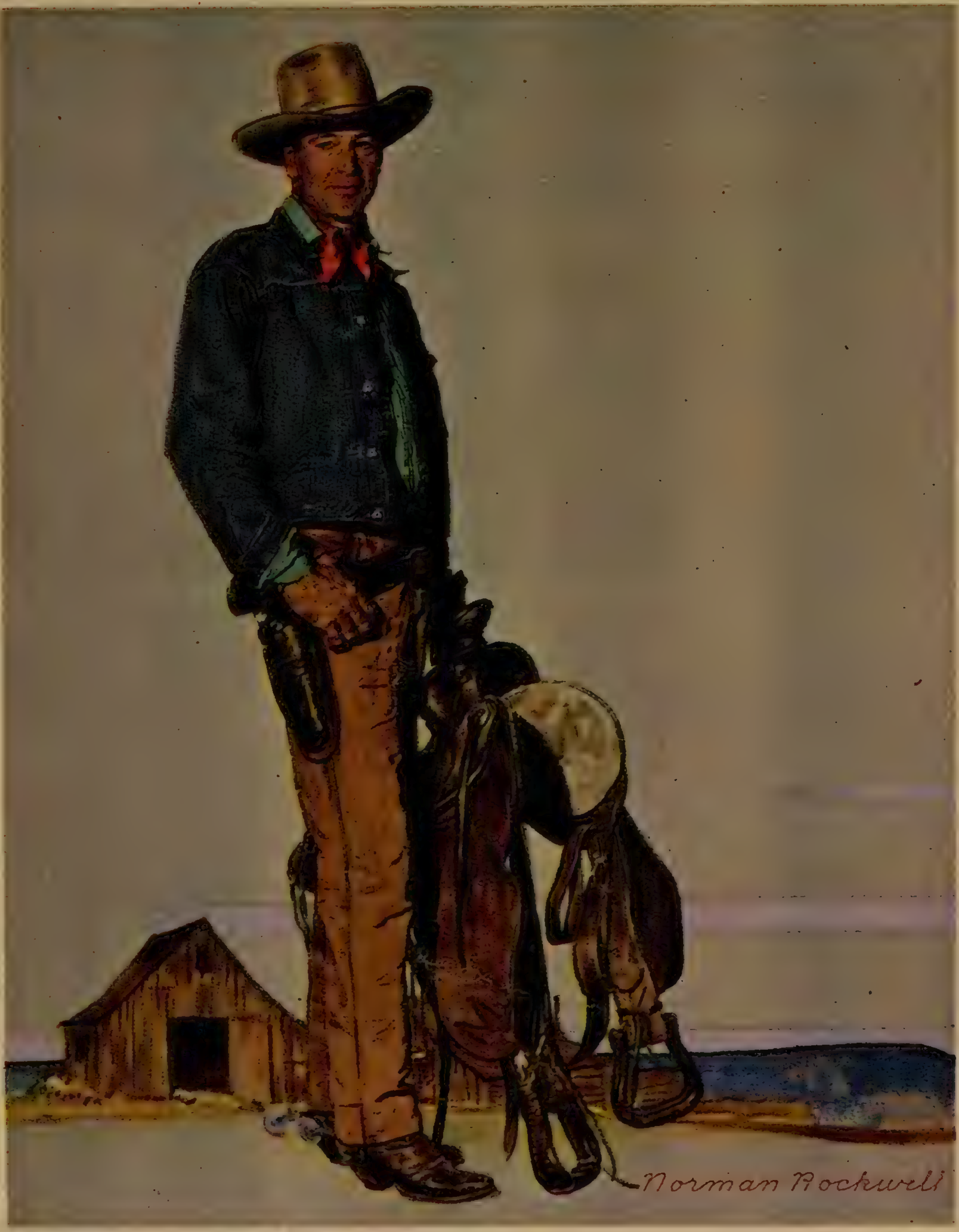
YOUNG GODDESSES: I haven't covered the world in my sight-seeing by any means, but I'm certain that nowhere under the sun are there young girls as lovely as our domestic product. They have more than beauty: they have poise, gaiety, intelligence, style, good figures, good health, good hair, and good teeth. They are a tribute to our balanced diets, our dentists, our pediatricians, our mothers, and our stylists. Even the most inexpensive clothes look smart on the young American girl. She wears them with such confidence that she looks like a fashion plate in the simplest outfit. Hattie Carnegie gave a fashion show recently on the Starlight Roof at New York's Waldorf-Astoria devoted exclusively to styles for young American girls. The bra top appeared in connection with both bathing suits and luncheon dresses designed for cabana or beach-club wear. Wrap-around skirts covered shorts, leaving the midriff bare, and the midriffs wearing them were so slim that no one could object to the fashion, though I suspect even a small lamb chop would produce a bulge. But who has lamb chops these days? There were wool jersey one- and two-piece (shorts and bra) bathing suits, and a fine crop of cotton dresses for city and country. Bare-back frocks with halter necks were headed for the country. Sheers and eyelet embroideries, and chic dark suits were all set to do right by summer in the city.

PEACE AT ANY PRICE: Among many Americans occupying Germany now, there is the feeling that strict enforcement of nonfraternizing can't last long, so eager are our men for a glimpse of simple family life. The small fry of Germany have a natural affinity for our youthful American soldiers, who began to play ball in the fields and streets on the very day Associated Press Kennedy told the world the war in Europe was over. The G. I.s maintain it isn't fraternizing to indulge in a little fun with barefoot youngsters.

COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

An ice-cold plate 'neath a hamburger roll
Offends alike both body and soul.
Another misdemeanor I hate
Is salad served on a red-hot plate.

SPECIALISTS: An "All-Women Service Station" in New York City has repaired nearly 18,000 small electrical appliances in the past three years. Major Oswald McCarthy organized the service when he was a district manager for the Proctor Electric Company. Subsequently he spent twenty months in the China-Burma-India theater of war. Before he left, he figured the best way to keep Proctor appliances in working order during the period when their manufacture was banned would be to establish a local repair service. Hesitating to train draftable men for the work, he gave women aptitude tests with surprisingly successful results. The most proficient proved to be Mrs. Laura Fleming, a housewife, and Miss Lillian Spalone, a former telegraph clerk. After a month's training they were left on their own, and in January, 1943, a girl clerk was added to do the packing and shipping. Last August another girl joined them, and together the four did all the ordering, receiving, polishing, and shipping of repaired appliances, as well as the repair jobs.



GIRL SHY . . . GUN SHY . . . GREAT GUY

He dares to shoot it out with
the toughest killer
in the West.

GOOD ENTERTAINMENT
IS *INTERNATIONAL!*

International Pictures presents

GARY COOPER · LORETTA YOUNG

in Nunnally Johnson's

"Along Came Jones"

with

WILLIAM DEMAREST · DAN DURYEA · Frank Sully

Produced by Gary Cooper

A Cinema Artists Corp. Production • Directed by STUART HEISLER
Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson • Novel by Alan LeMay
An International Picture • Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

INSIDE Paramount

Published Here Every 4 Weeks

Some guys got it, and some haven't got it, but Eddie Bracken *borrowed* it, and it's "OUT OF THIS WORLD"!

* * *

You'll have more fun than a barrel of Brackens when he borrows one fellow's bow tie, another fellow's voice (and *what* a voice) and, with the beautiful brain of Veronica Lake, launches the swoon heard round the world, in Paramount's new musical—

"Out of This World"

It's the laugh-a-minute lowdown on how swooning got to be that way, and no holds are barred when the Bobby-Socks Brigade elects a brand-new king.

* * *

They adore him, they floor him, they really go for him . . . until Diana Lynn takes Eddie over lock, stock and baritone!

* * *

Everything's in the title! Johnny Mercer and Harold Arlen accentuate the positive again with Hit Parade tunes, Whispering (it says here) Cass Daley and Olga San Juan give out to make you give in and the gayest, most gorgeous girls in the world prove that America's still in the very best of shape!

* * *

Director Hal Walker has charge of these musical goings on, and even the 4 Crosby Kids are in on the wonderful fun.

* * *

It's set to send you "OUT OF THIS WORLD," which is getting to be a habit with **Paramount Pictures**

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

John Wayne and his guerrillas give a ruthless Jap officer a dose of his own medicine.

BACK TO BATAAN *(RKO) John Wayne, Anthony Quinn, Beulah Bondi*

THE story of the dramatic happenings in the Philippines since the terrible days of Corregidor has so far been untouched by the movies. Now, with the official assistance of the U. S. Army, Navy, Coast Guard, and Marines, not to mention the Philippine government, a stirring million-dollar document has been turned out by RKO. The semi-fictional story is built around the organized guerrilla resistance that made life miserable for the conquering Japs from the fall of Bataan to the American recapture of Leyte; and what it lacks in continuity is made up in authenticity and force.

Although the human characters are subordinate to the violence, variety, and remarkable impact of the fighting scenes, they serve to link together many memorable events. Real American prisoners, photographed upon their recent release from the Cabanatuan prison camp on Luzon, are incorporated into the picture in an introduction and finale designed to get right under your skin. The subsequent story, an entirely separate matter, is thus tied up very strikingly with the Real Thing; and the result, though choppy, is vivid enough and true enough to convey a gripping picture of the terribly haphazard warfare the American and native guerrillas have been carrying on for the past three years.

John Wayne, as a hard-bitten American colonel left to take charge of native resistance in the Luzon hills, accomplishes his duties in exciting he-man fashion, and displays the inevitable heart of gold. Anthony Quinn plays a member of the Philippine Scouts—somewhat baffled by a story set-up which makes him a stooge for a heroic grandfather and supplies him with a movie-actress sweetheart (Fely Franquelli) who's taken to broadcasting for the Japs. Snagged by a deft trick from the very midst of the historic Death March from Bataan (stirringly portrayed in a guerrilla's-eye view from the shrubbery), he can't seem to get up much enthusiasm for resistance till his fiancée turns out to be a loyal counterspy after all.

Beulah Bondi as a staunchly bossy American schoolma'am, and "Ducky" Louie, her favorite native pupil, do well in fairly realistic parts; and Vladimir Sokoloff is outstanding in one brief touching scene in which he, as a Filipino pedagogue, refuses to lower the Stars and Stripes and is hoisted to the top of the flagpole instead.

In spite of the perfunctory characterization, there's an effective restraint in dialogue and direction here. And the top-notch action scenes, without being lurid, maintain an authentically spectacular sweep.

Beulah Bondi's kindly ministrations fail to tempt brooding Anthony Quinn.

DIXON TICONDEROGA 1395 No 2½

THE WRONG KEY?

Use a Knifedge eraser. It's sharp and thin. Neatly, quickly removes a single letter, a misplaced comma, a whole word or line. No error is too small to stump Knifedge. Does an efficient job on both typed and written work. The Typists' Tip comes only on Ticonderoga 1395. Ask for it.

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For Musical Setting

Mother, Home, Love, Sacred, Patriotic, Comic or any subject. Don't Delay—Send us your Original Poem at once—for immediate examination and FREE Rhyming Dictionary.

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CAT'S PAW

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Rubber Heels & Soles

CONFLICT

(Warner Brothers)
Humphrey Bogart, Alexis Smith, Sydney Greenstreet

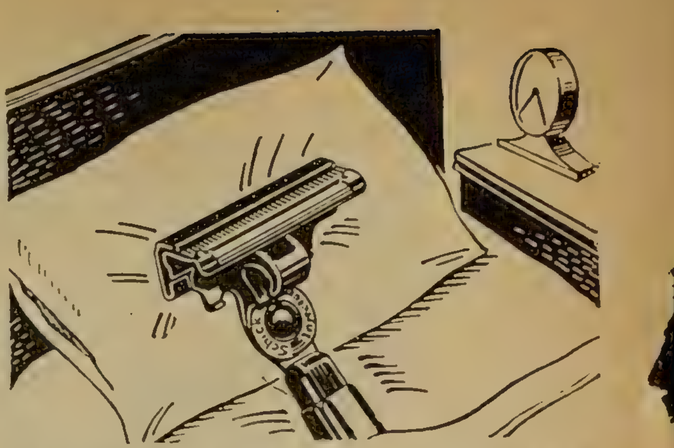
This psychological chiller, made a year and a half ago, might have had more impact if it had come out before the recent epidemic of blood-freezers. The story of a murderer (Humphrey Bogart) haunted by the horrid suspicion that his dead wife is playing tricks on him is decked out with some gruesome cinema devices which seem rather well-worn by now. For all that, the effect is considerably better than mediocre, and there are a few really tense and horror-filled scenes—besides a good many which are merely intended to be.

The plot, which never quite succeeds in getting out of the realm of the matter-of-fact into the eerie terror of the unknown, builds up too slowly to a series of weird and unexplainable events. Harried by the mysterious odor of his victim's perfume, the sight of her figure flitting through a crowded street, an envelope newly addressed in her handwriting, the murderer is finally driven back to the scene of his crime in a nerve-racking search for his own ghastly evidence.

Humphrey Bogart, who seems happier playing straight tough roles, manages to look pretty grim throughout, in spite of some weakly romantic scenes with Alexis Smith, the innocent cause of all the trouble. Rose Hobart does well as the wife, and Sydney Greenstreet as an omniscient psychiatrist lends considerable authority to a lot of pseudo-professional palaver. As for the solution to the mystery—it's not likely that you'll find it much of a surprise.

SPECIAL MENTION

THE CORN IS GREEN (Warner Bros.).
Bette Davis, John Dall, Joan Lorring.
THE WAY AHEAD (Two Cities-20th Cent.-Fox).
David Niven and all-English cast.
THE WONDER MAN (RKO).
Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen.
THE VALLEY OF DECISION (M-G-M). Greer Garson, Gregory Peck, Lionel Barrymore.
WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? (20th Cent.-Fox). Fred MacMurray, Joan Leslie, June Haver.
RHAPSODY IN BLUE (Warner Bros.).
Robert Alda, Joan Leslie, Alexis Smith.
BLOOD ON THE SUN (United Artists).
James Cagney, Sylvia Sydney.



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Schick Injector Blades ARE BACK!

Happy shaving, Schick Injector owners:

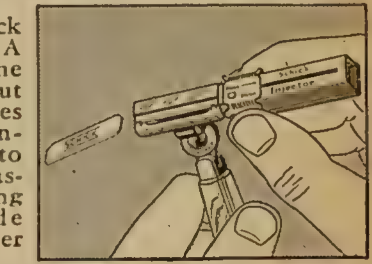
Tomorrow morning you can bring that smooth-shaving razor out of retirement. Your blades are at your dealer's . . . today!

No need . . . any longer . . . to settle for a less-than-perfect morning shave. We're now able to meet all demands for keen-edged Schick Blades, civilian as well as military. So . . .

It's back to work for the razor that made shaving history

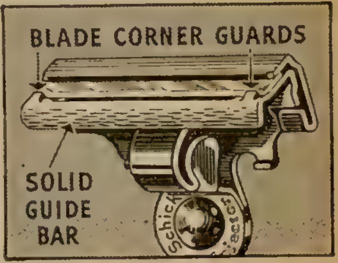
Once again your morning shave can be a pleasure instead of a chore, thanks to these revolutionary Schick Injector features—the only basic improvements in safety razor design in over 35 years:

AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE



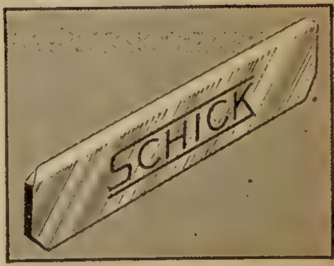
. . . an exclusive Schick Injector feature. A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart or re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges or messy paper wrappers.

SOLID GUIDE BAR



. . . has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Pops up whiskers for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.

DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

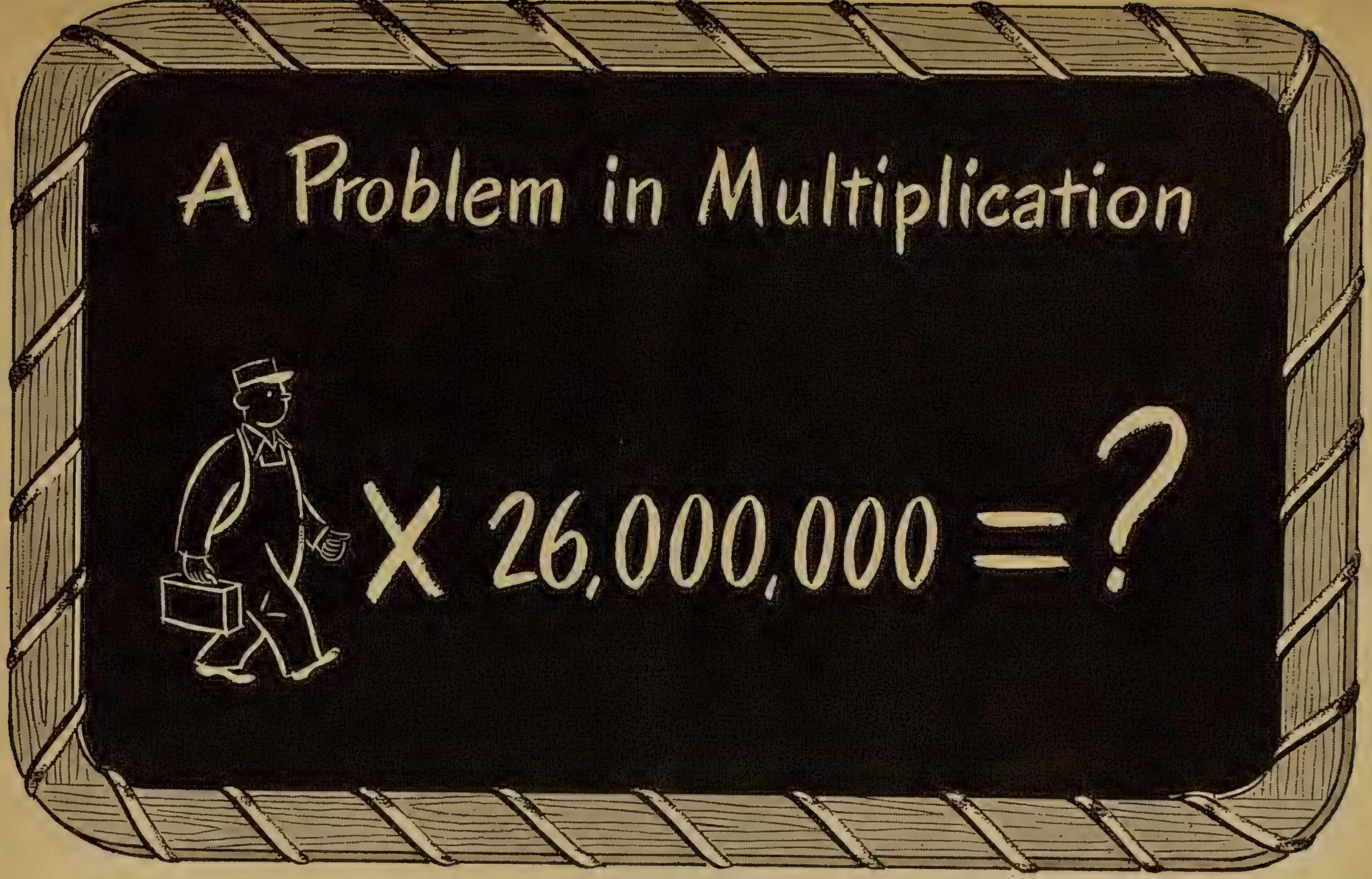


. . . just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, cutting edges are suspended in space.

P.S. Spread the good word that these blades are back and—if you own a spare Schick Injector Razor pass it along to a friend. He'll thank you for real shaving comfort and ease. We'd like to introduce him to the Schick Injector Razor ourselves . . . but we still can't get the material to make new ones.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport, Conn.



Take the case of John Smith, average American:

For over three years now, he's been buying War Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan. He's been putting away a good chunk of his earnings regularly—week in, week out. Forgetting about it.

He's accumulating money—maybe for the first time in his life. He's building up a reserve. He's taking advantage of higher wages to put himself in a solid financial position.

Now suppose *everybody* in the Payroll Plan—everybody who's earning more than he or she needs to live on—does what John Smith is doing. In other words, suppose you multiply John Smith by 26 million.

What do you get?

Why—you get a whole country that's just like John Smith! A solid, strong, healthy, prosperous America where everybody can work and earn and live in peace and comfort when this war is done.

For a country *can't help* being, as a whole, just what its people are individually!

If enough John Smiths are sound—their country's *got* to be!

The kind of future that America will have—that you and your family will have—is in your hands.

Right now, you have a grip on a *wonderful* future. Don't let loose of it for a second.

Hang onto your War Bonds!

BUY ALL THE BONDS YOU CAN...
KEEP ALL THE BONDS YOU BUY

LIBERTY MAGAZINE

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

SHRIMP AREN'T ALWAYS LITTLE

Continued from Page 35

work fast, for shrimp cannot be left on deck more than two hours—and it takes a lot of shoveling to pack eighty bushels of the squirming creatures into the ice chambers in the hold. If the shrimp are running well, the captain swings his boat sharply for another drag. From then on all hands hurry with the work of picking out "sea trash," or small fish, crabs, etc., and stowing the shrimp below.

Sometimes a boat will fill her hold in eight good drags, or she may make fifty and come home, still carrying her ice, with no shrimp at all. So swiftly and in so tight a formation do the schools travel that one boat's trawl may fill completely in a single drag while that of a boat only thirty feet away may come up empty. Boats will sometimes fill to capacity in two days; sometimes they will stay out seven days and come back with only melting ice in the hold.

UNTIL the U. S. government and the State of Louisiana undertook their co-operative shrimp investigations thirteen years ago, shrimp were the least known and least understood of all sea foods. Although many of their habits are still mysteries, they are today more fully understood than any other important marine product. Biologists and practical fishermen still disagree, however, on many important points.

Fishermen sometimes claim they have seen old shrimp:

"Man, I seen great big fellows, ten, fifteen years old, I guarantee you!"

But biologists have learned that shrimp live only one year.

Despite this brief life cycle, they exist in such astronomical numbers that scientists cannot conceive of any disaster so great, "this side of the complete destruction of the universe," as to wipe out all the shrimp.

Biologists say that few creatures have so strange, so complicated, and so curious a history. Shrimp spawn throughout the spring and summer months in open waters of the Gulf some fifteen miles offshore. A single female may produce as many as 300,000 eggs, transparent as glass and each only one one-hundredth of an inch in diameter.

While still in their larva stage they begin the mysterious movements which are part of their life force. Helpless, adrift at sea, the young somehow cross wide stretches of water and move into the warm shallow waters that indent the Louisiana shore line. This is their nursery. As they grow older they begin to move offshore toward deeper water and to show up in offshore fisheries as the immature shrimp that supply Louisiana's huge canning industry. But countless millions of them escape the small luggers which fish for them "on the inside." Colder weather sends the shrimp farther and farther out, seeking the warmer waters of the Gulf Stream. They live in deep Gulf waters, they show a marked growth rate, they mature, spawn, and then die.

Discovery of these adult shrimp, the jumbos, amounts to pure velvet, economically, because the 20,000,000 pounds now harvested in a single year would die before they ever again reached the Louisiana coast. They might have been "discovered" many years sooner, but small Louisiana lugger boats were not built or equipped to venture far offshore into the deep and often stormy Gulf.

Half a dozen years ago shrimp trawlers

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in Southern waters operated at six to seven miles an hour, about half their present average. Where in the old days gasoline engines furnished twelve to eighteen horsepower, shrimp boats today are equipped with Diesel engines of 100 to 165 horsepower.

But well-informed producers give at least half the credit for heightened production to the increased size of shrimp trawlers. E. Klonaris, known in Morgan City simply as "the Greek," created the "Florida shrimper," a boat from fifty-five to sixty-five feet long and getting bigger all the time. Some say the big trawlers will go to ninety or even 100 feet.

At the moment, the boatbuilding boom surpasses anything builders have ever seen. High prices and the government's call for increased production have resulted in some frenzied boatbuilding in south Louisiana.

Depending for livelihood on a creature of such changing moods and erratic temperament, it is small wonder that shrimp fishermen are a superstitious bunch. As with fishermen everywhere, weather is the leitmotif of their existence. To avert the elements' fury, they will never whistle aboard a boat—that's sure to bring on a nor'wester. When a single porpoise follows the boat and "beats his tail on the water" and then a school of porpoises gathers, that's another sure sign. To keep these creatures away, men never speak the word "porpoise"; they refer to him, guardedly, as a "fisherman." And when the "fishermen" gather too close to the boat the captain heads for port. No shrimper will ever bring a black suitcase aboard, and taking a woman aboard on a trip is tempting the storm gods beyond all reason.

SHRIMPERS of the Morgan City fleet, like fishermen everywhere, are a cosmopolitan bunch. Every race and nationality are here. Scandinavians, Scotsmen, Frenchmen, Italians, and Greeks predominate. Most of them have fished the east coast from Nova Scotia to Key West, and many have known one another in other days and other fleets. They speak of themselves as Tarheels from North Carolina, squareheads from Scandinavian countries, Cajuns from the Louisiana French country, sand snipes from South Carolina, crackers from Georgia, conqs from Florida. Their nicknames are vivid. A veteran of the fleet is Flying Fish Charlie. Others are Big-Nose Carl, Oscar the Finn, Salty Carl, King of Lapland, Limey, Horse-Mackerel John, Bama the Greek, and Pelican George.

These veteran fishermen have organized the Morgan City fleet into the Fishermen and Trappers' Union, officially the Gulf Coast Seafood Producers' Association, recognized among fishery people everywhere as a roaring success. Established by crab fishermen and catfishermen a year before Morgan City's jumbo shrimp were discovered, it remains an independent despite bids to join national labor groups. Its chief success has been in setting and holding prices on shrimp. Since its first stormy year the union has worked amicably with shrimp dealers and has kept the price of shrimp at a level which has brought prosperity to fishermen and dealers alike.

THE union owes its success largely to one man, Harvey Lewis. Twenty-three years ago Lewis floated down the Mississippi River with his wife and baby in a forty-foot paddle-wheel boat. Accustomed to more profitable fishing on the Illinois and Ohio rivers, he was aghast at the backwardness of Louisiana fishermen who, he said, "were still just ten years this side of the Civil War." When crab fishermen decided to organize in 1936, Harvey Lewis was a natural for president. He has been president ever since. Harold Ickes appointed him last year to a three-man advisory committee on the sea-foods industry in the Gulf Coast area.

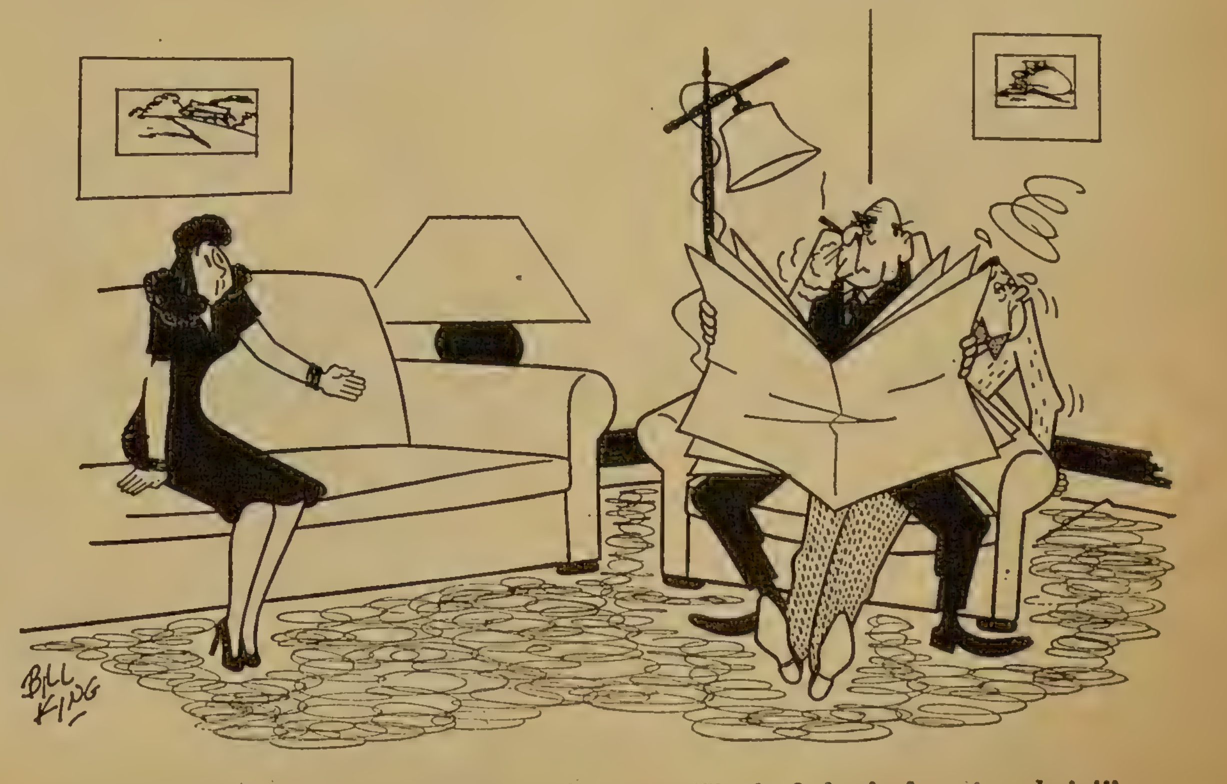
The war has left its mark on the Morgan City shrimp business. Manpower shortages, refrigeration, and transportation difficulties, the menace of submarines—these problems have harried the industry, but have not retarded the flow of shrimp to the packing plants.

Men of this fleet faced grim danger during long months of submarine warfare in the Gulf. Many of them sighted preying subs more than once. In fact, men of the shrimp fleet brought 260 survivors of submarine disasters into Morgan City.

Yet with all the handicaps of war, Morgan City's boom spirit is more rampant than ever. Queried about the prospects for jumbo shrimp, Harvey Lewis speaks for fishermen and dealers alike when he says:

"Our next horizon is right at our front door, in the deeper waters of the Gulf. Our boats have not even tapped it yet. There will be bigger fishing in deeper waters and for still larger jumbos. Boats will fish in forty and 100 fathoms. Buoys will mark the coal reefs. And wherever the Gulf has a mud bottom, we'll be scraping it for jumbo shrimp!"

THE END



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HOW WE LOOK TO A JAP

Continued from Page 21

Americans—"pink-faced monkeys"—are a lesser race. However, the Japanese do not come from apes. The Japanese come directly from heaven, are superior because they evolve from the Sun Goddess.

Japanese students swallow this hokum whole. Shortly after World War I a Japanese student, speaking for Japanese youth, allegedly wrote his Harvard professor that lesser countries, including the United States, must succumb to Japanese divinity. His letter, appearing twenty-five years ago in Harvard's Military Historian and Economist, shrieked:

"As for America—that fatuous booby with much money and much sentiment, but no cohesion, no brains of government —a race of thieves with the hearts of rabbits. America, to any warrior race, is . . . an immense melon, ripe for the cutting. North America alone will support a billion people; that billion should be Japanese with their slaves. . . . That continent, so succulently green, fresh, and unsullied—except for the few chattering, mongrel Yankees—should have been ours by the right of discovery. It shall be ours by the higher, nobler right of conquest!"

Today, Mr. Nakamura continues his nonstop education on the subject of America. He learns that the war is being fought because the United States wants to conquer the world. His most respected diplomat, the Hon. Saburo Kurusu, tells him:

"The core of U. S. and British power is their insatiable desire for the expansion of their imperialism. The United States is attempting to convert all Asia into her own colonial possessions by overthrowing Japan, who is her keenest rival and the strongest protector of East Asia. Thus America has been exposed in her true imperialistic colors."

Mr. Nakamura is told that Joseph Grew, former U. S. Ambassador to Japan, is now in the State Department. Mr. Nakamura learns that Grew is an old-fashioned idiot whose information on Japan is "paltry and out of date."

He learns also that General Douglas MacArthur is so aged he should be retired to slippered ease before a fireplace, instead of bustling about the Philippines. The Hong Kong News comments: "MacArthur would risk anything 'so long as I become boss of the Philippines again.'"

AND what about the little people of America? The civilians? What about you? What does Mr. Nakamura think about you?

He thinks you're intolerant and bigoted. He thinks the Negro is still in slavery. He thinks the Japanese-Americans are being crucified. He hears of a Congressional legislator's proposal that certain interned Jap-Americans be sterilized, and he hears that suggestion labeled as an atrocity "without parallel in the annals of civilization."

Mr. Nakamura thinks the average American civilian, while he does a required job, has no burning wish to serve his country.

If you asked him where he gets this idea, he would probably cite the war bond situation in the United States. He himself buys bonds as if they were gold nuggets. He oversubscribes the Japanese National Bond Lottery and the special Japanese Bullet Stamps. But he hears shocking details of methods used in America to sell bonds.

"Hollywood and Broadway actresses," says Radio Tokyo, "give one kiss for each bond. Also in nude dances, each time the actress strips off some of her clothes, spectators are made to buy bonds. Thus by barbaric methods they are bolstering the

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dime-store patriotism of the ignorant Yankee masses!"

As for the broad land of America itself: The forty-eight states are riddled with dissension. Capital is greedy. Labor is on strike. Even God is punishing the United States—floods in the Midwest, hurricanes in the South, destruction everywhere. And everywhere, too, great fear of Japanese invasion grows among the chickenhearted Americans. "Soon," insists Radio Tokyo, "several millions of Japanese airborne troops will be able to land on the American mainland."

Yes, the Jap propagandists still peddle that one, and Mr. Nakamura still believes it. Variously—and Jap captives testify to this—Japanese troops have been told that they were landing on Hawaii, California, Panama, Florida.

In February Mr. Nakamura was informed that Japanese balloon attacks had injured or killed 500 Americans in Montana and Wyoming. "Explosions and fires were caused in the central and western districts of North America," reveals a Tokyo home broadcast. "There were many casualties and terror was struck in the hearts of the American people."

SO there you are—through Japanese eyes.

Your virtues are none. Your faults are endless. You are greedy, cowardly, frivolous. You are vicious, intolerant, cruel, and evil. Worst of all, you are soft. You can't stand shortages, inflation, or hardships.

"Living conditions are very precarious in America," states the Tokyo Yomiuri Hochi, "and it may be said that herein lies the cause for the enemy's impatient demands for a short war."

A short war. You will demand a short war. That is Mr. Nakamura's big hope. He will fight one hundred years and sacrifice ten million lives. His leaders tell him he will. But he is convinced that you won't—because he thinks you can't take it.

Yes, he knows you are threatening him now, but he will resist. He will make you pay in lives, sweat, weariness, time, money. He thinks you won't pay the price, that you will tire, slacken, bargain, quit.

He knows, now, he can't lick you, but he's positive he *can* outlast you.

Well—is he right?

THE END

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LIKE this Wave parachute rigger, thousands of other American women are needed to help speed final victory. Right now the Navy is calling for 2,000 women a month to join the ranks of the 82,000 Waves already on active duty. About half of the new recruits will train in the Hospital Corps; the rest will take over vital tasks at naval shore stations.

If you're an American citizen between the ages of twenty and thirty-six, in good health, with two years of high school and with no children under eighteen, you're eligible to enlist in the Waves. Go in person or write to the nearest Navy Recruiting Station or Office of Naval Officer Procurement.

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FROM THE MELTING POT —AN AMERICAN RACE

Continued from Page 17

might have expected.

It is estimated that the immigration from 1776 to 1820 did not exceed 250,000, but by 1840 it was nearly 100,000 for a single year. By 1850 it was just short of 400,000.

Between 1900 and the outbreak of the first World War, immigration soared to unheard-of figures, reaching an all-time high of nearly 1,300,000 in 1907. During the war period, immigration dropped to a little over 100,000 in 1918, but quickly recovered to 800,000 in 1920, and about 700,000 in 1924. Then it was cut sharply by law.

But our melting pot has not melted too successfully. Instead of all being welded together into one American race, we find, despite occasional intermarriage, settlements which retain the characteristics of the mother country: Little Italys; Little Polands or Irelands; districts where primarily Jewish people or Negro people are found; German cities; Norwegian and Danish settlements in rural areas. All these make us conscious of our differences; there is not that complete flowing together and obliteration of old lines of difference which we should like to see.

The most optimistic among us will have to agree that there are barriers which keep us from integrating and intermarrying as rapidly as possible.

Let us consider what these barriers are.

Perhaps by far the greatest is that of language. Children born here of foreign parents go to public school and learn English; sometimes this erects a greater barrier between them and their parents than the one which separates them from youngsters of different backgrounds.

But there is one thing which they do not acquire in schools. That is the foreign names to which they are born and which they take to school and on into life. These names often segregate people as much as does color or religion, and keep them tied to their particular backgrounds and the homelands from which they came.

This question of a name is not just one of identification with a background or group, as Polish-Americans or German-Americans or Italian-Americans, for many men are proud of their origin and do not want to lose identity with it, but it has an economic facet as well. A boy may have graduated from the best college in the country, but when he goes looking for a job, he will find a foreign and unpronounceable name a handicap. The boy with the easy name, given approximately the same qualifications, gets the job.

PERHAPS this is one of the very first things that we ought to consider in our effort to become actually one people.

Perhaps when a baby is born on our soil or when an individual becomes naturalized, he ought to be given the opportunity, if he desires it, to change his foreign name to its American equivalent. Nowadays, however, anyone doing this is liable to find himself accused of trying to hide his background and origin. What is wrong about changing Lowenstein to Livingston, or Rabinowitz to Robinson, or any of the comparatively foreign names to a simpler version? Unkind things are said about people who change their names, yet we should welcome and honor people willing to take this step toward complete Americanization. It may prove to be a most important factor in bringing about a more unified American people.

Many and many a time in this country a romance has been disrupted when one or the other was reluctant to bring the new friend home to the family circle because of his foreign name. His looks were not against him, but his name awoke distrust. Obviously he belonged to a foreign group and therefore he might not be welcome in the girl's family group. If the name had not kept these young people apart, they might have come to know each other better and understood their respective backgrounds. Thus the way to romance might have been open.

This is a little thing, but it has its effect on marriage and keeps different groups from integrating. Of course love can conquer obstacles, but I want to point out that a foreign name unnecessarily hampers the beginnings of friendship.

Some might prefer to retain their own names under all circumstances. For them the way is clear. But to others it may seem obvious common sense to adopt an Americanized name as soon as possible. Having once Americanized our names, we can count, I think, on our schools and our communities doing much toward building a uniform pattern of living.

THE second obstacle to amalgamation in the United States lies, of course, in the customs and habits in the home. School friendships will wipe out some of these differences or help the family to fit its habits, arts, and skills into its new life. Its foreign customs will become Americanized as they fit into the new pattern.

The American Christmas, for instance, is a curious mixture of habits and customs brought here from all over the world. People have often kept their Old World customs, but have adapted them to the American situation.

Probably the most difficult of barriers is the difference in religious beliefs. Our Constitution was based on the concept that we should all practice our religious faiths in complete freedom. So it is peculiarly American to insist that even if people of different faiths marry, all of them shall have a right to practice their religion in the way they consider fitting.

This theory is so deeply ingrained in most Americans that even people wholly ignorant of certain religious tenets are still willing to concede others a right to religious freedom. I think the only real danger of our curtailing religious rights lies in the possibility that some of our church groups might come to wield too much influence in the nation's political and economic life. I think that would provoke very serious opposition because of the strong feeling in this country that the church should confine itself to spiritual matters, leaving affairs of government and economy entirely free from church influence or domination.

Looking at the factors which seem to be barring us from making one nation out of our curiously variegated background, I think we will find our real obstacles are few indeed.

THE END

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JULY 14, 1945

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
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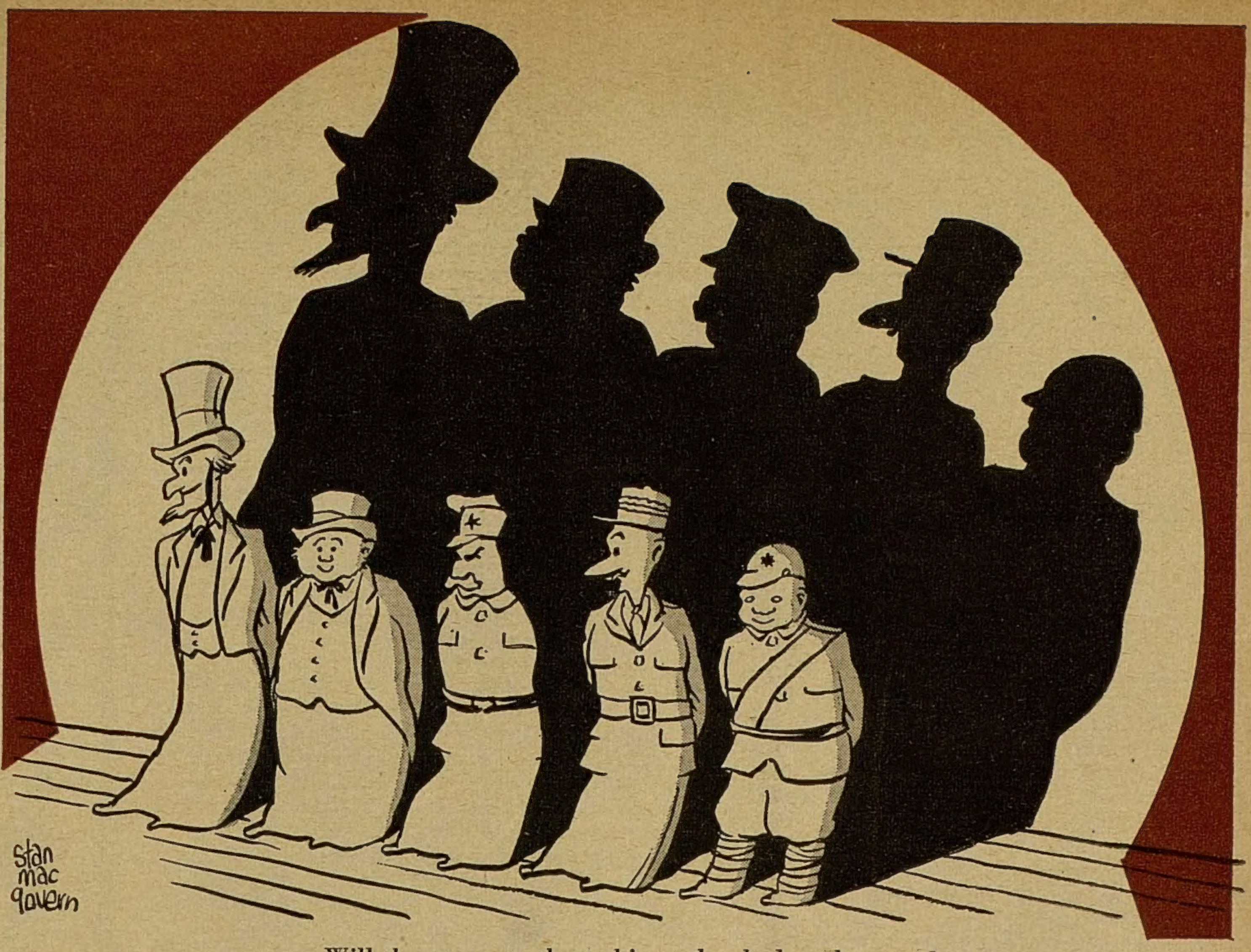


Will they prove to be as big as the shadow they cast?

THE SMALLNESS OF THE BIG FIVE

DEVELOPMENTS since V-E Day indicate that members of the Big Five (a smug designation if there ever was one) are woefully lacking in certain requirements of bigness. In their dealing among themselves and with the rest of the world the Big Five display an almost total absence of bigness of spirit. This is all the more deplorable in view of the fact that the military strength of some of these nations, supposedly their qualification for inclusion among the Big Five, is theirs only by virtue of American lend-lease. The Big Five, far from displaying bigness of spirit, callously jockey for prestige and advantage and seem to forget completely the high-sounding principles for which the war was fought.

While the diplomats wrangle, lend-lease goods which we provided in bigness of spirit have been turned to ends for which they never were intended. It is a shameful thing for Americans to see American guns and planes used to commit the same war crimes of which the Germans have been guilty. While we debate punishment for the Germans, some of our allies follow in their footsteps.

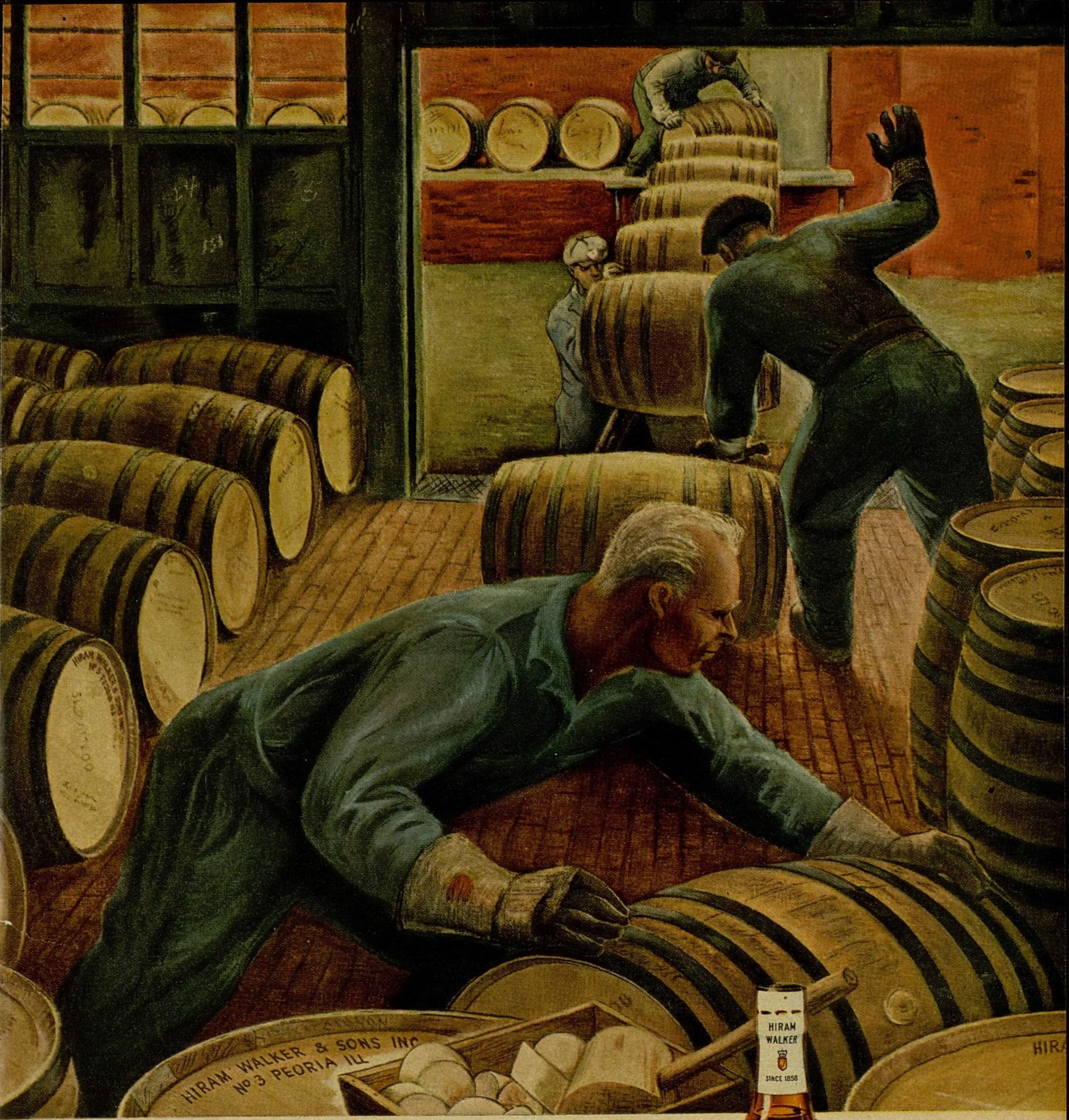
This sad state of affairs is made even sadder by the fact that all the world's people today are filled with greater bigness of spirit than ever before in history. People everywhere want to be generous to other people and to find means of getting along in a spirit of co-operation and mutual helpfulness, but the world's diplomats evidently prefer to pursue what they call realism and to thrust aside generosity and magnanimity.

Might does not make right any more now than it did when the Nazis were in the saddle and riding high. No people's interests will be served by the oppression of other people anywhere. All the olives, tobacco, lemons, o whatever France might get from the Levan states to the end of time would not be worth the cost in French honor and decency or the tranquillity of the French people. The French people know this, even if their leaders do not.

We have said before in this space that no international organization will work unless its gears are oiled continually by idealism and generosity. The strong nations of the world particularly must display these qualities—true bigness of spirit instead of just bigness of power. The cherished statecraft of diplomats which involves opportunism, secret dealing, and saber rattling when the occasion calls for it must give way to statesmanship based on a law of nations which is universally accepted and respected. We will have no assured peace, nor will our international organization work to assure justice to all nations until the Big Five become truly BIG.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL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BITE SIZE
WHOLE WHEAT
BISCUITS
Shredded
RALSTON

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Sure, and if it's Shredded Ralston I'm getting, I'll sing for my breakfast any time.

Do these bite size biscuits go flat after you pour on the milk or cream? Not a bit! Crisp they are...and crisp they stay.

Just let me have Shredded Ralston and the day starts off on a high note and stays there! No off-key feeling, come mid-morning.

And the flavor -- ah, just the thought of it makes these Irish eyes start smiling!

Morton Downey

MAKES BREAKFAST COUNT FOR MORE

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